

PART VI.

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In the next Part (the first of Vol. II.) will appear several Chapters of a Continuous Tale, entitled

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The Index to Vol. I. will also appear in the next Part.

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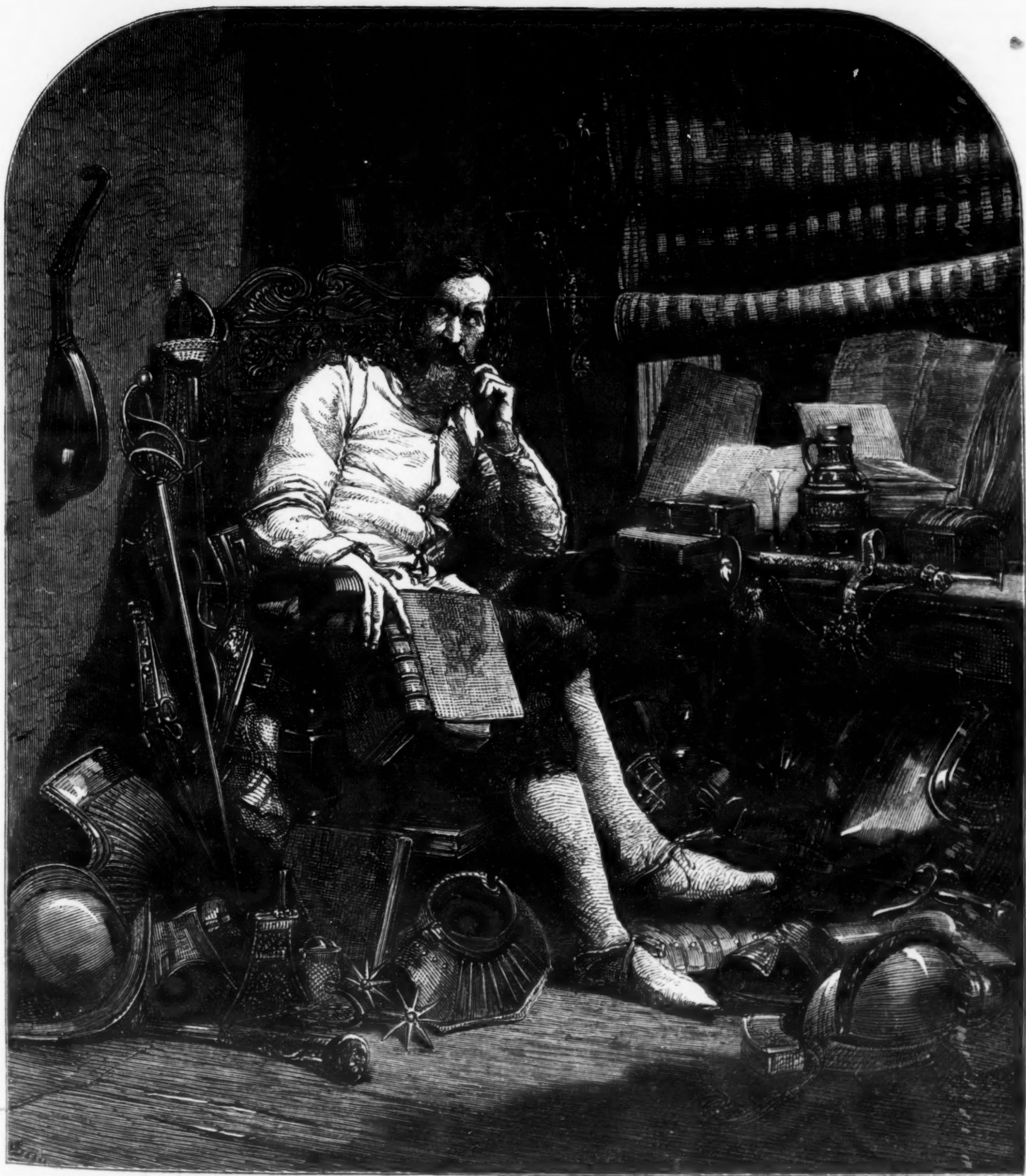
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HENRY LINTON.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAKE PRICE.

3 AP 57

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAKE PRICE.

THE worthy, old, great-hearted Don Quixote sits before us here absorbed in thought. What far-off unearthly land lies in his imagination? Has he settled the respective merits of Palmerin of England and Amadis de Gaul; or is it merely some Lindamira whose distresses he is, in fancy, alleviating? The position of Sancho's island perhaps has to be decided upon; but, whatever it may be, we can rest sure that this Lord of the Land of Dreams is thinking how to benefit some other than himself; for, although men have made his name a synonym for folly, yet his heart was higher than that of any of the knights whom he sought to emulate.

Of the merits of the picture as a work of art, we can only say, that any observer will see at once what is the subject, so admirably suggestive is the figure; and that the pieces of armour and furniture about have been rendered with a careful affection which does Mr. Lake Price the highest honour.

A VANISHED APPARITION.

THAT this world is not a palace, but a caravanserai, is a truth we all admit in theory. It ordinarily takes its place, as an article in our creed, exactly like other matters-of-course. We entertain it with a sincerer faith after wandering through the streets of Rome or the environs of Naples, and still more while descending to the lava-vaults of Herculaneum, or while gazing at Pompeii unearthed in its burial-place. But to feel it deeply, we must witness some Mirza-like vision; must behold the torrent of human life rush across a magic mirror, act out its drama, and disappear, leaving a blank and an empty frame; or, as in Mirza's trance of second-sight, concluding in a drop-scene of verdant pastures, and sheep and cattle grazing tranquilly.

"Talk about apparitions!" exclaims Herr Teufelsdröckh. "It is *we* who are the apparitions. We make our appearance on earth, we know not whence; we flit to and fro, haunting certain spots for a given time, and then, at cock-crow, at our summons from a higher Power, we vanish."

I write thus because a phantom-scene of apparitions in the flesh has lately swept before me. The theatre of the vision has been beheld, first, still and empty; then busy, noisy, and crowded; and now, has sunk into stillness again, that is, into the quiet of nature and the repose of the elements, who, after all, are the only earthly agents who never tire, and are never still.

Within sight of the English coast there is a line of cliffs and a range of sandhills, to one of whose nooks I once retired, in search of health for others and rest for myself. We found both in a grassy solitude, where the sound of the waves lulled us to sleep at night, and the lowing of the cattle was our *réveil* in the morning. We left it with the feeling of returning to the world as if out of the depths of the wilderness.

But an evil spirit of the north practised enchantments and incantations, and there arose against him a host of better spirits, whom his black art was powerless to lay. I returned to look again at our calm retreat, and lo! the air was filled with martial music; active sprites were hurrying to and fro, not disorderly, but in well-marshalled phalanx; the green hill, whereon mushrooms used to grow, was covered with white tents that quivered in the morning breeze; camp-fires blazed and smoked on the slopes where the kine used to search for the sweetest grass: the apparition of an army had arisen from the earth.

One morning I looked out from my hermitage to watch the movements of the merry elves,—and they were gone. The turf was simply marked with fairy rings and squares, and silence reigned on the deserted knoll. Had the evil

spirit worked a counter-spell? Perhaps so. The elf-doctors declared the presence of some baneful influence of a secret nature, which they could not counteract; so "Presto!" was the word. "Quick, pass, strike your tents, goblins all!"

But no triumph was this for the snow-girt magician. The antagonist whom he thought he had hewn in pieces instantly became multiplied into four complete and perfect individualities. The divided portions marvellously closed their wounds and recruited their missing members. Four threatening camps instead of one arose, not built of fragile canvas, but erected of solid materials contributed by the woods, the fields, and the bowels of the earth itself. These four phantasmagoric camps, although their camera-lucida image was spread over a long strip of territory which coasts the sea-shore, were, in point of fact, still in union. Their life might literally be said to hang on one enchanted thread; for they were traversed by a single-wired electric telegraph,—a monochord musical instrument which sighed out its single note as the breeze passed by it, instead of sending forth an Æolian harmony, after the fashion of its brethren, who are rich in a multitudinous provision of strings.

The gnomes, when summoned, fulfilled their work. In each camp some eleven hundred and fifty huts, or *barraques*,—resembling savage cabins or Indian wigwams, but comprising stables for their phantom-horses, and requisite outbuildings,—started from the ground like an exhalation. Elves, called *sapeurs du génie*, toiled ceaselessly, inspired by the friendship of the great Britannia. They were the mighty genii who fetched wood from the same forest (gifted by the guardian-angel of France with eternal vigorous reproduction) whence other genii, their predecessors, had slaved at the same task in bitter hostility to Albion. For—mark the variable aspect of all terrestrial apparitions—a grand imperial spectre had haunted this very spot in years gone by. A fragment of rock around which he used to hover is still traditionally called the "Pierre Napoléon." *His* hour has long since struck; and another imperial form has arisen, whose sincerity to Albion has nobly stood the test. When Britannia raised her arms to struggle with the evil spirit, she felt them grasped by the friendly hand of a Gallic fellow-warrior.

Busily, busily worked the gnomes. The soil of the fairy-haunt is light; and, before their appearance there, was covered with short turf, heath, and furze. Countless mole-hills tripped you up, if you went out to ramble on moonlight nights. But Robin Goodfellow's spade and pickaxe soon smoothed all asperities, filled up all hollows, paved and levelled roads. To show the spirit in which these friendly bogies toiled, on the first completion of the shadowy town fanciful names were given to the streets—such as Victoria Street, Napoleon Street, Albert Street; and on one extreme northern corner, ROAD TO RUSSIA! But, as the icy enchanter refused to yield, and gave earnest resistance to his spells became needful to success, those laughing labels were displaced for more practical guides to topography,—for ciphers relating to brigades and regiments, for hieroglyphics denoting secret words of power.

And thus solid-looking artillery-waggons were incessantly employed to fetch poles, small trees, straw-thatch, and other necessities for completing the huts. The passage of the apparitions to and fro was without intermission. Almost every morning one or two battalions came, who proceeded to the spot they were temporarily to occupy under canvas. As soon as each detachment of soldier-apparitions became a little settled, they gave their aid to the *sapeurs genii*. Some played the part of woodcutters, others of carpenters; some were architects, some were labourers, some prepared the clay to plaster the walls, while some made ready the straw to cover the roof. These soldier-workmen, toiling at their tasks, were constantly industrious, intelligent, and gay. With them, often and often, change of work stood in stead of diversion. They left off hut-building at intervals, to take their turn at rifle-practice, drill, muster-roll, or provision-

fetching; and returned to modest architectural attempts when those duties were over, with no other complaint than a joke or a song. The principal foreign aid they called in was the help of the native thatcher; otherwise, these winter dwellings were completely the work of the apparitions' own hands, as if they were trying to learn the readiest way of making a temporary shelter, and of availing themselves of whatever appliances they might find within reach,—supposing that a time of material need could possibly arrive to such ethereal beings.

The little *baragues* of the officer-elves often offered encouraging and instructive examples to men of the art of making the best of a bad bargain, both in their interior and their exterior. A little paint or varnish, a few yards of paper-hangings, a bit or two of stained glass, or a bucketful of plaster, were made to work wonders in the way of decoration. A knife, a trowel, or a brush, under the guidance of elfin taste, converted deformities into ornaments. Here and there miniature gardens appeared, with tables, sofas, or arm-chairs, built of green living turf, such as fairies delight in; flowering-plants in vases lent their aid; obelisks and statuary, in chalk or plaster, helped to give a magic finish; and the very ground was paved with pebbles or shells, disposed in patterns, representing spread-eagles, crosses of honour, combined or separate initials of the imperial form and his consort, cannons, ciphers, fortifications, any thing, in short, which could recall a past glory of the goblin race, or incite their successors to future conquest. About the centre of the shadowy brigade stood the general's hut, with greater architectural pretensions than the rest, but still on a modest and tiny scale, as becomes an apparition's dwelling, even when of highest rank.

Neither were the means of amusement, refreshment, nor even of devotion, neglected. At a hundred mètres distance in front of each camp, close to the sea, a rustic open chapel was erected, where high mass was said every Sabbath morning, weather permitting. As with other fairy assemblies, unpropitious skies, with moon and planets of malignant aspect, sometimes forbade the meeting; but on a fine autumnal day, when the oblique rays of morning tinged every object with silver, it was a gorgeous spectacle to behold nine or ten thousand glittering apparitions congregated in their peculiar worship, with the dazzling sunshine falling full upon the unscreened altar; while the vocal and instrumental parts of the service were admirably executed by the ghostly band.

The whole of this grand spectral picture reposed upon the deep-blue background of the distant sea. Cafés, too, started up as if by magic, rivalling each other in the attraction of their names. The "Estaminet de Bomarsund," "Au salut des Braves," the "Café de l'Amitié," the "Café de France et d'Angleterre," the "Estaminet de Silistrie," and a crowd of others, tried hard which should decoy the densest throng within the fascinating circuit of their theatrically-decorated walls.

It was policy, good sense, and real kindness, on the part of the master-spirits to encourage all these appendages to their encampment. The great point, with apparitions as with men, is to keep them employed and amused; otherwise they become home-sick, discontented, and despondent; they ponder too much on their ephemeral existence here, longing to burst the spell that binds them, and to wander to other earthly haunts; in short, losing their *morale*, as French arch-apparitions express it. Blue-devils, as well as their great leader Satan himself, are sure to find some mischief still for idle hands to do. Therefore the imperial form, with his habitual foresight, organised theatrical performances, at regular intervals, out of his own private store of treasure; providing also warming-places and assembly-rooms for the gnomes to meet in and indulge their predilection for shelter and fire. In fine, the rule was strictly acted on, that a good soldier-apparition is worth a little care. Indeed, had such not been the case, the military ardour of the conscript goblins would have rapidly cooled, or might have taken some

very inconvenient direction, changing friendly spirits into malevolent demons.

Amongst the fixed scenery belonging to this moving ghostly panorama, my hermitage remained standing, certainly, where it did, and so did most of the other houses; but strange intruders forced themselves into our company whom we little expected to see amongst us a twelvemonth ago. Thus, there started up an estaminet and a bakery on a bit of land that used to look like a fragment of the desert, and which let for I don't know how many hundred francs a-year. In our garden,—which might represent a rather sterile oasis, but which produced excellent potatoes and kidney-beans nevertheless,—there dropped from the skies an entrepôt of wines and *caux-de-vie*, of fine and half-fine liqueurs,—absinthe, kirsch, vermouth, cognac, and gin, sirops of orgeat and gooseberries,—besides something that looked like Seltzer-water externally, but internally more nearly resembling Scheidam. Then, on a bit of coast-guard's garden that skirts the little river's edge, there sprouted up a Café de la Rotonde, like a great misshapen puff-ball, or even more analogous to the enlarged pumpkin which served as Cinderella's state-carriage, because its existence was as glittering and as transitory. Herein you might witness,—supposing the apparitions allowed you to join their festivals,—a well-acted vaudeville; might listen to a real *rigolo* comic song, and eat pork-chops and fried potatoes, washing them down with a bowl of blazing punch. But its flash of glory went out like an exploded meteor. It took root, burst into full bloom, and was pulled up and down again, all in no time. The gratuitous theatres extinguished it. It departed to the limbo of some unknown suburb of some outlandish provincial town, or started possibly for an Algerian exile. There was a little bridge, just wide enough to let a donkey or a wheelbarrow pass, over which the imperial form and his brilliant suite were obliged at first to follow each other in Indian file, with the nose of one charger reposing on the tail of the next preceding. But, by pulling up the piles of the port, originally constructed to receive flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of England, a bridge with double footpath and central carriage-way was constructed. Good apparitions! English and French passengers trotted amicably backwards and forwards thereon; and I could arrive comfortably at my hermitage-observatory in a one-horse *cariote* with all my luggage, yea, even in a two-horse fly, without being stopped by the rivulet of the Wimereux. Progress and improvement made astounding strides, urged on night and day by the phantom-troops.

Of course slight changes took place among the natives, and village-gossip had news to tell. Our fat Tom-cat, Minet, disappeared; shadowy soldiers are fond of rabbit-civet and its substitutes. Julie's (the waiting-maid's) lofty perpendicular Adonis deserted her for the present, having found better work to do elsewhere. Would he return to his old love as soon as he had furnished his pocket with five-franc pieces? It seemed all one to her, the she-stoic! Her beloved object once out of sight, she was as good-natured, slatternly, and forgetful as ever. She brought me a bottle of Bordeaux wine, uncorked it, and left me to empty it without the aid of a glass. She gave me soap and a towel to wash with, but treated the water as a superfluous element. She placed a tureen full of soup on the table, supposing that I could eat it with the assistance of a fork.

Yes, New Year's Day and winter came; summer joys had fled. I thanked heaven that we—the apparitions and myself—were at that moment in France, and not in the Crimea.

And how do you manage to get through a winter's day in camp, supposing you are one of the spritely army? Drum and trumpet practice at early morn is now impossible; military music even, out of doors, is not easy of execution in a temperature which freezes the pistons fast in the cornets. All that can be done is, to blow a tune into them (as did Baron Munchausen's celebrated horn-player) which shall escape slowly in sweetest tones when the instrument is hung up in the chimney-corner. Active exercise is the order

of the day. Standing still is the hardest work that one can have to do.

Therefore you are not required to keep guard and strut as sentinel for a longer time at once than a single hour. You most unwillingly take your turn to be planted by the edge of a frozen pool, to prevent frolicsome apparitions from sliding thereon and falling in, and also from using up their shoes too fast. You would much rather have had the task of overseeing the notorious children who slid upon the ice "all on a summer's day; when the ice it broke, they all fell in, the rest they ran away." Perhaps, by way of warming your blood, you trot at gymnastic step with a troop of other spirits shod with sabots,—making the earth shake as if a herd of wild horses were rushing by,—to fetch the wood to cook your soup. I may here observe, as a note on the word "sabot," that one important consequence of the Anglo-Gallic alliance, and of the spiritual intercourse between the respective legions, will be the introduction of wooden shoes, if not into fashionable circles, at least into all sensible families at home. The wooden shoes of France have rendered as much good service in preserving the national health, as the wooden walls of England have in maintaining the state invulnerable.

Perhaps you run up and down stairs, not in my lady's chamber, but in a path cut in the face of the cliff, carrying stones on your head, on your shoulders, or in your arms, to help to pave the streets of your camp; or, instead of running up and down, you form one of a living ladder, up which the said stones are mounted by the catch-ball method; or you help to raise a bank of earth along the edge of the dangerous precipice;—for, the other night, a comrade apparition, walking outside the camp in the dark, and proceeding in the direction of the sea, advanced exactly one step too far, set his foot upon nothing, and vanished before his time;—or you bear your part in a *corvée* of snow-cleaning, to avoid slush and wet when the great thaw sets in. You carry the white-faced intruder out of the camp on biers, in wheelbarrows, in baskets, or in palanquins, mounting Jack Frost high on your shoulders, as though you were chairing an English member of parliament. The work proceeding but slowly thus, you seize sundry carts and waggons belonging to the military equipage, and convert yourselves cheerfully into beasts of draught. "Ugh! Paresseux!" or, "Come up, Neddy!" says a French civilian as he passes by. You take the joke kindly, without offence at the comparison implied, and mimic the actions of a frolicsome horse.

Variety is ever-charming; so says the copy. Consequently you may be sent on a distant errand, if only for the purpose of buying mousetraps. Mice, rats, and cocks and hens follow the apparition of man wherever he goes. You well know that though sentinels pass the night in the bread-rooms of the *Manutention*, purposely to prevent depredation, the greatest depredators are the rats, who burrow into the inside of a loaf, and eat out all the crumb, leaving the crust entire; so that if the loaf, thus filled with rats, could be suddenly replaced in the heated oven, there would be a complete rat-pie, or murine *vol-au-vent*, at once, without further preparation. And as to fowls, I have seen a little cockerel, spared from slaughter, go to roost in a tent on the footrail of an apparition-officer's iron bedstead; and another apparition, who served in Africa, had a hen that rode behind him on horseback throughout the whole campaign, and every morning laid him an egg.

Then, busy elves, you have to go to the slaughter-house, to fetch your own and your comrades' beef, and to the *paneterie*, or bread-store, for your loaves to eat. An idle hour may be occupied in searching amongst the rocks for flattened bullets, after a day or two's sharp rifle-practice; they will sell for old lead, and so purchase strong drink or tobacco. Sometimes a shipwreck rivets your gaze;—your whole army of thirty thousand genii cannot rescue a single drowning man who sinks into the waves before your eyes;—teaching you that there are more awful forms of exorcising apparitions even than that from the cannon's mouth. Or you watch, almost with equal interest, the flittings to and fro,

the boundings over the waves, and the exits and the entrances, of adventurous fishing-boats. Or you amuse yourself with catching larks, by means of a long line of horse-hair with living decoy-birds attached to it,—a tempting sport, when the ground is covered with snow.

But the shades of evening draw on apace. What can you do, in the thickening gloom, to while the dreary hours away? The ball-season is completely over,—though *La Danse* is never quite dead in France. In summer, the open-air balls were charming: apparitions of ladies, officers, grisettes, and common soldiers, had quadrilling and waltzing to their hearts' content. In autumn, they gradually waned away; no sylphs or nymphs would travel so far from their grottoes and bowers on the understanding that, after capering for two or three hours, they would have to flit back again through the chilly air. The male apparitions got tired of dancing with one another in the absence of sylphs, though it certainly was very good fun at first; and now, my poor deserted phantoms, your brilliant balls have dwindled down to a few snug little "assaults of dance," or competitions of the best dancers of the regiments, performing before an admiring knot in a warm estaminet—saving the draughts—to the sound of a single violin. If you have fairy-coined sous in your pocket, you can enjoy these Terpsichorean pitched battles, in which warriors contend with legs instead of arms; you can go and play a round game at cards, using haricot beans instead of ivory-counters; or you can even enjoy a snug little supper in the company of your bosom-friend. But no money, no public-house pleasures for you. All you can do is, to retire to bed in your hut at seven o'clock, and amuse your fellow-apparitions by story-telling. A military promenade, or a long walk in marching order, over the hills and through the town, with the band playing and the banners streaming, is an excellent day's diversion now and then; for it helps you to go to sleep, especially if, as soon as you reach home, you have to make one of a *corvée* of wood, and have to fetch your dinner before you eat it.

Such, O fleeting elves, were your transitory delights; not but what grumblers, too, were found on your ghostly roll-call. A few lazy wandering hobgoblins, who strolled through the neighbouring villages, and sometimes proved to be deserters, or worse, tried to excite the pity of the simple peasants by complaining that they had not enough to eat and drink. The truth was, that such apostate spirits sold their bread to buy brandy with. What would they have said if they had had a week's taste of what other apparitions suffered in the Crimea? But their grumbling is over, as are their ephemeral joys. A talismanic syllable—PEACE—has caused encampments and apparitions to vanish utterly. Native weeds sprout up where the tiny gardens bloomed; the huts are demolished; the hills are putting on their old garment of verdant turf; the sheep are calculating the day when they shall browse there with a good bite of grass; and mushrooms again spring where apparitions circled in the dance. My warlike vision has ended, like Mirza's, with a calm picture of rural seclusion. The streamlet runs on, the cattle march slowly to and fro, the shepherd signals and whistles his dog, and wild flowers begin to grow where they grew before. But still there are symptoms that the apparitions are only laid, should a master-magician need to call them again. The road remains, the broad bridge still spans the brook; the forest has wood, the earth clay, and the fields thatch, at the service of the gnomes. And if—But I had rather not suppose the possibility of any "if"; and will bound my powers of second-sight on these charmed hills to the splendid crops of grass and corn which I behold waving in the summer breeze.

Some few persons have made their fortunes by picking up the treasure which the apparitions scattered about during their fleeting visit; but very many more have ruined themselves by reckoning on the stability of the weird edifices which met their view, and believing that the shower of fairy-gold would fall for ever continuously.

E. S. DIXON.

THE DEAF AND DUMB COURTSHIP OF HARRY MARTINSON.

BY HOLME LEE.

MR. HARRY MARTINSON, the high-art painter, was a son of old Betty Martinson, at the toll-gate on the north road, about a mile and a half from Milverston. He was a school-fellow and bosom-friend of my cousin Davie; they sympathised with each other profoundly, for both were *geniuses* in their way, both were misunderstood individuals, and both lacked encouragement in their vocations. Harry Martinson interested some benevolent character by the early exhibition of artistic taste in defacing his mother's tables and whitewashed walls with sketches, and was provided with a small allowance to enable him to pursue his studies under a painter in London. We heard great reports of his wonderful genius, and such prophecies of future success, that Milverston began to think that it had produced a second Michael Angelo. Miss Fernley, Mr. Riversdale, and Sir Bertram Sinclair, each gave him a commission for a picture; and the three, when completed, were exhibited in the town-hall. We all flocked to see them. I proceed to a description.

The first, intended to be presented as an altar-piece to the new church by Miss Fernley, represented a great council held by King Ahasuerus and his nobles to advise upon the means of counteracting the evil example of conjugal disobedience set by Queen Vashti. Much care had been bestowed on the composition of this piece,—the subject had never been treated before; but the results were more ludicrous than grand. The second work, destined for the hall of Riversdale Manor, was a still more extraordinary production. It represented the Judgment of Solomon, and the brilliance of the flesh tints was marvellous. This was not, perhaps, unnatural in the disputed baby, which was being held up by one foot, and violently objecting to such treatment; but why should the king, the courtiers, and the witnesses, all look flushed, as if in a high state of vinous excitement? Why should so many of the figures be deformed or foreshortened into impossible attitudes? Why, finally, should the king have a painful obliquity of vision, and every body such a paucity of clothing? The third perpetration was a martyrdom. In the centre it exhibited a hideous old man chained to a post; a horrible wretch in the foreground was dragging forward a purple and reluctant damsel, into whose hand he had thrust a torch for the purpose, apparently, of making her set fire to the pile. I had the nightmare after seeing that picture. Sir Bertram presented it to the Mechanics' Institute, where it now hangs, covering half one side of the lecture-room. There is talk of having a green curtain before it. We tried to say the artist was young, and would improve; but we saw no evidence of a Milverston Buonarrotti in his present efforts. Perhaps what now aggravated those interested in him was, that he should persist in daubing atrocities over acres of canvas, when he could really paint delicious little pictures of a less ambitious order. I have seen exquisite bits of his outdoor scenery: his brooks seem to flow, his shadows of trees to waver in the air-currents; woody nooks, where you might almost fancy you feel the summer sultry heat, have come from his easel; quaint village churches and old halls, mossed and gray with antiquity, are the fruits of his saner hours. Children in hobnailed shoes, rustic women, and picturesque street-figures, he can render to the life; but when his inspirations run mad, he paints high-art subjects, such as I have described, for *fame*; it is by the others, and by portraits, that he lives, and supports his poor paralysed mother. He is a most excellent son. But this is not telling about his courtship.

Harry was perpetually falling in love; he was out of one passion and into another as quickly as some luckless mortals who appear to extricate themselves from one bad dilemma for the sole purpose of being free to fall into a worse.

Good resolutions were of no avail; Harry *could not* resist the temptation of a bright eye or a neat foot. Then he made confidants of all his acquaintance, who occasionally supplanted him: but losing a flame now and then was of less consequence, for he could always supply her place in a day or two; there surely never was a man before or since who met with so many goddesses in omnibuses, divinities in steamboats, or lovely maidens in his suburban walks, as did the susceptible Harry. At one season, however, it happened that for a whole fortnight he had no fair damsel to dream or rave about; he had undergone a severe disappointment, and his disconsolate state was deplorable. He spent half his days in fidgeting about from place to place in search of adventures. Davie, missing him for eight-and-forty consecutive hours, and feeling alarmed, went to look after him. He found him singing and working away at a great picture of Herodias's Daughter with the Charger, in a gleeful frame of mind. A lady-love had been found, and one, too, the pursuit of whom promised to be environed with more difficulty and romance than had ever before attended an affair of the kind. Harry described her as possessing every personal grace, but unhappily he did not yet know her name, and had not been able to speak to her; he was, however, devotedly attached.

"And where does she live?" asked Davie, constrained through ignorance to represent the new divinity by a personal pronoun.

"In the opposite house; but she only lodges there, I fancy, with her mother and sisters; they arrived yesterday morning. I wish she would come to the window, and then you would see her. She's a beautiful girl, Cleverboots; and I'll tell you how it happened. I have seen her for a week past in the street. I followed her once, and admired her walk,—she is a Juno for height,—then I caught a glimpse of a pair of flashing black eyes and some long ringlets: you know my taste—large Roman-looking women?"

"Yes; go on, what next?"

"Well, yesterday morning an omnibus drove up to the house across the way, and deposited a cargo of luggage, my innamorata, and three other ladies. I watched the windows all day, and saw them moving about in the drawing-room. Once *she* came forward to pull down the blind, but when she saw me she bashfully retired; I could have sworn I saw her blush."

"And is that all?"

"No; listen. This morning I was at my post of observation, when she came to look out into the street: our eyes met; she smiled. O, Cleverboots, her face looked radiant as the east when the sun is rising! I ventured to bow, and she returned it,—such frankness, such courtesy!"

"Remarkably quick work. Is there any more?"

"You are so impatient, Cleverboots. Can't you let a man tell his tale in his own way?"

"O, certainly; there is no hurry. Get on, Harry."

"At noon she brought her easel to the window for more light, and I could distinguish flowers that she was painting—a fellow-feeling for art, you see; and I very cautiously ventured on a sentence in the dumb alphabet. She responded gracefully; indeed, she seems as much an adept in it as myself. We held a conversation for a few minutes, and I asked permission to call upon her."

"And was it granted?"

"Yes; and for this very evening at eight o'clock. There's encouragement, Cleverboots!"

"You are to be envied, Harry. She is not uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

"No, that's the cream of it. There is far more satisfaction in a woman of beauty and experience than in a little missish thing just released from back-boards and bread-and-butter."

While Davie was with his friend, the lady in the opposite house came to the window, hung up a birdcage, and arranged some flowers in a basket. Harry commended her elegant and feminine tastes, while Davie scrutinised her

claims to beauty with the eye of a poet. He saw a tall amply-developed woman in chintz barège, whose full rosy face had the charms of maturity,—say seven-and-thirty,—rather than the modest bloom of maidenhood and youth. He was not rapturous in his praises, and Harry seemed rather huffed. He was twenty-two, and very fiery in temper; but Davie could trust him; for, if susceptible, Harry was fickle also.

Still the affair waxed serious. In a few days Davie learnt from his friend that he paid daily visits to the lady of his affections, and that he had been introduced to her mother and sisters—all charming women. The lady's name was Hannah; she played and sang, and her domestic virtues surpassed her personal fascinations.

The next news was, that she was not a portionless damsel, and that Harry had proposed and been accepted. Hannah's family did not approve of long engagements, and the marriage was to take place within a fortnight.

Harry had no relatives to interfere, and the important day approached. Davie fancied that the happy man's elation diminished as his brief bachelorhood drew to a close; and that, if a way had offered, he would have been glad to elude the bonds preparing for him. At last, unable to restrain his pent feelings in his bosom, Harry confessed his fears.

"I am going to marry four women instead of one, Cleverboots!" he began, with a lamentable effort at being jocular. "The mother and sisters are to live with us. I cannot endure a mother-in-law. And—and, Davie, yesterday I saw a suspicious little boy about ten years old: I could be certain I heard him call Hannah 'ma' as I went in; but she laughed it off. I cannot find out either where her money is lodged. Altogether I don't like the look of things. That boy is as like Hannah as one pin is like another. What shall I do?"

This was a delicate case to advise on, and Davie was mute.

"I'll catch the influenza, and go to bed, and stay there till the boy is accounted for. The day must be put off; manage it for a poor fellow, Cleverboots."

Davie did not relish his office, but he undertook to break the ice; and Harry kept his bed ten days, his friends relieving guard over him, lest any of the family from over-the-way should come in. During the interval the school-holidays began, and more suspicious little boys came to light—five in all. Hannah, the blithe and buxom, was an Irish widow, and these were her promising offspring. One of them, stimulated by alecampane, pointed out his mother to Davie, who instantly went and harrowed up the feelings of his imprisoned friend by a relation of the facts the boy had told. Harry groaned; so extensive a family was an undertaking even his love for the mother could not cover. He furnished Davie with powers to the extent of a fifty-pound bank-note to negotiate a truce and a separation of interests. But Hannah wept, scolded, threatened; she had letters and verses sent her two or three times a-day by the recusant which would support her cause in any court of law in the kingdom, and he should learn that a weak unprotected woman was not to be trifled with and trodden upon with impunity. Davie brought all the battery of his eloquence to bear upon the family now collected in deadly array against him; but they had taken their stand on the law, and were not to be moved. He asked, would twenty pounds compromise the matter? The mother said no. Would twenty-five? Hannah grew less hysterical and listened. It was *love*, not *money*, she said, and gasped. David saw he had gained an advantage, and with a bold stroke of diplomacy, said that if twenty-five pounds would be acceptable, his friend would pay it; but that deception had been practised on his confiding and magnanimous heart, and to that a just law would look. The woman instantly closed with the bargain; and, in returning the balance to Harry, Davie told him he considered that he had got off remarkably cheap. The influenza was cured that very moment.

Harry Martinson lived a bachelor until forty-five, when

he married a pretty girl "just emancipated from back-boards and bread-and-butter," and he never showed better taste than in making that selection.

PASSION PAST.

By ASHTON KER.

WERE I a boy, with a boy's heart-beat,
At glimpse of her, passing a-down the street,
Of a room where she had entered and gone,
Or a page her hand had written on,—

Would all be with me as it was before?

O no, never! no, no, never!

Never any more!

WERE I a man, with a man's pulse-throb,
Breath hard and fierce, kept down like a sob,
Dumb, yet hearing *her* lightest word;
Blind, save if only *her* garment stirred,—

Would I pour my life as wine on her floor?

Ah no, never! never, never,

Never any more!

Gray and withered, wrinkled and marred,
I have gone thro' the fire, and come out unscarred,
With the image of manhood on me yet,
No shame to remember, no wish to forget;

But could she rekindle the pangs I bore?

O no, never! Thank God, never—

Never any more!

Old and withered, wrinkled and gray;
And yet if her light steps passed this way,
I should see her face all faces among,—

"God love thee, lady, whom I loved long!

Thou hast lost the key of my heart's door;

Lost it ever and for ever,

Ay, for evermore!"

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

CONCERNING art at present, we are a nation of infidels; not of the dogmatic order, but of the order of King Peradventure, who neither affirmed any thing nor denied it, but only doubted. We have an inorganic belief in the existence of art, an automatic habit of praising it, a most superior notion of any body who gets a name by it; but as to faith, as to putting our trust in it, we are free from this national extravagance, and have perhaps a singular bad idea of what such an act of fidelity might be. This has not been so every where and always. There have been men, nay nations, who had as much faith in art as they had in any thing; who trusted it, in fact, implicitly, as a man trusts his friend.

We are not a faithless generation in all things. We can trust prodigiously here and there:—in money, for instance; in station; in beef and fashion. Who hesitates about getting rich, if he can? Who stands on the social ladder and fears to put his foot on the next step higher? Who doubts in dinners or in dress, being English-born? No man can deny an Anglo-Saxon's power of trusting. At all events, and to the last extremity, he thoroughly trusts himself. This is a grand attribute. The power of holding fast to something, of sleeping soundly somewhere, is the very power that moves mountains and conquers worlds. We have got it in us. Let us see if we cannot make another good use of it.

Putting technicalities aside, art is the choice of what is grand or beautiful, because it is so; and faith in art is faith in the goodness of such a choice. As a nation, we have no

such faith at present. We don't accept the doctrine that grandeur and beauty have an inestimable value in themselves. We think they are pleasant, but not important; desirable, but not indispensable. To call a thing useful is perfect praise; to call it ornamental is partial disparagement. Yet there is no bold denial, no sturdy turning of our backs, when the claims of art are in question; for we are in the happy state of neither knowing our own mind, nor knowing that we do not know it.

Look at our literature. Its daily volumes fall like manna on the land, and are devoured as quickly. Of these, the great majority are works of imagination; their excellence, if they have any, is an artistic excellence. We read them by the ton, and cry over them by the hour. We can't resist them, and have no wish to try. Yet there is a sort of shame in it; and when a book is merely beautiful, it almost needs to be excused. We feel much more comfortable if there is a moral in it. It is not the moral that we read it for. By no means. But then we have faith in morals, though not in beauty, and can imagine that it might be.

Look at our houses. Two rational principles there are on which houses may be built. They are to give shelter, warmth, and privacy, and may be so designed as to serve these purposes simply and solely. They are also to be continually before our eyes, and may be made, therefore, to a certain extent objects of artistic excellence. But we build on neither of these principles. We are not content to have our houses simply serviceable, and are not resolved to make them really beautiful. So, having made the walls and the windows, covered in the roof and spoilt the chimneys, we paint and carve and pilaster. We think of Switzerland, and widen our eaves; of Athens, and enrich our capitals; of Queen Elizabeth, and put Tudor flowers on our mouldings. On the whole we make a mess of it, and establish what may be called the Macaronic style in architecture, or Modern English befooled.

Consider our costume. The human shape is not altogether disgusting, nor quite the very worst thing in the world to hang garments on. We are not, in fact, without a decided notion that dress is to be looked at. But see how we treat it. Look at this fair damsel with warm cheeks and golden hair. She is dressed in blue, and you see at once that it becomes her. As far as colour goes, she looks her best in it; will never look so well in any thing else. Now her dear heart's desire is to look her best continually; but try, if you dare, to get her into that robe of blue two evenings together. Marry her, for example. Use the thunders of a husband armed with the bolts of law to compass this dreadful end. You will succeed, of course. For once in your life the blue dress will flutter through two consecutive evenings. But would any woman with a tongue in her head be asked to do the same thing a second time? We should think not. The warm cheeks and golden curls have no faith even in their own beauty. They will be set by turns in yellow, pink, green, crimson, and amethyst; and then, indeed, but not sooner, you may look for them again in blue. The case of man masculine is of course a little different. His vast design in dressing himself at all is to make himself as ugly as he can. We don't want Apollos now-a-days. We have a demand for scarecrows; and as Englishmen answer very well in this respect, there is nothing to complain of. But though this demand does not extend to the other sex, there is an increasing prospect of a supply from that side also; the last fair feminine work of supererogation. In point of fact, our ladies have already ceased to wear their dresses because they are beautiful; they wear them because they are the fashion, and they are the fashion because they are new. Now as a string of sausages round the waist would be a novelty, and may be suggested any day by a milliner at her wits' end, there is no telling how soon these intestinal delicacies may be found among

"The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things"

of modern toilets. There have been objects in the shop-windows that look uncommonly like them, though they have not yet assumed the mottled flesh-colour of savoury meats; and when a goddess passes in a round cloud of immeasurable haberdashery, we suppose she must have got them underneath.

There are, meanwhile, reasons as serious as they are conclusive for believing that among our chief solicitudes the desire after beauty and grandeur deserves a higher place than we have granted to it. The Maker of earth and heaven can hardly be supposed to have laid much stress upon indifferent things; and yet if there is one thing in heaven or earth more evident than another, it is that they are inconceivably grand and indescribably beautiful. Why are the depths of space so dark and awful, the rolling worlds so countless in such a silent sky? Why are their common aspects so grand and calm, their exceptional ones so strange and thrilling? The white moon, when her hour is come, drops into a blood-red shadow; and in the sun's eclipse his light turns ghastly as the grave. Why are those bold black masses given to the thunder-clouds; this terrible voice to the thunder? There are many sounds in nature, and it might have uttered any one of them. It might have sighed, it might have laughed; but instead of that, it thunders. How comes it that the chasms of the hills are grim bare precipices, marked with the lines and shadows of sublimity? that torrents break in fury and roar in the hollow tones of anger? that there is a shriek in the wild midnight wind, and a rush on stormy seas, as if more even than the waves went by?

And beneath the heavens, below the rocks, by placid waters, in sunshine and balmy air,—who has counted the world's wealth of beauty?

Behold the fair earth waking out of sleep. Her days are years; winter has gone past; her night is over; she rises with the spring morning, and dresses for another day. Her robe is green; it suits her, and she will have no other, though a hundred thousand worlds are looking on. Only in her ornaments she makes some change to suit the changing of the hours. See how beautiful they are! Fresh flowers for the morning, floating mists, young leaves, and rainbows. A richer toilet for the midsummer noon,—red roses and darker leaves, bright feathers, the wings of butterflies, and all about her the fragrance of the hay. Last, her evening triumph,—the pale and the ruddy gold, purple fruits, bright berries, and ears of corn. An Indian splendour, worn till, her day being over, nature, with a mother's hand, unclasps the jewels and takes her child to bed.

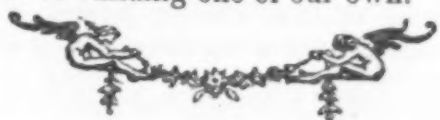
If grandeur so pierces the heavens and overhangs the world, can we think it matters little whether any thing is grand? If God so clothes the fields with beauty, are we to look at beauty with indifferent eyes, and ask what is the use of it? Yet if the utilitarian question should be put, it is very quickly answered. Grandeur and beauty are useful in the most technical and narrow sense of the word. Their use is to raise men above the dust they tread on; to fill them with thoughts and interests a little higher than their sandals. Half our vices, and all that coarseness of thought and habit which is the paved road down to them, are direct offences against the spirit of art; and in correcting these, we can bring no better aid to the still higher motives of religion than a habit of love and admiration for whatever is beautiful or grand. Rely upon it, it is no trifling loss to a human soul when in any form it grows content with ugliness or indifferent to beauty. To become so is to withdraw our sympathy from the plan and pattern of the universe, and to part with one of our best antidotes against the slow but mortal poison of material cares. Nor are we to listen an instant to the adverse doctrine which is sometimes drawn from the lives and histories of artists themselves. It is not in poets or novelists, in painters or sculptors, that the influence of art on our common manhood can be seen. To have an intense love for all grandeur and all beauty is one of the best helps to human nature. To be a professional



H. LINTON.

THE BATHING POOL. BY R. GAVIN, A.R.S.A.
[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

artist of any kind is one of the severest trials. The strong and unavoidable tendency of artistic labour is to upset the balance of the mind by destroying its right proportions. It leads to narrowness, by demanding a fixed devotion to one single object of study; and to weakness, by the habit it engenders of considering solely what man is able to accomplish, instead of what he is able to aspire after. Happy is he who can meet this trial and overcome it. He, indeed, has reached one of the mountain-tops of life, and gained a new victory for his species. But the way is always through the wilderness; the tempter is for ever there, and perhaps while the world lasts his vanquishers will be fewer than his victims. From such perils mankind at large are free. With them the love of beauty leads only upwards towards its source; and what they have to do is to give it all the passion they can spare. To be of any value to our lives, it must become a habit and an instinct. An occasional rhapsody, a fit of taste once in a way,—this is no use at all. It is here that our want of faith in art tells with prodigious and most injurious power. Having no confidence in it as a thing of vital excellence, we miss and neglect the means by which alone a national habit can be acquired; and so it happens that, in this nineteenth century, when art should find among us, not patrons, but worshippers, not historians, but priests, we still stand gazing on the ruins of former temples, instead of building one of our own.



THE PIATTO DI POMPA.

A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES BY AN ARCHÆOLOGIST AND HIS FRIENDS."

IN a certain "locanda" of Florence, from the front windows of which might be obtained a general view of the picturesque Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, were four guests. They were seated at three separate tables in the public room, near the windows that opened towards the piazza. The one nearest the corner-window was a young Englishman, who appeared devoured by the national ennui as he looked listlessly towards the "loggia" of Orcagna, with its bronze Perseus, the work of Cellini; and that noble group, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Donatello; and yet he was a sincere lover of art, and in the collection of a series of specimens in one of its most interesting departments was a real enthusiast. But he had been accustomed to gratify every wish with so little difficulty,—wealth is a wonderful facilitator,—that every pursuit had lost its zest. Nothing but an unforeseen accident or difficulty could rouse him from a kind of nonchalant lethargy which had become habitual to him.

At the corresponding window at the other side of the room sat an Italian,—a respectable citizen of Florence, who generally took his evening luxuries at that "locanda" in the form of a frugal cup of coffee and a single cigar. He was a dealer in works of art and articles of vertu; and had grown rich in the diligent practice of his craft. Indeed, the Signor Pietro Coltroni had become a personage of some importance

even as a critic, and was the appointed agent of the court of Russia for the purchase of pictures, antiquities, &c.

At another table, near the central window, were seated two French tourists, who had evidently just arrived, and were in the act of finishing a tolerably copious repast.

"We have steered our course pretty clear of the migratory flock of English in the wild country about Urbino."

"Fortunately; for they spoil the markets and ruin the inns. One cannot compete with their British ostentation."

"And yet there ought to have been an Englishman at St. Leo. I admit that. For he might have rescued from its unworthy interment that matchless plateau of Majolica."

The ears of the Signor Coltroni tingled with excited curiosity.

And here the speakers began to speak louder, and the second answered,

"Bah! I do not believe that even English gold could purchase it. The old marchese, though evidently as poor as a briefless advocate, did not mean selling at any price. The Mazzolari are a very ancient and illustrious family, the very poorest members of which are as proud of their descent as a Bourbon or a Hapsburgher."

"That may be; but the offer of an English price,—such a one as would serve to put his old *baraque* of a castle-villa into something like the appearance of external repair, or, at all events, set up the tumble-down gates, and scrape away the moss from the marble escutcheons of the family arms,—would have settled the matter. Why even your fifty louis, my dear Auguste, which you so politely offered, made the eyes of the old marchese twinkle with a strange expression of longing, though he refused them."

"Do you really imagine it to have been actually painted by the Duke Guidobaldi himself? It appeared to me more like the mezzo-Majolica of the earlier period, judging from the few colours employed; though, it is true, it had not that metallic lustre in the glaze, making the whites look like silver and the yellows like gold, which belongs to the earlier periods; nor the nacreous *madre-perla* effects met with in earlier specimens; nor that iridescent ruby-tone in the reds, which is found in the works executed at Gubbio and Persaro, especially in those of the Maestro Georgio."

"It had certainly none of your last-named characteristics, because it is evident to me that it is a work of the court-manufactory at Urbino itself; and the breadth of character in the different subjects, which I know you were about to urge again as proof of its earlier origin, arises, in my opinion, from their being directly and closely copied from drawings by Raphael or some of his pupils, which may have been preserved in the ducal collection, and reproduced on the plateau by the hand of the dilettante prince. The work is, in short, in my opinion, as the marchese stated, one of the grand "*Piatti di Pompa*," or plateaux of ceremony, executed as presents to reigning princes, or native noble families who had rendered great services to the state, many of which, in the reign of the weak but accomplished Guidobaldi II., were painted wholly or in part by the hand of the prince himself, as we know by cotemporary memoirs."

Here the Signor Pietro Coltroni threw the remnant of his cigar under the table, and precipitately quitted the room; and the Englishman, who was an enthusiastic collector of Majolica,—the only branch of his enthusiasm left,—greedily drank in every word of the dialogue, utterly regardless of the charge he was laying himself open to of being an uninvited listener.

The conversation, however, though still concerning the subject which had begun to interest him so strongly, did not again refer to the marchese, or to that special "*Piatto di Pompa*," but only to the subject of Majolica-ware and its history. They spoke of the art of the potter among the ancients, and how, except in its rudest applications, it had disappeared from Western Europe at the fall of the Western Roman Empire; and how in the beginning of the twelfth century the Pisans organised a crusade against a piratical Moorish sovereign of Majorca, and came back victorious

and loaded with treasure, among which were glazed plates of painted earthenware, such as had never been seen in modern Italy; and how they were encrusted as sacred trophies in the friezes of the Church of S. Apollonica and other venerated places; and how, after two centuries, imitations of these trophies were manufactured at Fayenza,* first for the decoration of buildings, in a similar manner to the original trophies, and eventually for other uses, the latest of which, perhaps, was that of the table; and how the Dukes of Urbino encouraged the manufacture; and how the ware copied from the trophies of Majorca came to be called Majolica.

This and much more was discussed by the French travellers over their "*orvieto*;" for they were well-informed connoisseurs, as most French tourists are; but the subject no longer interested the Englishman, who, as an exception to the general rule, was better informed on that especial matter than they were; and finding that the conversation was not likely to revert to the plateau of Guidobaldi II., or to the marchese, or to the whereabouts of his old castle-villa, he left the room.

Calling the "*padrone*" into the centre of the great courtyard of the "*locanda*," and looking round with an air that appeared somewhat mysterious before he spoke, in order to ascertain that no one was within hearing, he said in an undertone,—for his excitement was giving him the airs of an actor of melodrama:

"Padrone, I must have post-horses on the road to St. Leo."

"Benissimo, eccellenza," was the reply, with an involuntary low bow to the combined influence of the aristocratic bearing and plentiful scudi of his English guest. "They shall be ready the first thing in the morning."

"But I must have them immediately."

The "*padrone*" bowed again still lower, as he muttered to himself, "What in the name of the devil and all the saints can be in the wind about St. Leo? Another madman off to those mountain-hovels at this time of night!"

Then turning to the Englishman, he expressed his deep regret that the matter was simply impossible, as his last pair of post-horses had started within a quarter of an hour for the same place.

"The same place!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What can any one else want in that direction?"

"Per Bacco, that is more than I know, eccellenza," replied the "*padrone*," scratching his ear in considerable perplexity. "It was my respected neighbour, the good Signor Pietro Coltroni, who ordered the horses. He is the well-known dealer in pictures and antiquities over the way. Some great toe of a Venus has been dug up, I suppose; or a broken nose of Hercules; or some sort of thing which our cognoscenti buy up a *prezzo d'oro*; and friend Coltroni, maybe, wants to get there the first. It may be that, or it may be something else; what should I know?"

Here the Englishman interrupted this wandering loquacity with a proposition which produced its immediate effect, and secured the appearance of a calash and post-horses within two short hours from that time. In a few minutes afterwards, the horses were dragging the vehicle at a furious rate over the great irregular-shaped flagstones of the pavement of Florence; and in the first dark hours of the night our Englishman found himself rattling along the unfrequented and dreary mountain-road that led towards one of the wildest parts of the ancient duchy of Urbino. It was the first excitement that had varied the monotony of his ennui for many months; and as he urged the driver with continual bribes, inquiring at every stage whether another traveller had passed that way before him, he experienced the healthy effects of energetic action in a manner that had been long unknown to him.

When he learned, too, that the traveller he dreaded was indeed in advance of him, having passed full two hours before, his excitement knew no bounds, and the scudi pro-

* From which the modern French term *foycence*, for all kinds of earthenware, is derived.

misled to postillions for increase of speed came forth at every half-league; but horse-flesh has only certain limited capacities, and the distance between the Englishman and his precursor remained much the same as the night advanced. Still he gained a little; and eventually, about five in the morning, triumphantly passed his rival, while in the act of knocking up a slumbering postmaster for change of horses. At the next relay, the Englishman secured the only two horses belonging to the establishment, and his triumph seemed secure. St. Leo was but three leagues distant, and there was no sign of his pursuer, who must have either remained at the last "osteria" of the post, or have come on at a snail's pace with the already jaded horses of the previous relay.

But the road became exceedingly mountainous and rugged; and just as he considered his success certain, the calash gave a strange kind of a lurch. There was a crash; and in another instant the vehicle was lying on its side, irretrievably fixed in a muddy ditch at the side of the deeply-rutted road. An axle had broken; there was no sign of any kind of habitation near from which assistance could be obtained; and an hour passed in vain endeavours to repair the consequences of the catastrophe.

At last a sound of wheels was heard approaching; assistance was near; he should still be the first at St. Leo, and consequently certain of securing the grand "Piatto di Pompa;" for that was plainly the prize which lay at the goal of his sudden enterprise, as it was also that of the rival whom he had now left so far behind.

As the approaching vehicle neared them, however, all his rising hopes vanished. It was the carriage of the Signor Pietro Coltroni himself, drawn by two stout farm-horses, freshly taken from the fields. The sturdy animals passed the broken-down vehicle at a spanking trot, notwithstanding the fearful inequalities of the road; while the picture-merchant and dealer in Majolica to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia and Grand Duke of Warsaw made our discomfited Englishman a most polite and smiling bow from the window of his post-calash as he whisked by at a glorious pace.

The mountain village-town of St. Leo was reached on foot by the distanced competitor, heated and tired, soon after nine o'clock. And despite his fatigue and hunger, and many other impediments, he made his way by the aid of a guide to the half-dismantled residence of the marchese, which he reached about an hour later.

As he approached the ruined gates, and perceived the moss-grown escutcheons that crowned the massive piers from which the heavy wooden gates had crumbled for want of timely care and paint,—the rusty hinges still clinging to the walls, from which they stood out like the arms of an iron skeleton,—he at once recognised the entrance described by the two French tourists. Secure now of the locality, he hoped that he might still be first, as it was with no little difficulty that he had found out the old mountain-villa; and there was just a shadow of chance that his rival might have lost his way or been otherwise delayed, as the last part of the road could only be traversed on foot or on horseback.

Such hopes were, however, suddenly dispelled as he perceived the figure of the Signor Pietro Coltroni emerging from the shadow of a group of gigantic and venerable cypresses that still screened the residence from view. As the figure approached, however, there was no sign of triumph in its step, which was of that slinking, almost sneaking, character that distinguishes the gait of humiliation and defeat. But he regained his coolness, and raising his hat, said: "It is of no use, eccellenza; if money could have managed the matter, my commissions from Russia, in the execution of which I do not regard price, would have settled it. I offered first a hundred gold florins of Florence for the 'piatto,' which is indeed neither more nor less than superb; and then, will you believe me, eccellenza, I named five hundred, for I was determined to have it; but the old dotard must be mad. At any rate, he is the first Italian

I ever met with who was foolish enough to refuse double its value for any thing whatsoever, even his honour! Per Bacco, there are not many of us such fools." And he passed on with another salutation, while the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders by way of reply, advanced silently towards the house.

The marchese, who was an Italian noble of the old *régime*, polished and courtly in every movement, even in the midst of sadly evident poverty, at once perceived, by the natural freemasonry of class, that he had to do with a "gentleman," and, receiving his second visitor with the greatest urbanity, inquired, with an elaborated smile worthy of a *petit-maitre* of the court of Louis XV., whether he was in his case also indebted to the talismanic qualities of his plateau of Raphael-ware for so early and unexpected a visit.

The explanation was brief; and the marchese presently introduced his visitor to his own sanctum, or private study; where among a few richly-bound volumes, some exquisitely chiselled arms, and a few pictures, principally family portraits, the only remains of the former importance of the family, stood the famous plateau, the "Piatto di Pompa," which had excited the artistic interest of the French tourists, the cupidity of the Florentine dealer, and the strong desire of immediate possession, at any cost, of the Englishman.

It formed the sole but magnificent ornament of an ancient console-table placed between two narrow semi-Gothic casements which pierced the wall of one of the most strongly-built towers of this once splendid residence. The Englishman stood amazed at the vast dimensions of the superb plateau—nearly three feet in diameter—and with the gorgeous richness of the design; and remained riveted to the spot where he had first caught a glimpse of that exquisite monument of the arts of the *Renaissance*; while the marchese took care not to disturb the ecstasy of his visitor, which seemed to excuse his own deep attachment to his almost solitary treasure.

The Englishman was the first to break the silence with an exclamation of delight, as he advanced to examine the noble piece more closely. The centre of the plateau was occupied by a magnificently designed quadriga; the elaborately-wrought ornaments of the car and the foreshortening of the galloping white horses, four abreast, bearing evidence at the first glance of the highest kind of art. It was indeed a noble group of objects, the crowning interest of which centred in the stern figure of Achilles in the chariot. The body attached to its rear, and trailing ignominiously behind it, though but faintly discernible in the veil of shadow, showed the subjects to be, Achilles dragging the body of the dead Hector round the walls of Troy, the nobly-designed battlements of which formed the background of this composition. Every detail was painted with the greatest accuracy and precision, yet boldness, denoting at once the work of a master-hand; while this partial concealment of the painful part of the subject in the shadow of the car indicated superiority of conception as well as skilful execution. The picture was enclosed by a rich architectural ornament of creamy white, shaded with orange, on a ground of ultramarine; and the broad flat margin of the plateau, with the exception of a deep edge of green, was adorned with festoons of flowers tied with white fillets, among which exquisitely-designed loves were sporting in many playful attitudes full of the highest graces of design,—here pursuing insects, there toying with arms or pieces of armour too large for them to lift, in other places affecting to affright each other with tragic or comic masks, and many other ingenious devices.

"You will perceive," said the marchese, as soon as his new visitor's surprise had partially subsided,—"you will perceive at once that the splendid subject and decorations are in the manner of Giulio Romano; but a little closer observation will show you that the touch of the actual execution is inferior in firmness and freedom and facility to the style of the composition. The fact is, it is a copy of the

great master by the hand of our ancestral benefactor, the good Duke Guidobaldi II. This is known by our family archives, among which the original letter of the duke's secretary still exists, in which the nature of the service, of which that munificent present was a gracious and magnificent recognition, is fully stated, with the addition that the execution of the painting was by the duke's own hand after original drawings by Giulio Romano in the Urbinian collection. An additional proof, if such were needed," continued the marchese, "is afforded by the signature at the back. You are aware that the different artists of the ducal manufactory placed their initials, sometimes their names in full, at the backs of the objects which they had decorated. Orazio Fontana, for instance, signing O. F. U. F. for Orazio Fontana Urbanite fecit. And here we have G. D. U. F.; Guidobaldi, a true lover of art, signing his work as another artist, simply—Guidobaldi, the Duke, &c. But I have other proofs," continued the speaker. "In the first place, works of such large dimensions, and such complication of ornament, were not executed at any previous period; and within the next reign, as you know, the independence of the Duchy of Urbino, and the existence of the manufacture of Majolica, ended together by the bequest of the last duke, Francesco Maria II., who willed away his patrimony to the Church; from which time the territory of Urbino became part of the papal dominions."

The young Englishman was almost as much delighted with his host as with his splendid plateau of Majolica.

But the contemplation of the plateau had its bitters as well as its sweets; for he scarcely hoped to secure it for any amount of mere lucre. Yet he could not tear himself away from the splendours of the coveted prize. What *morceau* in the Blenheim or even Soult collections, or even in the great enamel gallery of the Louvre itself, could compare with it? And so he lingered still in the old apartment, listening to the discourse of his host, who never seemed to tire of discussing the beauties and peculiarities of that noble family monument, and the connection of his ancestors with its donor the good Duke Guidobaldi II.

"Majolica and horses were his two passions, as you may perceive by the loving treatment of every outline, and the shade of every muscle in that noble group. And here is another document," cried the marchese, growing excited by his theme, "a copy of a letter to Rome after he became reigning duke, and which I have obtained from the records of the Vatican, in which he minutely describes various housings and caparisons which had been made for him in that city."

"Observe," he continued, "the delicate care with which those four noble horses of Giulio Romano have been harnessed with just such trappings—very peculiar in their character. Do you perceive the interlacing bands of azure, and the embroidery of the serpents, the badge of Urbino, and the depending tassels of mingled blue and gold, just as described in the letter? Is it not curious?"

And the Englishman agreed entirely with the views of the marchese; and the dialogue might have gone on much longer, had not an old housekeeper announced that the noon-meal was waiting the leisure of the signor marchese. And the Englishman took his leave, requesting permission to return, for further inspection of the plateau, on the following day; a permission that was at once courteously granted.

Our traveller found the day at the wretched "osteria" of St. Leo almost endless; but it passed at last, and the night too, and he was again at the mountain-villa of the marchese. The visit was a third and fourth time repeated, by the courteous permission of the marchese, and yet the young Englishman had not once found courage to openly propose the offer of the thousand guineas with which he had determined to secure the matchless work, from the neighbourhood of which he could not tear himself away.

And many other visits followed, till at last the daily meeting in the chamber of the gigantic plateau seemed growing as necessary to the marchese as to the Englishman.

In fact, after each parting, they both began to look forward, counting the hours, till their discussions upon the plateau and Majolica in general, and the romantic story of the Dukes of Urbino, could be renewed.

On a certain morning, after many weeks of this daily intercourse, the dialogue had become so fascinating to both,—for the Englishman, too, was well up in the subject,—that when dinner was announced, the marchese prayed his guest not to leave him, but stay and continue the discourse over what he truly described as his "frugal repast."

The meal was served in a scantily-furnished but spacious room, at the upper end of which was still the signorial canopy or throne,—an interesting relic of disused feudal customs often found in old Italian palazzi. At the table was placed a third chair, on the left of that of the marchese, and opposite to the one just placed on the right for himself. The marchese perceived the glance of his visitor towards the third seat, and said deprecatingly: "You must excuse the presence of my child,—a little girl, who ought to have been receiving her education in a convent, or at all events in retirement in a separate suite of apartments; but the fact is, I have not the requisite means for the one arrangement or the necessary attendants for the other; and so little Camilla always dines with her father. I had forgotten the inconvenience when I invited you to stay; but you will excuse it. She will not trouble or interrupt us, and we can continue our little dispute about the characteristics of mezzo-Majolica previous to 1500, and concerning the letter of Raphael mentioned by Keysler, by means of which you seek to prove that the great painter actually adorned some of the Majolian ware with his own pencil."

Here the marchese was interrupted by the entrance of Camilla, who, though described as a child, looked more like a girl of eighteen or nineteen, being already in the full bloom of her glowing Italian beauty. She took her place silently, with a slight inclination to the stranger. And the marchese went on with the discussion, as the simple repast was served; but the young Englishman found himself less able than usual to cope with the ingenious arguments of his antagonist; and the quadriga and cupids of the famous "Piatto di Pompa" strangely confused themselves in his mind with the lustrous black hair and eyes of his *vis-à-vis*. But she left the room as silently as she came, at the moment the pretence for a dessert was placed upon the table; and then, the discussion went on more glibly, and more to the advantage of the visitor.

Neither the marchese nor the Englishman could now get through a single day without a "talk," to which the great plateau formed the invariable text; and several months passed in this way, during which the family of our English friend were much astonished to find all his letters dated from that obscure village among the Apennines—that strange St. Leo, which no one had ever heard of. At last, however, his perseverance was crowned with success, and he carried off his treasure; but that treasure was not the grand "piatto;" it was the beautiful dark-eyed Camilla,—the "little girl" of the marchese, who gave his paternal blessing as the young stranger carried off his lovely Italian bride from the chapel of the English embassy at Florence.

Thus was the young Italian flower of the ruined gardens of the old villa-castle of the Apennines transplanted to those of an Elizabethan mansion, embowered among the rich woods of south Devon.

But the "Piatto di Pompa," the other and almost equally cherished treasure of the old marchese, remained behind. It will never go to St. Petersburg; that is now certain, notwithstanding a second attempt to secure it at any cost by the worthy Signor Pietro Coltroni. No; when it leaves its present abode in the old turret-chamber, it will be to form the crowning glory of the already noble collection of Mainford Manor, whose youthful heir made so bold an attempt to secure it, but who is yet far from regretting the substitution of the treasure which he accepted in its place.

CHIEF CAUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FAILURE.

A GENERAL impression prevails that photographic pictures are accurate representations of the human face and form, provided the sitter has been steady, and the artist has known the resources of his art. The momentary flush which animates the cheek of youthful beauty even, it is generally believed, can be arrested, and fixed for ever. But whilst such impressions prevail, the hideous representations of humanity that too often issue from the studio of the photographer prove that they are any thing but correct. The victim who grumbly surveys his caricature, or ventures to doubt the faithfulness of the likeness handed to him, is assured that *the art is perfect*, and the fault (if any) must be ascribed to his involuntary nervousness, or to his personal deficiencies.

It is disappointing, notwithstanding the multitude of amateur and professional photographers employed, to perceive so little real progress made in the direction in which the highest success is attainable, namely, a *mathematical accuracy* in the delineation of nature—a *perfect copying* of her exquisite beauties. Great progress is being made in the manipulatory and chemical departments of the art of photography. Almost every week some improvement of the existing processes is announced. New substances,—as in the case of Mr. Mayall's discovery—are being employed. The highest chemical and mechanical skill has been enlisted, and a perfection in those departments has been attained, which, without a method for fixing the colours of nature, we can hardly conceive of being surpassed. What we lament is, that the optical laws involved in the art have not been sufficiently studied; that the same amount of patient induction has not been applied to the perfecting of the photographic camera which has been expended on the arresting and preserving of the pictures it forms. How many engaged in photography have only a vague notion that the picture is painted *somehow or other* by the agency of light on the sensitised plate, without having any thing like a tangible conception of the rationale of the wonderful process! How many have no idea of the existence of the *actinic fluid*, on which the whole process depends, and without which the most sensitive surface might be exposed to the action of *light proper* for ever without being impressed! How many have never even thought of the solution of the problem, What form and size of lens will give the most faithful representation of nature? We do not assert that these subjects have not been examined, and considerable discoveries made in regard to them; but we assert that they have not received the attention to which they are entitled, and which, considering their importance, might have been expected. The consequence of this neglect of the study of the optical department of photography has been the adoption of instruments of an unscientific character, and the production of pictures destitute of the perfection which alone can entitle them to be regarded as works of high art.

What is aimed at by the photographic artist in his picture? It is a *faithful delineation* of the object, whether portrait or landscape; or, to speak optically, it is enabling us to see, when we survey the picture, what we would have seen had our *eye* been in the place of the *lens* with which the picture was taken. Such being the artist's aim, his first object ought unquestionably to be the obtaining of a perfect picture in his instrument before endeavouring to fix it. Until such is obtained, it is manifest the results cannot be satisfactory. It has been taken for granted that an achromatic lens of any size or form, in which the chromatic and spherical aberrations have been corrected, can give such a picture,—a most gratuitous and unfortunate assumption, since it has greatly retarded the right progress of the art. The impossibility of lenses of large aperture giving perfect photographic pictures has been repeatedly pointed out by Sir David Brewster in the different scientific journals, at the meetings of the learned associations, and more especially

in a recent Number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE; but, strange as it may appear, although several of these papers and addresses have been before the world for years, and their soundness has never been impugned, it is *only now* that prejudice and interest are beginning to yield, and the higher class of photographers are employing instruments which can be called scientific.

Photographers, ignorant of the optical principles involved in their art, when unsuccessful, naturally blame their lenses. They lay aside French sets, dreaming that Voightlander's or Ross's combinations will give the perfection desired. But although it is certain that some sets of lenses will perform much better than others, yet none of them, it is demonstrable, can give the perfection sought. The skill of the optician, or the wealth of the richest amateur will be alike inadequate to improve the present instrument, so as to represent nature as she is. The *principle* is *unsound*, and consequently the *performance* must be imperfect. That these remarks are true, any one will acknowledge who will follow the argument of Sir David Brewster. That philosopher set out in his investigation of this subject with the palpable fact, that we have been accustomed to see every object in nature through an aperture of about one-fourth of an inch in diameter—the average diameter of the pupil of the eye. The faces of our friends, the familiar features of the landscape, have been painted on the retina by the light flowing through such an aperture, and as perceived by the mind, have been impressed on the memory. Now it is obvious that a portrait or a landscape formed by a lens four, six, or twelve inches* in diameter is not the picture of our friend, or of the familiar scene which we have been accustomed to see; but such a picture as we would have seen with a monstrous eye of either of the above dimensions. Can any one wonder when such lenses are employed (and they actually are employed) that portraits are not recognised, and that landscapes are distorted and unnatural? By the employment of a lens only three inches in diameter, Sir David has shown that no less than 130 *dissimilar* pictures of the sitter are all huddled and jumbled together; while opaque objects of smaller diameter than itself are rendered virtually transparent. We do not intend to enter upon Sir David's elaborate and elegant investigation of this important subject, since it has already appeared in this Journal, from his own pen; but content ourselves with enforcing his conclusion, in the firm assurance that until it is adopted and acted upon, the triumphs which photography is destined to accomplish cannot be achieved.

After the demonstrations to which we have referred, we might ask, What purpose is served by a lens of large aperture which is not better fulfilled by one of small? The only advantage which can possibly be alleged as gained by a large is, the formation of the picture by a greater amount of light, and consequently by a much shorter time of exposure. This is undoubtedly a great advantage for portraiture; but to obtain it, every thing like perfection must be sacrificed; and it is an advantage for which no such sacrifices ought to be made. In the present state of the art, surfaces of the highest sensibility can be prepared, so that, even with very small lenses, a very moderate exposure is sufficient. To illustrate the argument we would enforce, let us suppose that two gentlemen resolve to procure photographic cameras, which shall be suitable for landscapes or portraiture, and that to both the question of expense is of small consideration. The one individual procures from Lerebours, or Ross, or Voightlander, a double set of lenses, four inches aperture, and fifteen inches focus, which will cost from 25*l.* to 40*l.*, and has them fitted into a suitable box, with slides, &c. The other obtains from either of the above admirable artists a single achromatic lens, half-an-inch in diameter and fifteen inches focus, which will cost a few shillings, and which he also fits into a suitable camera, with the

* We lately saw a monstrous camera, mounted on wheels like an omnibus, with an object-lens thirteen inches in diameter, and which cost the munificent sum of 600*l.*

requisite slides. They commence operations with the same collodion, developing and fixing solutions, &c. After a few experiments, what are the results? The gentleman with the large lenses can produce pictures after a few seconds of exposure,—pictures possessed of great sharpness and intensity; but his portraits will generally fail to be recognised, and his landscapes will contain the exaggerations we formerly pointed out. He will find, after repeated experiments, that it is only when his lenses are stopped down to half or three-quarters of an inch aperture that pictures of any thing like excellence can be procured. The other gentleman, with the small single lens, finds that from thirty seconds to a minute are necessary to obtain his portrait; but then, if the manipulation has been carefully conducted, his portraits are pleasing and lifelike; and when even the small aperture of his lens is reduced to three-tenths of an inch, the most rigid examination will not be able to discover the slightest exaggeration or distortion. We are aware that many practical photographers cling with the greatest pertinacity to the employment of large lenses, for no reason which they can assign unless their rapidity; while others imagine that because they are more expensive they must necessarily be more excellent. But that they are not only *unnecessary*, but even *injurious*, we can assert from repeated experiments. The other day we took a portrait of a nobleman with lenses of four inches stopped down to three inches aperture; and although the picture was in every way sharp, it was not recognised by a lady who had known his lordship for years. Out of a dozen portraits taken the same day, not one could be regarded as a really successful likeness. The above lenses were manufactured by Ross, London.

That large and expensive lenses are not necessary is illustrated by the fact, that a beautiful portrait of an illustrious savant was recently taken by an artist in Edinburgh, with a spectacle-eye of rock-crystal stopped down to half-an-inch, and for which the sum of *one shilling* would be charged. This portrait we had the pleasure of examining, and of comparing with another likeness of the same individual taken with large lenses by a first-rate artist, to which it was manifestly superior both in point of expression and resemblance.

We recently fitted up a binocular camera on the principle suggested by Sir David Brewster. The lenses were produced in the following simple way. A spectacle-eye, of rock-crystal, of six inches focus, was cut into quadrants; two of them were chipped into circles of about three-eighths of an inch diameter, mounted in short tubes, and fixed in the end of the camera, with their centres two inches and a half apart; and with these simple lenses we have taken a series of stereoscopic views and portraits, which we consider decidedly superior to those taken by one of Lerebours' quarter-plate combinations.

We regard, then, these facts as not only showing that large lenses are unnecessary, but as proving that no real progress in the beautiful art of photography can be made until suitable lenses are employed. No doubt there are prejudices and interests which must be got rid of ere a really philosophical apparatus come into general use. Some men have a great regard for appearances. In their eyes a beautifully-polished camera, of walnut or mahogany, with large horn and beautifully-lacquered brasswork, looks much more scientific than a plain box, with a small lens, hardly discernible, in the end of it. And we may expect that practical opticians will not approve of a change which lays aside lenses for which 20*l.* and 50*l.* are charged, and which brings into use those for which not more than a few shillings can be asked. But although a change in the construction of the instrument is imperatively demanded, and must speedily take place, there is ample field on which the scientific artist may expend his genius and his skill, in order that the perfection attainable may be reached:—the formation of the picture on a *curved* instead of a *flat* surface; the obtaining of *more sensitive plates*; and, above all, *the arresting of the colours of nature*, and thus making the picture the perfect

representation of that which we see with the eye. The field which has been recently opened up is ample and noble, and one in which the greatest triumphs may be confidently anticipated, so soon as high artistic art is united to a thorough acquaintance with the scientific laws involved in photographic manipulation. Such men as Reynolds and Raeburn and Watson, who could seize the *mind* of their sitters, and transfer *it* to their pictures, will arise in photography; and the miserable caricatures which disgrace the art will to a great extent disappear. At all times true genius will be able to seize upon those felicitous postures, and accessories, and expressions of character, which ordinary manipulators cannot even perceive, but upon which the chief excellence and value of the picture must ever depend; and photographic pictures will become valuable chiefly from the genius of the artist they discover.

But apart from the value of such pictures as works of art, they are associated with their originals by sensibilities peculiarly tender. It was *the very light* which radiated from the brow of the loved one, *the identical gleam* which lighted up the eye, which pencilled the cherished images, and fixed themselves for ever there.

The future of the art is hopeful in the highest degree; and the time is not far distant when the studios of our artists, our galleries, and our habitations, will be adorned with such works as the inimitable pencil of Nature can alone portray.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—Having once been one of your esteemed sisterhood myself, and having since that delightful period gained much practical experience, I propose to make you the recipients of my scraps of (what I consider) very useful knowledge; and I hope you will excuse me, if you should deem my communications worthless or uninteresting.

I shall begin with what very nearly concerns your sex and age, viz. the preservation of your youthful attractions. *Your sex and age*, did I say? What a mistake! When I firmly believe that from the days of Adam and Eve both men and women, old and young, have with some exceptions run a neck-and-neck race in the art of self-adornment. For who does not remember having seen a perfect lane of bottles and gallipots, with flaming labels, redolent of otto of roses, on the toilet of some revered old bachelor-uncle or relative, whose well-burnished and scant *chevelure* bore ample testimony to his unwearied efforts to increase the crop?

Be this spoken in all kindness and charity. We do not sneer and laugh at the harmless vanity; we only state it as a fact.

Now if our revered relative loves his well-kempt locks, there are certainly more reasons why you should; as any thing unpleasant and neglected in a woman may materially interfere with her prospects in life; while downright ugliness in the other sex really seems fraught with advantages, if one may judge from the fact, that "the plainest men obtain the handsomest wives."

And now let us come to the plain practical question: What is best to preserve the bloom of the complexion? I reply,—simply, but most certainly,—*cold water*, the purer, the colder, and the softer, the better.

I know that *many* young ladies are afflicted with the notion, that water in any shape is bad for the complexion; and so, between their native sense of cleanliness, and their great anxiety to preserve their complexion, they are sorely puzzled; and I have—yes, I have—seen the triumphs of the

latter notion in a very slight but palpable enamel of almost invisible—dirt. Faugh!

Now, my dear young friends, no beauty can be long maintained without health; and I leave to your natural shrewd sense to determine whether dirt in any shape can be either healthy or attractive.

No woman on record ever preserved her bloom longer than the famous, or infamous Diana of Poitiers; and the secret of it was, a copious and thorough ablution in cold water night and morning, all through the year, with friction afterwards. Nothing, I repeat, is better, either for the skin, the eyes, or the general health, than a good wash in cold water after the fatigues of the day. In very cold weather, tepid water can be used, but it is best to rinse in cold; it prevents many evils. If the skin be dry and inclined to chap in frosty or windy weather, it is very easy to apply a little cold cream, of the simplest kind, well rubbed into the skin. If you should be teased with pimples, I know of no better remedy than to bathe them with eau de Cologne and water, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the former to a wineglassful of the latter. But now, in the matter of pimples, they depend much on the general health; and the young lady who maintains a simple and regular diet, takes regular exercise, keeps regular hours, and totally eschews tight-lacing, is very seldom, I should think never, afflicted thereby.

I believe there are instances on record of young ladies swallowing all sorts of deleterious articles with a view to making themselves thin, or white and delicate. I have heard of such things, nay, I am bound to confess that I have witnessed such proofs of temporary insanity. Shall I reveal such folly?—swallowing handfuls of raw rice to destroy the healthy appetite, vinegar to make them thin, and even small quantities of raw gin to give a sickly languor, &c.

I dare scarcely express my opinion of these things, because, as I consider good health one of the greatest blessings bestowed by the Giver of all good, I think that to tamper with it argues, not only a weak and silly, but also a wicked and ill-regulated mind.

And now I come to a very important portion of my subject—the hair.

Do you know, that if I were a hair-dresser, I believe I should quite make my fortune by publishing in a pamphlet my experiences in this highly ornamental appendage to beauty. I have had some thoughts of it without being a member of that highly honourable fraternity. Judge, then, of my generosity in bestowing thus freely on you, Misses Brown, Smith, and Jones, whom I have never seen in my life, the grand arcana, the very mystery of toilet mysteries.

The hair, like the skin, must be kept clean—must be washed. I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that washing injures it. Once a-week, or at any rate once in two weeks, the skin of the head should be washed. A strong decoction of rosemary is a capital thing, as it stimulates the roots of the hair, while it cleanses the skin, and forms, in fact, the basis of half the hair-washes. The yolk and white of an egg washes the hair beautifully, used as a soap: of course it must be perfectly rinsed out again. But if the hair be really oily and dirty, perhaps the very best thing in the world is, to wash the head entirely in a basin of water, in which about a teaspoonful of hartshorn has been mixed. After well rinsing and drying, nothing can be better than simple almond-oil, scented with plain otto of roses. The Italians use plain almond, or even olive oil; and they are renowned for their beautiful hair.

But the grand arcana of which I spoke is, the combing the hair for a few minutes every day with a common galvanised gutta-percha comb. The electricity therefrom communicated to the hair has a wonderful effect, in case of hair falling off or becoming discoloured. It gives great vigour to the roots; and I am convinced is a secret well worth the knowing.

For teeth, again, simple cleanliness is all-sufficient. There are many useful tooth-powders, composed of rhubarb,orris-root, &c., or plain camphor and chalk. I have faith in

the teeth being carefully brushed every night; for all the tooth-powder in the world cannot make up for habitual slovenliness. Whereas a careful brushing every night and morning, even without the aid of any auxiliary, will keep the teeth and gums in health.

And now, my young friends, I have only one word more to say before I close this epistle; it is a word of warning. Beware how you play foolish tricks with the health and beauty intrusted to you, and intended as the most precious of gifts; use them thankfully and well, as you will have to give account of them hereafter.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF BRITISH INSECTS.

THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (*Vanessa Atalanta*).

By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "BRITISH MOTHS, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," "INSECT CHANGES," "OCEAN GARDENS," ETC.

A MORE intimate acquaintance with the humbler forms of animal creation would often fill our country-rambles with unexpected interest and attractions such as the uninitiated never dream of. To those accustomed only to the ordinary associations of town-life, the woods and fields have but little to offer when the charm of change and novelty is over. They are pronounced wearisome; "a tree is a tree, and a field is a field," is the verdict of the cockney; "they are all alike," he exclaims. But he is not aware that this seeming monotony is the result of his own blindness. A vast and closely-written page is spread before him, and he deems it blank because he cannot read it. He has not learnt to interpret, or even perceive, the characters—often exquisitely minute—in which many of the most delightful passages of the book of nature are written, and therefore neither sees nor understands them. But let him learn only to spell the few first words, and the story will at once assume a charm that will inevitably lure him on to learn and to read more; for he will discover that the seeming monotony is teeming variety in a thousand novel forms, and that a single oak is a miniature universe in itself, swarming with above a hundred distinct forms of animated life, whose structure, habits, and instincts are full of interest.

I well remember the day when my own attention was first roused to the perception and study of insects and their singular transformations. I had been walking with a friend in a vineyard in the outskirts of Rome, and was rather vaguely admiring the general beauty of the scene, when I perceived my companion occupied in the close examination of a bed of stinging-nettles. With the azure blossoms of the alpine anemone and the rich crimson of the graceful flowers of the cyclamen scattered around, I could not conceive the nature of the attraction that was holding my friend over that tangled mass of stinging-nettles. My curiosity being excited, I bent forward, and he pointed to a caterpillar suspended by the tail to one of the leaves. "Well," I remarked, in answer to his indication,—“well, I only see a caterpillar—a common caterpillar—seemingly dead.”

I was quickly informed that it was not dead; and though it was a common caterpillar, it was most probable that I did not know what insect form it would assume when in its perfect state. "It is the larva of the beautiful butterfly *Vanessa Atalanta*," replied my friend triumphantly, and I thought him a prodigy of learning.

My curiosity was fairly roused; and under his direction, I cut off the piece of nettle to which the caterpillar was suspended, and carrying it home, placed the lower portion of the stalk in a bottle of water; for there was another caterpillar of the same species feeding upon another leaf. I waited patiently the time named by my friend for the wonderful metamorphosis that was, as I was assured, to ensue. The caterpillar was that of the Red Admiral Butterfly; and the changes I then observed—the interest of which at once made me an entomologist—were those which I am about to describe.

The caterpillar of the Red Admiral Butterfly, as I noticed in that,—the first specimen with which I ever became acquainted,—is of a dull and dark-green colour, covered with minute tubercles, the apex of each of which is of a brighter tone of the same colour. From each of the segments into which the body is divided, except the one next the head, issue curious black spines nearly a quarter of an inch high, from the sides of each of which project smaller and more delicate points of the same colour, — these branching thorns,

as they may be termed, giving the creature a very singular appearance. (See No. 1 in Engraving.) When the second caterpillar was full-grown, which it was at the age of about five weeks, I had the pleasure to observe the method in which he suspended himself, by means of a secretion resembling the web of a spider. In this position the insect became rapidly torpid, which had caused me to believe the other specimen dead when first pointed out to me. I next observed the body shorten and thicken; and a few days from the first suspension, the skin opened up the back, and was cast off, leaving in place of the caterpillar a curiously angulated chrysalis. The metamorphosis, to a novice in natural history, was very surprising; every vestige and characteristic of the preceding form of existence had disappeared; the pulpy body, the soft fleshy skin, the curious spines,—all were gone; the crisp horny shell of the chrysalis forming to all those features the most opposite contrast. It was of a deep-brown colour, spotted here and there with bright metallic markings resembling specks of gold; from which circumstance chrysalides have been termed "aurelias," and the collectors of them "aurelians." These shining spots were early perceived by the alchemists, who imagined them to be gold, and deemed them a singular proof of their favourite theory concerning what they termed the transmutation of metals. (See No. 2 in Engraving.)

When the necessary time had elapsed for the final metamorphosis, the secret preparations for which had been taking place within the horny shell of the chrysalis, the back of that case, or envelope, was rent asunder by the efforts of the imprisoned creature, instinct with the energies of a new form of existence, and a winged butterfly issued from the opening. At first its wings were soft and limp as delicate linen, curiously folded, and not more than half-an-inch long, though all their exquisitely-painted markings were quite perfect. They rapidly expanded, however, to their full size; their growth, conspicuously perceptible, being a most surprising example of rapid animal development. Still they were unfit for the purposes of flight; but as the new-born creature lifted and expanded them,—at first with effort and difficulty, and then with a more rapid motion,—they became quickly hardened, and wafted him forth,—I was going to add, to his banquet of nectar among the flowers and sunshine; but I feel somewhat ashamed to state that such was not the case, and that, under the instructions of my friend



the naturalist, his existence was cut short, and he was duly "set out" and "prepared," and formed the first beautiful specimen of my now extensive collection.

Vanessa Atalanta is also an English species, and is one of the most finely marked of the beautiful genus to which it belongs. (See No. 3 in Engraving.)

The upper side of the wings are magnificent with red, purple, blue, and flakes of snowy white; and the under surface most exquisitely marked with many tones of silky brown, as shown in the Engraving, No. 4.

The colouring of many of our native butterflies is as varied in the different sexes as the plumage of male and female birds, the small scales which form the clothing of the transparent membrane of their wings being frequently much brighter in the males than the females, as we shall have opportunities of showing in other examples. In *Vanessa Atalanta*, however, the sexes appear to be clothed in array of equal and identical brightness, and are therefore indistinguishable to the ordinary observer. There is nevertheless a small white spot near the hinder extremity of the red band in the fore-wings, which Mr. Haworth considers peculiar to the females, though this distinction has not been admitted by other lepidopterists.

The Red Admiral, commencing his existence towards autumn, survives the winter; the female depositing her eggs early in the spring. This beautiful insect is often seen boldly on the wing on sunny days even in December, settling on a gravel path and expanding its gorgeous pinions in evident enjoyment of the genial rays of the bright morning sunshine, or busy upon some late autumnal flower—that of the ivy, for instance—where the berries are not already formed. It is very curious to watch it unfold and insert its trunk deeply into the nectaries of the flowers to seek its delicate repast. In this action its movements would induce the observer to suppose that the sense of sight was not used, as it appears to feel about with the trunk for the opening of the flower, as though guided by the sense of touch alone. This may under some modification be the case, being a result of the singular hairy covering of the eyes,—a characteristic of the entire genus to which it belongs,—and which may possibly restrict the range of the sight to an upward direction.

The genus *Vanessa* is very widely distributed, being found both in Asia and America, as well as in most parts of Europe; but none of the exotic species surpass our own in brilliancy, especially those species popularly known as the Tortoiseshell Nettle, the Camberwell Beauty, or the well-known Peacock, which we may have occasion to allude to hereafter.

I may add, in conclusion, that the collecting of caterpillars and the furnishing them with proper food till the epoch of their metamorphosis, if nicely managed, forms a most delightful pursuit for leisure-hours,—one full of instruction and agreeable surprises.



Edwin Bulwer Lytton

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

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SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

If a stranger to our national literature, but not to letters, were set to read for the first time (without any information about their origin or their author) the half-hundred works which we owe to Edward Bulwer Lytton, he would probably say at the end of that "curriculum" that he had not conceived it possible that one country, in one generation, should be able to boast the possession of fifty contemporary writers endowed with powers so strikingly original, so often nearly equal in degree, and at the same time so varied in style and kind,—so contrasted, indeed, in their respective idiosyncrasies.

"Now name me these men," he would add; "recount me their several histories; let me meditate on the singular diversities of their personal antecedents; and deduce lessons from methods of education and plans of study so multiform in their difference, and yet so similar in their success."

Those various writers, he would then be told, are Edward Bulwer Lytton; unquestionably his name is Many. Nay, he has made several distinct reputations, recommencing anonymously over and over again,—like the same knight re-entering the arena in new armour and visor closed.

Our readers are not in the assumed position of this learned foreigner; and, for that reason, it would be a mere loss of time to prelude the remarks we have to make with any thrice-familiar biographical details; these have been recounted of late in every direction with incessant iteration. It is, at the same time, equally impossible, within the space we can command, to undertake a minute critical analysis of the holograph library which has thus issued from a single hand. We must content ourselves, in short, with the design (and even this upon a smaller scale) expressed by Tully in his *Optimo Genere Oratorum*; where he tells us that, in the rules, lessons, artifices, and means of high oratorical and literary success which he is about to deduce from the examples of the mighty, the multiplicity of them "despairs" him; and that, not being able to count down for us the infinite particulars, he will just weigh them, instead: "*Non enim ea me annumerare lectori putavi oportere, sed tanquam appendere.*"

They will do the same for you at your banker's, if your account with him is good. Half the day would go in "telling" the bright *rouleaux*, which a turn of the scales can as well announce.

First, then, a single glance at what Bulwer Lytton, as an author, is; then a word or two about how he became what he is.

There is hardly one of his works in which a page or two, nay, a sentence or two, cannot be found, out of which most ordinary writers would be able to make a biggish volume. Gold is very ductile; beat the ingot, and it will cover a field with its sheet, or engirdle the earth with its filaments. Thought, to drop the metaphor, original thought, is lavished throughout his works. Some of his observations are virtually books; some of his books are virtually libraries; and there is, notwithstanding, a large actual library of them. That library would be no bad education of itself; and it has, in fact, very considerably entered into the education and contributed to the development of many able minds, both in our own and in other countries. This is not all; in mere extent, so great is what he has produced, that to read it would seem to ask for good part of a life; and yet he who has written it has but attained about the age at which Sir Walter Scott began to labour, and is not only in the full vigour of his puissant faculties, but, to judge by his last efforts in comparison with his earlier, he is in the impetus, the mid-career of evident and very high progress. And while the plane of thought which he commands, and the sphere of scholarship to which he has lifted a whole world of familiar things, render his intellectual companionship profitable to the most cultivated minds, he has had the art of interesting the many with a spell scarcely less enthralling.

The most obvious literary characteristic of Bulwer Lytton is that which we implied at starting,—his versatility, or rather his comprehensiveness, the prodigious range of his labours, and the diversity of those enterprises which have all but one report to make, one account to give, of the labourer "who passed that way," viz. the uniformity of his ultimate success.

Here, in this word *ultimate*, however, lies a deeper secret, and a far more precious, as well as interesting lesson. A few years ago an ingenious critic, in one of our periodicals, said something to this effect, that if a foreigner were to ask us who were our most eminent men in specific departments of literature, we might cite various names; such a one as the greatest poet, such another as the greatest historian, such and such as the chief orators, critics; and thus the rest,—each noted in some particular species of liberal toil, and indeed the more noted for having never dared to quit it. But if the same foreigner were to say, "True; yet besides these literary specialties, so to speak, have you any one man who has made all literature his own in your language and generation, and who represents you collectively in the states-general of letters?"—if the foreigner, we say, thus framed his inquiry, would not one name occur in answer to every body's mind,—the name of Bulwer Lytton?

Such, or to this purport, was the observation of the ingenious critic to whom we allude. Years have since elapsed; and if the sentence of honour was true then, it is far truer now. But while it is a very striking, and certainly not an unwarranted criticism, it leaves much unsaid altogether.

Bulwer Lytton, who on the whole has achieved this omnigener, *ultimate* success, has by no means either prospered in every individual attempt which his life has known, nor exhibited in each of his productions an equal merit. In certain instances he has experienced what it is to fail signally.

Here, then, we begin to feel the latent existence of a truly valuable moral in Bulwer Lytton's very career itself. Let us note the actual facts as they stand, and compare them with the materials out of which they have been wrought,—wrought as the steel watch-spring, *more precious in market overt than its own weight of the purest gold*, is wrought out of pig-iron at so many pence a pound.

First, then, the facts: how stands the actual case? Were Bulwer Lytton nothing but a novelist, still even in his novels alone there would be found that sustained variety, that comprehensive range both of manner and of matter, which would have fully entitled their author to the remark we just now quoted. But he is far from being such a novelist. There is literally not one department of literature, and not one kind of writing, which he has not tried, and in which he has not acquired additions of reputation. Always thus ending with success, he has almost always begun with failure. That one fact would of itself stamp the character. Such thorough-bred pluck is never found alone. But a more curious thing still is this, that Sir Bulwer Lytton has not only almost invariably failed at first in the undertakings in which he triumphed afterwards, but that his greatest triumphs have been achieved precisely where his greatest difficulties originally lay—precisely in the departments to which all his natural bias gave him the greatest disinclination.

If ever there was an example calculated to cheer the despondent courage and revive the fainting energies of struggling, defeated, baffled genius, it is this before us. Buffon used to say, *Le génie c'est la patience*; 'tis but half the truth. Had Buffon said, that genius was patient, not a word of denial, question, or even doubt, could be breathed by any person of the slightest intelligence. Genius is patient, "and something more." Patience is not genius; patience is an inestimable passive quality, but genius is a working quality. Buffon spoke of the buckler, not of that sword whose strokes flashed from behind it.

No; the grand quality of Bulwer Lytton's intellect is its instinctive regard for the practicable above every thing else.

An enemy's judgment sits in his own head to pass sentence for him on every design which he has most loved and cherished; and the award is without appeal.

Thus, for instance, his taste, his inclination, his ambition, his passion, is poetry. This passion, which never quitted him, came early. The first literary attempts of his childhood were in verse. They gained him the praises he most valued and earliest earned—those of his mother; and then his first public honour. Had he consulted the strong prepossessions of his natural taste, which, despite of him, subsequently coloured the style, the spirit of his prose, he would never have written prose at all. He did not like it, he had no facility for it; on the contrary, he felt the walking foot as much encumbered as the wing seemed free. He could not write prose without singular trouble and exertion; it cost him no such pain to indulge his passion for writing poetry, and, above all, for reading, and for thinking it. But there was no career open for a poet, no fair hearing amidst the rapture with which the public greeted the strains of Byron. In the blaze of that meridian glory, no other light seemed then able to shine with effect. Bulwer Lytton resigned at once that kind of literature for which he had naturally a vehement passion, and embraced that for which he felt a positive distaste, and no heaven-born facility. This was practical. Here was the first signal exercise of that intellectual peculiarity which more than any other distinguishes his mind, and which, in truth, has uninterruptedly governed its movements. Perhaps, however, what we are accustomed, for convenience, to term judgment, is not so much a distinct faculty as it is the equipoise of all the faculties.

Be this as it may, what accounts for the whole career of Bulwer Lytton, which twice his genius would not otherwise account for, is this predominating and governing regard for the practicable. There are two sorts of failure: failure, because the work accomplished is not in demand; and failure, because the work itself is not duly accomplished. The former kind Bulwer has always held in horror, and has never suffered it, for he would never risk it. A very clever man, who is now dead, when asked his opinion about Bulwer, replied: "*He is one who knows how things should be done, and what things to do.*"

This is the very soul of practicality; of business, whether public or private; of statesmanship, and of what Lord Bacon quaintly terms "wisdom for a man's self." And thus a man of vivid temperament, of "bright and translunary" imagination, of ardent and enthusiastic genius, has shown himself a very personification of steadfast, well-calculated, plodding, unswerving, indomitably executed action. It is, in truth, the character for action, and that character pre-eminently. The strange old fact (proved by many a striking example), that, in circumstances of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty, where a man knows not how to advise himself, he will get the best counsel, not from the most cunning or pettifogging, but from the most genuinely poetic mind among his acquaintance, is a fact peculiarly appertaining to the history of those poets whose genius bears the apparently incongruous impress to which we are now adverting.

So much for this author's power to do; yet where is the success, if, after triumphing in the accomplishment of a thing, the thing accomplished will not itself be allowed to succeed?

Such has been the question almost always, indeed with but one exception, present to Bulwer Lytton in his intellectual undertakings. A practical, a pre-eminently practical mind, we repeat. Dread of the first kind of failure, just now described, has always deterred Bulwer; dread of the second, never. To risk the first is to war against influences stronger than man; to risk the other is but to test one's own powers.

On no occasion has Bulwer (who invariably has declined attempting to do that which, when well done, is not wanted) found his powers unequal ultimately to that which he has attempted. But his final success has generally been a ladder, the steps of which seemed to be all so many defeats.

A first check often repels and disheartens for ever a mind intellectually deficient in no requisite faculty, if morally wanting in some that are essential. It is here that the gallant, the all-daring, all-enduring, all-accomplishing spirit of the thorough-bred must show itself. Here occur those immortal exertions, here flash out those inextinguishable ardours, which made Buffon (not waiting long enough for the right word) term patience genius. And here it is that Bulwer surpasses nearly all writers—former or contemporary; here it is that he will leave the most precious and the most inspiring of the lessons to be hereafter bequeathed in his imperishable example.

It would not be in nature that a mind psychologically such as we have described should not be able well to counsel others, having counselled itself so well and wisely, having lived, as it were, a very existence of masculine logic reduced instinctively to action. Thus his books abound in the practical wisdom of private life and of every-day intercourse.

But they are themselves,—with the speeches and addresses which form altogether but one great career,—a still better lesson than any which their pages contain or their eloquence conveys.

"*He will never be a speaker,*" it was said when he first entered the House of Commons. He shortly afterwards decided the House on a memorable occasion, and on a vital question, by a speech which electrified all who heard it, elicited from a great orator, and one of the best oratorical critics that ever lived, enthusiastic encomiums, and still rings in the memory of Parliament. He has not belied the promise of that brilliant day; and Edinburgh will not easily forget that in 1854, nor Glasgow that in 1857, it was he whose accents made their crowded academic halls vibrate—wondrous combination!—to eloquence at once the most ornate and the most impassioned with which they had ever echoed.

"*He will never be a dramatist,*" said they, when his first play was produced. It had cost him a far longer period of toil than that fortnight which sufficed to begin and finish the most skilful and pathetic of all modern sentimental comedies—the *Lady of Lyons*. *Money* surpassed even Sheridan's *School for Scandal* in its first "run." In fine, there is only Shakspeare who more frequently commands occupancy of the acting stage. The more esoteric merits were all along conceded to Bulwer's dramatic compositions; it was popularity which the prophets denied him. His popularity presently eclipsed every precedent.

Poetry, as we have said, he always loved; to poetry he would, by choice, have devoted all his time. Public speaking he, on the other hand, always abhorred. Yet we doubt whether the public would not set in far higher respective and proportionate rank many a passage which we could cite from his political and academical discourses, than they would the choicest satire of the *New Timon*, or the sweetest effusions of *King Arthur*.

"*He will never figure as a politician,*" men exclaimed, when he first hazarded himself in that capacity. Yet he soon played a distinguished part in the House of Commons; and at this very moment occupies a conspicuous position among the foremost political thinkers and actual chiefs of the grand palæstra. Only the gentleman still reigns over the politician, the knight over the mere warrior; witness the chivalrous tenderness to the fallen leader, never shown to the Lord John Russell of prouder and more palmy times.

To the subject of this paper a predominant sleepless common sense has never ceased to whisper amid the transports of genius, and no false "heading away" has ever led him far. The brilliant foppery of *Pelham* has dissolved into the mellow and radiant philosophy of the greatest of quiet fictions. Here we would briefly mark what we could, but for our limits, copiously illustrate—the self-purifying force of his genius. He appeared with, not indeed personal, but mental egotism, colouring all the views of life,—sometimes effervescingly, as in *Pelham*; sometimes with a less volatile and a darker tincture of morbid and inadmissible sentiment;

as in *Maltravers*. All this has worked itself pure and bright into the genial sympathies of *My Novel*, where the author as an individual is utterly lost, absorbed in the wide and permanent human interests which he evokes, and to which all his thoughts address themselves.

No labour has deterred him. Were it necessary, for the perfection of some minor but essential passage in some minor but incumbent work, to learn Hebrew and Chaldaic (assuming that he knows nothing of the former), he would stop the press—or we do not else understand the man—till he had mastered the requisite preliminary.

He has what the French call *la conscience du travail*, and this kills personal vanity. Often has he been told that he possessed not the genius necessary for various enterprises which he had undertaken. "Very likely," has he said; "but I have at least the talent of labour, and I must make what I have serve for what I have not." It was like telling a digger that he had not the right tool, when the digger with the tool in his hand was fairly accomplishing his work. If scythe would answer, he would contrive to dispense with the more orthodox sickle, need compelling.

From this main quality, as from a trunk-railway, many other qualities flowed,—inflexible performance of promises, words kept like bonds, courage unconquerable.

And with all these high characteristics are combined pride in his "order,"—that "order" of literature in which men earn, not inherit distinction,—sympathy for its less fortunate members, genial and cordial encouragement for its younger aspirants, a gentleman's courtesy in antagonism, and a true man's sincerity in friendship.

FRIENDS TILL DEATH.

THERE are some men's lives that might be written in a single page, so even has been the tenor of their career, so unchecked the course of their existence. Take for example old Gilliflower and his friend Bardsley. I knew Gilliflower and Bardsley when they first set up in business in Toocum Street; the one as a grocer, and the other in the ironmongery line. They came into the street about the same time, and opened shop next door to one another. They were not then personally acquainted; and like many other next-door neighbours in a large city, they passed years in sight of each other without contracting any closer acquaintanceship than that of neighbourly civility. They would say, "A fine day, sir," as they took down their shutters of a morning; or, "A fine evening, sir," as they put them up again at night. If these morning and evening civilities were ever varied, it was simply by a change of the adjective. Toocum Street being an English street, the variation was doubtless frequent.

But Gilliflower and Bardsley were destined to become fast friends; indeed, friends till death. There was nothing romantic in the way in which this friendship was contracted. It was not through Gilliflower's house catching fire, and Bardsley making superhuman efforts to rescue Gilliflower from the flames. Nor *vice versa*. Nor did Bardsley plunge into any river after Gilliflower; nor did Gilliflower plunge in after Bardsley. It arose, I am bound to say, entirely out of a question of beer. Both shopkeepers were unmarried and without incumbrance. When the labours of the day were over, Bardsley was wont to adjourn to the Green Dragon, to smoke his pipe and drink his flagon of ale. Gilliflower patronised another house—the Boar. A great point in the character of both men was constancy, or what in politics would be called conservatism. A practice once adopted was never, or rarely, departed from. Once having established a corner in the parlour of the Green Dragon, Bardsley would as soon have thought of changing his wholesale dealer as of going to the Lion or the King's Head. Gilliflower, on his part, was as closely attached to his corner at the Boar. It happened, however, some three or four years after his first visit to the Boar, that the landlord of that

establishment was induced to change his brewer. Gilliflower was one of the first to be served with the new tap. He didn't like it. It might have been very good beer; it might have been better beer than that formerly supplied; but it was not the kind of beer he had been accustomed to. Gilliflower was a patient man, and he bore it as long as he could; but there was a limit even to Gilliflower's patience; and with something of a pang at parting from his old corner and particular Windsor chair, the worthy grocer at length transferred his patronage to the Dragon. On his first visit to that establishment, he found his neighbour Bardsley ensconced by the chimney-corner, smoking his pipe.

"Good evening, sir," said Gilliflower.

"Good evening, sir," returned Bardsley.

"Coldish to-night, sir," said Gilliflower, taking a chair.

"Coldish, indeed, sir," said Bardsley.

Here there was a pause of some duration. It was at length broken by Gilliflower ringing for the waiter.

"I think," said Gilliflower, half to himself and half to Bardsley, "I'll try a drop of their ale."

"You'll find it to your taste, sir, I think," said Bardsley.

The ale was placed on the table, flanked by a pipe and a paper of tobacco.

"Your good health, sir," said Gilliflower, eyeing the liquor knowingly.

"The same to you, sir," said Bardsley.

"Body there, sir?"

"And hops, sir!"

"And hops, sir!"

Bardsley and Gilliflower puffed in silence for the next ten minutes. At length Bardsley said:

"Seasonable weather."

Gilliflower said, "Very seasonable."

Another long silence, broken only by puffs. Then Gilliflower:

"How do you find business, sir?"

"Well, I can't complain. How do *you* find it, sir?"

"Pretty tidyish, as things go: no reason to complain neither," said Gilliflower.

"Will you take a glass with me, sir?" said Bardsley.

"Well, thank you sir, I will."

"Will you take a glass with me?" said Gilliflower by and by.

"Most happy, sir, I am sure," replied Bardsley.

That night, as Gilliflower retired to his bachelor-couch, he expressed (to himself) an opinion highly favourable of Bardsley: "A very agreeable man is that Bardsley—very agreeable man."

About the same moment, Bardsley was tying on his nightcap, and saying: "An uncommon nice man, that Gilliflower."

Thirty years after, it was said by Bardsley himself, that he had never missed passing an evening in Gilliflower's company until that evening. But on that evening Gilliflower's chair was empty. The sight of it touched poor Bardsley's heart. The friend of his bosom was not there. "And why?" said Bardsley to himself, as he gazed at the empty chair with misty eyes. "Because he is ill a-bed, and is not able to toddle so far. Shall I sit here, then," said Bardsley, "a-drinking and a-smoking and enjoying of myself, while Gilliflower is ill a-bed?" Bardsley answered the question by pushing away his pipe and pot with a reproachful air, and going to see his friend.

Thirty years had made Bardsley and Gilliflower fast friends. From the evening of their first meeting in the parlour of the Dragon, their attachment grew day by day and increased with every pipe and pot, until in feeling, in tastes, and in habits, they became as one man. Such was the identity of all spirituality in the two men, that the same body might have served for both. Knowing and reading those two minds, it might have occurred to an observer that nature had displayed a sad want of economy in making Bardsley and Gilliflower various. There was no corner of Bardsley's mind that was not known to Gilliflower; nor was there a

cranny of Gilliflower's that was not revealed to Bardsley. Nor is this ascribing any great amount of acuteness to either party. Bardsley had taken as many bad shillings as any man, and Gilliflower's name was enrolled on the list of more than one begging-letter writer. It was not, then, the acuteness of Gilliflower's perception that discovered the profound depths of Bardsley's mind; but it was Bardsley's single and simple mind that displayed itself like a proclamation in large letters to Gilliflower's modest vision. And *vice versa*. Innocence, honesty, kindness of heart, and the most charming stupidity, distinguished them both. They were just children, who could snook a pipe and drink a glass, and help each other on in the world, and sympathise with each other, without outgrowing either their clothes or their mutual attachment. In the first week of their acquaintance they had seen and known as much of each other as they ever saw and knew till death; because in that week all that was to be seen and known of both was fully laid open. And it was a very child's lesson, all in the easiest words of one syllable.

Business prospered moderately with both men. They had their struggles, as most people have. But Bardsley and Gilliflower were both wont to say, "I have always a friend." I may tell the reader privately, that Bardsley's friend was Gilliflower, and that Gilliflower's friend was Bardsley. By a strange but happy coincidence, when Bardsley wanted ten pounds to make up a bill, Gilliflower always had it to lend him; and when Gilliflower wanted ten pounds, Bardsley could always help Gilliflower. Fate had mortgaged their exigencies to a nicety in every respect. Their troubles and joys were so exactly alternated, that the one was always in a position to condole or rejoice with the other. Did any mischance in business befall Gilliflower, would he go to his lawyer? Not he. He would say, "Send for Bardsley." Did Bardsley fall ill, would he send for the doctor? By no means. He sent for Gilliflower. And so they lived from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. I had the honour to be on pretty friendly terms with both of them (though much their junior), and I may say I grew old in their company. But I was never to Bardsley what Gilliflower was, nor to Gilliflower what Bardsley was. Far from it. I think I spoilt my claim to their full confidence by letting out early in our acquaintance that I knew something of Greek. I have wished from the bottom of my heart that Greece and Greek had never existed, or been known, rather than I should have been deprived of the honour of sitting in the upper and inner chamber of two such hearts. I would have given all history to be Bardsley, all the glory of antiquity to be Gilliflower.

Both men remained bachelors to the end of their days. People often wondered that they did not marry, they being both ardent though respectful admirers of the other sex, and strongly attached to children. Many a time have I seen Bardsley sitting at his own door, on a fine summer's evening, playing with some curly-headed boy or rosy-cheeked girl. He could repeat all the stories and rhymes that they delighted in; and Bardsley's knee was the cockhorse of many and many a journey to the famed cross of Banbury. Nor was that journey ever made in vain; for at the end of it there was always a halfpenny or a penny forthcoming from Bardsley's capacious pocket to reward the youthful rider. And then Bardsley would say, "Now run away to Gilliflower's, my dear, and buy yourself some barley-sugar." And Gilliflower was known to the rising generation thereabouts to give the largest halfpennyworth of barley-sugar of any grocer far or near. And so fond were the children of the two old men,—I am speaking of their latter days now,—that they called them by the name of "uncle." Many a child of that neighbourhood grew up to man's estate, still calling them Uncle Bardsley and Uncle Gilliflower,—never doubting but that the two old men were as much their uncles in relationship as they were in kindness and affection.

The reader may wonder, therefore, as the neighbours did,

why two men so well adapted for the holy state of matrimony had never entered that state. I think I know why they did not. When Bardsley and Gilliflower first became acquainted (as the reader knows how), the latter was beginning to have "serious thoughts" about a certain Jessie Ward, the niece of a well-to-do wax-chandler in Toocum Street. He had seen Jessie at church on several occasions, and once he had walked home with her and her uncle. Old Ward asked him to tea, and he went and feasted upon Jessie's good looks and winning ways—having no appetite for the muffins—until, on coming away, he felt as if his heart was too big for his bosom. He could not sleep for several nights afterwards; and what seemed to keep him wakeful was, the image of sweet Jessie Ward, and that strange bigness about the heart. But shortly after this, Jessie went away to reside with an invalid aunt in the country, and did not come back for nearly a year. In the mean time Bardsley had got acquainted, and become friendly, with Gilliflower. When Jessie returned, he thought of going to call at old Ward's, and he mentioned his intention to Gilliflower. What Gilliflower said I don't know; but at any rate he didn't go. I am sure that Gilliflower did not discourage him in any way; but my opinion is, that Bardsley conceived the idea that Gilliflower was not an advocate for matrimony, so he gave up all thoughts of Jessie Ward. Bardsley, however, was for once mistaken in his estimate of Gilliflower's views. I have reason to know that Gilliflower meditated matrimony at the same time that Bardsley did, but that he gave up the idea, fearful, lest by taking a wife he should lose his friend.

And so they remained bachelors for each other's sake to the end. Alas that the end should ever come to such friendship as theirs! But it did come. The winter of life overtook them together as they wandered onward hand in hand. Its snows fell upon them equally yet gently. No longer able to walk to their nightly resort, they now passed the evening at home, Bardsley going next door to Gilliflower, or Gilliflower going to Bardsley; or of a summer's evening they sat side by side at their doors, faithful to the last to the pipe and the flagon of ale. There, as they smoked and chatted as of old time, the children played round them, like flowerets twinkling about the roots of withered and decaying oaks. But an evening came when Gilliflower was no longer able to toddle out to meet his friend. Bardsley sat awaiting him, but he came not. Gilliflower's old housekeeper came to tell Bardsley that her master was very ill, and that she had helped him up to bed. The flagon of ale remained on the bench untasted, the pipes unused, the two chairs empty. Gilliflower had smoked his last pipe and drunk his last pint. He grew feebler day by day, and at last his mind wandered. He raved about Bardsley: "Where is Bardsley? O, will some one send for Bardsley?" Bardsley was there by his side almost day and night; but his friend no longer knew him. I went in by Bardsley's request to do what I could for his poor old friend, and I tried to make him understand that Bardsley was sitting by him, that it was Bardsley who was holding his hand.

"Go away, go away," he said; "you are not Bardsley. What use are you to me? it is Bardsley I want. O, if you will only send for him, I know he will come."

Then he raved about a bill that was coming due to-morrow, and for which he was not prepared.

"I must go to Bardsley," he said. "Bardsley will help me out, I know he will. Give me my hat and stick."

"Hush, hush!" I cried; "Bardsley is here. Speak to him, Bardsley; let him hear your voice."

The old man called his friend by name. "Gilliflower, Gilliflower, it's me, Gilliflower; it's Bardsley, your old friend."

"Eh? are you Bardsley?" he said at length. "Give me your hand. Ah, yes it is Bardsley, my old friend, my good friend." He sank for a short time into a slumber; but when he awoke he still called for Bardsley. He was with him again, in thought, at the Dragon.

"The pot is empty, Bardsley," he said; "shall we have

another; or shall we go home? I'll take a light, if you please—no, no, I won't trouble you, my pipe is out; we'll go home. Good night, Bardsley, good night; I shall see you again to-morrow."

As these words were uttered, the hands of the two friends were clasped upon the bed. It was the clasp of death! "I shall see you again to-morrow." That to-morrow soon came. Poor Bardsley went on his earthly pilgrimage for a little while, seeking up and down for his friend Gilliflower. And one winter's night he made a long journey, and found him—where there was no more parting.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

As the earliest to open of all the London art-exhibitions of the year, artists, amateurs, and critics, rush to the British Institution with much the same feeling as a man takes his first spring walk in the fields. Its rank as an exhibition of pictures, though far inferior to that of the Royal Academy, is, as a rule, next immediately beneath it; besides which, it is generally looked forward to with interest, because many popular artists continue to send the most remarkable of their pictures to be hung upon its walls.

Prompted by such considerations as these, we proceeded to Pall Mall on the opening day, and looked round, as of old, for the ancient *habitués* of the place. Sadly disappointing was the search. What, no Roberts, no Creswick, no Lee; and Sant missing from his accustomed corner; Frank Dillon (not unworthily) in the place of honour! There are the usual imitations of the artists we have named, and others in the same relation to Millais, Frith, Egg, Eastlake, and the whole round of well-known names. The picture that first arrested us was, "A Florentine Holiday," by Wingfield; and examination showed it to be one of the best works of this artist, who has frequently a truer feeling for his subject than many men of greater name. But call you this a holiday? That group seated at the foot of the steps are not happy, nor those who (as before) descend from the terrace, and point to the wrangling dogs; that expression cannot be joy which is upon their faces, surely. We turn from the picture, convinced that it is intended for a lament over the hollowness of human happiness. Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi" is not more sad; and muttering, *Vanitas, vanitas!* we pass forward.

Mr. Frank Dillon's picture, No. 1, "The Colossal Pair, Thebes," shows those colossi whom the Arabs call "Shamy and Dany," the nearest being the vocal Memnon, also named "Salamat" (the saluter). We see these great statues, which have sat facing the stream of time for so many centuries, with the sun just sunk below the horizon behind them, while the light of the moon is slowly covering their fronts, and great mixed shadows from both lights clustering about their feet; over the lurid horizon a blush of purple mist-like cloud is hanging. The idea of impressiveness, which Mr. Dillon has certainly succeeded in rendering, might have been enhanced if he had chosen a more novel effect; the statues would have gained, we think, in this quality, if they had been shown sitting black and opaque against a firmament full of stars, or in broad sun or moon light, with their gigantic shadows on the ground. Should Mr. Dillon go to Egypt again, we recommend to his study Holman Hunt's "Back of the Sphinx" (a sunlight of intensest glare), exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, as an example of what may be produced by strict adherence to nature only. The statues here stand against the darkening sky, and an appearance of height is much assisted by placing a star in a line below their shoulders; but this is not new, and if the star were Canopus himself, the effect would not be worth while repeating twice.

Nos. 272 and 347, "A Midsummer Afternoon," and "An Autumn Afternoon," by J. Raven, are not more in contrast in point of excellence than are the phases of nature they

represent. The first is very admirable,—a modest truthful little sketch, with the dreamy softness of the reality,—just the crest of a verdant hill, with a windmill on the top against the sky; the latter is violent, coarse, and opaque to such a degree, that one is surprised to find that two such pictures could come from the same hand.

Incomparably the best landscape in the rooms is No. 547, "Caerhûn. Low-water," by J. W. Oakes. A mountain-scene, with a river just reaching the lowlands, and a weir in front, and the rocky base of the hills coming into the foreground; the whole of this is clear, true, fresh, and rich, and more powerful than most of its competitors. The arrangement of clouds is extremely fine; their fault, however, being a certain want of depth, yet they show a whole cloud-land. The observer should notice the care and knowledge with which the nearer side of the weir is painted; the misty cloud which lies high up in the hollows of the hill-tops is a very poetical passage. In short, this is almost the only scientifically-painted landscape in the exhibition; and in scale of merit can only be compared with No. 255, "The Covey," J. Wolf: a number of partridges clustering under a dwarf-evergreen shrub, with snow over the whole scene. It hangs on the branches, again frozen where it had half congealed. The birds are huddled close together, and look snug and cosy in spite of the cold, having that knowing kind of expression about the eye which the artist so frequently gives to his birds; the texture of their feathers is admirable. Some goldfinches are perched on a bough behind, the wings of one who has just alighted spreading out; a very pretty idea, which is spoilt by the clumsy way in which the wings are drawn. Close by him is a little Falstaff of a goldfinch, who is excessively funny. The frosty glare of the sunlight is perfectly represented.

Mr. Jutsum's pictures, Nos. 3 and 197, "The Devonshire Coast," and "The Hay-field," have the ordinary qualities of his work, but are extremely weak, and very unlike nature. It is to be regretted that so skilful an executant should so neglect faithful representation. The same may be said of W. T. Danby, whose pictures, Nos. 65, 164, and 364, exhibit his usual choice of one phase of nature, and his peculiarly excellent skies. More thought is, however, required to maintain him in that place which he has held so long. No. 173, "A tranquil Stream in Autumn, North Wales," by C. Branwhite, is a more palpable example of the effect of carelessness in producing manner. All who remember his exquisite frost-scenes of a few years back will regret that his talent should be so lost in the insincerity which this example shows. Not a single portion of the whole picture can be said to resemble nature; the trees look like moss under the microscope; the scene might be in dream-land, but is certainly not in North Wales. In "Rain clearing off," H. Dawson, No. 82, it will be well to notice an excellent point of truth in the gray sheen of the trees which stand on the river's bank. This alone will elevate the picture above its pendant, No. 65, T. Danby, though in execution it is far inferior to the latter. Mr. E. W. Cooke's marine pieces are apparently a return to an earlier style, lower in key, and more carefully executed than his works have been of late. No. 181, "Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice," is an especially agreeable little picture. No. 116, "Venice, the Porto," has some excellent points of tender colour about it. "The Banks of the Machno," by J. Dearle, No. 491,—some trees on the banks of a full still stream in sunlight,—is by an artist who suddenly rose into fame on Mr. Ruskin's notice of an exquisite little picture in the Royal Academy. That was indeed admirable; but from the fact of habit becoming manner, the present is by no means so; the trees here are woolly, and the waters like glass. Mr. Dearle must not expect to maintain a reputation by repeating a single effect of nature: these walls are thronged with such examples. Let him consider their number, and endeavour to avoid like results.

If Mr. Lance, when painting his "Beautiful in Death," a peacock dead at the foot of a tree, had shown us how such a bird really would lie just after the death-agony, with

his crest broken, and argus-tail disarranged and dust-be-smirched, he might not only have had an opportunity of displaying his exquisite skill, but also something more valuable than is presented by this very orderly-looking bird, who appears as if laid out for his funeral, evidently having died in the most genteel manner, and without a struggle. As mere lay-figure painting the bird himself is a marvellous triumph; so much so that we regret such transcendent skill should have no other object than (like the peacock) to display itself.

Of the figure-pictures which this exhibition contains, there are few which can come up to the average of a year's display. Mr. Frost's "Boy's Head" No. 315, has a delightful truth of character which we seldom see in his greater works, being more solidly and truthfully painted than usual. "The Pliant Hour," W. P. Frith, R.A., is the well-known subject of Othello stating his love to Desdemona,—“Upon this hint I spake.” There appears to be a mistake in the physical characters of both figures; Desdemona here is a somewhat riant-looking young lady, whose head, as painted, would stand well as a portrait, but by no means represents Shakspeare's sweet creation. The picture shows so much brilliant execution, that we must lament that more consideration was not given to the just representation of the characters chosen. "Molière reading to his Housekeeper," No. 458, by T. P. Hall, is another stock-subject (when will painters extend their reading in the search for new ones?), but we have seldom seen it better treated. The head of the laughing housekeeper, who has abandoned herself to her mirth, is peculiarly successful; indeed, one of the best things in the exhibition. The figure of Molière himself shows a capital reading of character, although looking, from some fault in the execution, rather distorted. We look upon this work as one of high promise, and hope much from the painter, if he will but avoid even the suspicion of imitating Frith, &c. W. Maw Egley's picture, "The Talking Oak," No. 499, from Tennyson, is a piece of false Pre-Raffaellism, an utter mistake in the nature of his models, the P.R. B.; an error which the more surprises us who remember his very excellent picture of "Charles V. in the Cloister," at the Royal Academy the year before last. The painter's "Taming of the Shrew," No. 318, a sketch for a picture, is very brilliant. We hoped a better thing from Mr. Cave Thomas than No. 539, "A Letter requiring an Answer,"—a very unpleasant-looking lady, who is lost in reverie, while at her feet lies an open letter. The picture looks as if it had been painted from a photograph, and the lady is really ugly.

J. Gilbert's picture, "A Regiment of Royalist Cavalry at the Battle of Edgehill," No. 76, is full of life and motion; the figures seem to swerve about in a disorderly wave; they are as fine a collection of swaggering troopers as we should wish to see. In front some officers have dismounted to look over a map; the black horse of one of them, held by a page, is capitally introduced and most skilfully painted. This is a subject which suits Mr. Gilbert most perfectly, and altogether we have never seen a picture of his which pleased us more. Mr. G. Smith's "Spending a Ha'penny," No. 296, is a capital subject, and the picture most cleverly painted in some respects. It shows a boy, who has found El Dorado, making an investment in sweets at a dame's shop; through the window a crowd of children look in anxious hope of a share. The hesitating action of the boy, puzzled in the choice of dainties, is excellent. We should have liked to have seen more variety in the expressions of the other children, and a very great deal more solid painting throughout. We commend to the visitor's notice Mr. Frank Wyburd's "Janet Foster," from *Kenilworth*, No. 407, as a capital little sketch, which will improve upon acquaintance. The same may be said of No. 423, "Say, Thank you," by J. E. Hodgson, showing a child who has gained admittance to her home by the courtesy of a woman passing by. The door is open, and the child's elder sister bids her to say, "Thank you." The sister's head is really

very beautiful indeed; and the whole of the little picture (though deficient in brilliancy) shows much promise. "The Old Cavalier," No. 457, by T. Morten, an uproarious-looking old gentleman drinking, is capital; so skilfully done, that it might almost be taken for a Frith. The textures of the dress, &c. are well rendered. No. 226, "The Dead Rabbit," by J. Clark, will be found to be a vigorous transcript of boy-emotion under exciting circumstances.

We must give a word of sincere commendation to Mr. Wingfield's "Cottage Interior," No. 9, wishing he would always paint with so much affection for humble nature.

We do not pretend to have noticed all the excellent pictures which are here exhibited; it is rather our aim to comment upon those which have attracted our attention in a manner that shall put the spectator into a way of examining for himself; that is, by trying them with the touchstone of a comparison with nature. In conclusion, we may say, that in executing the duty of criticism we have never found fault with an artist's work unless it appeared to exhibit the power of doing better things. Of the vast mass of crudities which these walls support we have said nothing. The chief cause for regret which we observe is, that the landscape-painters appear to have formed themselves into a company ("limited"), for the purpose of imitating one another, and so to amalgamate their several styles into one manner, that in a few years unfortunate critics will have to receive a special education to enable them to distinguish one man's work from that of another.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

COMMENCING at the Commencement, we Commence to say that language is as old as Adam. Like Adam, it has had a very numerous progeny; and following still the fortunes of that luckless spouse, there are divers of its offspring of whom it has every reason to be ashamed. Not among these is the brave old language of England,—the great family of Anglo-Saxon words. Born beside Persian rivers and hardened on Gothic coasts, these children of noble tongues combine, in this latter day, an Indian passion with the strong simplicity of the north. Long ages of intercourse with the whole world of human speech have added grace, filled up defects, and worn away blemishes, till the tribe has reached a point of dignity and just supremacy unknown to any other tongue since the great hubbub in the Tower of Babel.

But to get a particularly good name for any thing is forthwith to become one of those precious pegs for which the whole race of hangers-on lie praying. Such a peg is our English tongue; such parasites are at its heels, and if it did not turn now and then like a bulldog, with a shake and a growl, the very marrow would be sucked out of it in a generation or two by a set of sneaking discreditable vagrants from every other language under heaven, who catch at its skirts, tumble in its way, and are ready to sell their souls and cut off their foreign noses for the sake of its adoption and patronage. Some of these lingual Bohemians, too bold and forward for success, get taken by the shoulders pretty quickly and turned out of the language. But others are far too clever; they manage matters with an admirable tact, and a very different result. These begin, perhaps, by making themselves generally useful to some highly respectable booby, who introduces them to society as pleasant foreigners in their native costume. By and by the dress is changed for a British one, the rogue still retaining his foreign accent for a while. Then the accent itself is dropped. He sounds like English, swears himself the son of a Smith, curries favour with an author hard up for another word, and finally gets into the dictionary. Many of these poor



FROM "LALLA ROOKH." BY F. WYBURD.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils.—*Lalla Rookh.*

vagrants may be passed by in silent contempt. Expressing some feeble thing which a true Briton never cares to think of, they do little harm, and may be left to those who like them; but there are others on whom all the wrath in all the vials of indignation and fury deserves to be poured. We speak of those bold usurpers who, finding a place in our language well and nobly filled by a word of true native breeding, take upon themselves to oust him out of it, succeed foully in their design, set their own foreign gristle in the place of Anglo-Saxon bones, turn British blood to milk-and-water, and do our speech a mischief which it may need another Shakspeare to repair. This pest increases. The time for indifference is past. We call up one of these varlets for summary justice. Let the rest take warning.

Time was when things *BEGAN* in England, as they did in the Beginning. The word is a thorough native one; a strong sounding word, with a B and a G in it. Was it not good enough for us? Was there any better word for the purpose any where under the sun? There was not. But there was a worse one beyond comparison, and we have taken him to our lips, if not to our bosoms; to our finger-ends, if not to our arms. Things *BEGIN* with us no longer; they *COMMENCE* instead. "Commence" is the precious poodle that is to turn our home-bred mastiff out of doors. Commence, forsooth! What do we want in England with this tip-toe dandy of a word? Look at him, Britons; mouth him, and see what you can make of him. A French-Spanish-Italian mongrel; an illegitimate mouthful of effeminate letters; a word without an ancestry, descended from nothing, found wandering

on the Continent without father, mother, or native home. Two Latin words have indeed been accused of his bad parentage; but there is nothing to show that they ever came together for such a purpose; if they did, they ought to have been ashamed of themselves; and, in point of fact, they are both far too respectable for the idea to be entertained. "Commence," indeed! A mincing mealy-mouthed rascal; a fellow without a bone in his body, made up of three liquids and three vowels, with a double-tongued unnecessary letter for the crown of his head and the joint of his tail. When he first put his soppy little foot in England would be hard to say. It was doubtless in the blackest of dark ages, when slimy and sneaking things could move about unseen. Whenever it was, he found two fitting hiding-places,—in the courts of law and under the forms of colleges. There he lay for ages, snug and simpering; venturing now and then into the good-natured unsuspecting Anglo-Saxon world; tripping into good society; making fine acquaintances, but getting nothing from them beyond the privilege of doing an errand or two. The little scoundrel was hatching mischief all the time. He watched and waited; caught us in the Castle of Indolence at last; set his pretty pasty cheeks by the brown ones of his natural enemy; vowed they were the comelier; and in an evil day got us to believe him.

Here is an old English play-bill; the date is June 4, without the year; but the year was about 1770: "A comedy called *Much Ado about Nothing*, written by Shakspeare, will be performed. It will *BEGIN* exactly at seven."

Here is another, no farther back than 1812: "Mr. Kemble will appear in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Coriolanus*, and the performance will Begin at seven o'clock." There was some stuff in us then. We were fighting the French, and had a respect for our Bs and our Gs. We knew we were Britons, and felt we were Great; we had to talk of Bullets and Bayonets, of Guns and Gashes, of Badajoz and Gibraltar, of Grape-shot and Battles, of Banners, Breezes, the Bay of Biscay, and St. George. We had Grappled with Gaul; we were Beating Boney; we were marching through Bloody Breaches to the Gates of Glory. That was no time to put a slight on the two most stalwart letters in the alphabet—the very initials of Great Britain's name. But peace came, with soft narcotics and luxurious joys. The tired sinews yielded; the tongue forgot its grand old battle-songs, and began to babble of mild music and eider-down. Alas, not so! Beginnings had grown too hard and strong for it. It Began no longer—it COMMENCED.

We owe this precious word immediately to France; and it established its present usurpation by something of a *coup d'état*. On the morning of Wednesday, the 29th of March, 1820, the following announcement appeared at the head of the leading column in the *Times*:

"As we have received several complaints respecting the publication of the *Times* from the Secretary of the Society of News-venders, we shall for the future, in order to exculpate him and ourselves, publish every morning the hour at which the journal of the preceding day was delivered. We shall BEGIN to-morrow."

They never Began. On the following day this fatal sentence was read:

"The publication of the *Times* Commenced yesterday at six o'clock, and was finished by nine."

The blow was struck. The brave old Saxon word had been elbowed out. He turned nevertheless astonished and expostulating, and even held his ground for the space of eight-and-forty hours. On the next day and the next, the publication of the *Times* "Began" according to the official paragraph. Then all was over. On Monday, April 3, it was once more announced that "the publication of the *Times* Commenced at six o'clock on Saturday morning." Now Saturday was the 1st of April.

As far as we know, with the exception of one single day, about a week afterwards, the base intruder has kept his place above the leading article of the first journal in the world ever since that Festival of Fools; and under cover of this distinguished patronage, he has wormed his way into general society. We meet him every where, plump and smirking, polished and prim. He is likely enough to lord it over our entire literature, from our Bibles to our nursery-rhymes. A few years longer, and our children's children may learn in wonderment, that when the pie was opened the birds commenced to sing, and that the little old woman on the king's highway commenced to shiver and commenced to shake, while her little dog he commenced to bark. They may be taught to sing, "Commence, my soul," at morning service; and, as a climax of horrors, to read at last in the Book of Genesis, that in the commencement God created the heavens and the earth.

Out upon these finikin soft syllables—this mollusk of a word! Rely upon it, any thing that Commences has some rascally affectation about it. Operas Commence, and so do modern dramas—*Peter Wilkins*, or the *Flying Indians*, for example. Fashionable schools always Commence; fashionable services do the same. But think of a British oak Commencing to grow. It might grow into a fiddlestick perhaps, but never into the wooden walls of England. Let France take back her own and keep him. A Frenchman, *parbleu!* may Commence an affair with a good conscience; John Bull can do nothing of the kind. He Commences no affairs, not he. He Begins his business like an Anglo-Saxon, and in the same likeness brings it to an end. Let it not even be said, that John Bull forgets his origin in his oaths, and swears after all in Latin. He swears in Indo-European; and though

he had better not swear any more, his national bad word, with little difference in sound or sense, may have been heard on the plains of Iran before Romulus was born.

Let us look to it betimes, or this foreign usurpation will not stop here or any where till it has gagged every manly word in our native language. We mean no disrespect to the tongues of other lands. They are well enough for their own purposes, but they were never made for ours. French for France, and English for ourselves. They are like a man and his sister. Kiss and be two they may; marry and be one they never can. We took what we wanted from our neighbours centuries ago. We may still be beholden to them for a new word where we lack an old one; but to bring words across the Channel for the mere supplanting of our own better ones, is to have a second Norman conquest, another battle of Hastings, and Edith once more seeking Harold among the slain.

Wake up, sons and daughters of old England; rid yourselves of this pitiful weak word! "Words," said Bacon, "as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding." When the words are feeble, their imbecility returns upon your thoughts themselves. Never think you can go on Commencing with the vigour with which your forefathers Began; you may as soon do a day's work on a frog and an omelette. Renounce this pet picaninny of modern speech; or, if you must needs have a last word with him, why then Commence at once to say that henceforth you are going to BEGIN.



AN EPISODE FROM NORWEGIAN PEASANT-LIFE.

By FRÉDERICA ROWAN.

I HAD spent the day on one of the beautiful fjords that indent the coast of Norway, "thrusting their many-fingered arms into the very heart of the country." Towards evening, the breeze, which, coming from the open sea, had tempered the previous heat, fell; and as the sultriness of the atmosphere now seemed to weigh with double heaviness on my Norwegian boatmen, who had plied their oars lustily during the whole day, I determined to give them a rest. We put to land at the nearest point,—a little promontory projecting into the bay, close to where a mountain-stream, or *elv*, leaped into its bosom. The promontory was covered with a soft and verdant carpet of moss, which offered a welcome couch to our cramped limbs; and a mighty oak, overspreading a little thicket of dwarfed hazel-bushes, brier-roses, and gigantic crimson-belled foxgloves, afforded pleasant protection against the rays of the sun, which was still high in the heavens, notwithstanding the advanced hour. The dark dome of the oak stood out in fine relief against the brighter verdure of the hanging birches, the wild apple-trees, and the alders that covered the hill-sides which closed in around us, and which, rising ridge above ridge further inland, ended in snow-capped fjelds. While two of my men were engaged in bringing up from the boat such things as we might require, and others busied themselves in lighting a fire to boil the coffee, which is the favourite beverage of the Norwegian *bonde*, or peasant, and which they had been looking forward to with much pleasure, I stretched myself on the soft moss-carpet, and contemplated the beautiful landscape that surrounded me. In front, far as my eye could reach, the waters of the fjord lay extended like a mirror, reflecting on its polished surface the colours and outlines of the mighty fjelds and the clear blue of the heavens. The rush of the *elvs* as they came foaming down from the high ridges sounded louder in the deep stillness of the evening, broken by their voices only, and by the short sharp bark of a dog that was driving a flock of sheep up one of the slopes. In a little while the sun went down behind the snowy crests, leaving only a remembrance of himself in the golden clouds that hung above them, and in the rosy hues that tinged the

glaciers. The voice of the dog was now lost in the distance; but a faint echo of it still came down to us with the stronger and deeper murmur of the *elvs*, which, together with the gathering clouds and the increasing sultriness of the air, announced a coming storm.

The "brown nectar" had been made and partaken of; and the men, gathered in a circle round the fire, which exercised its powers of attraction over them in spite of the summer-heat, were fixing expectant looks on one of their number, whose natural superiority was recognised by his comrades in the leadership they had tacitly assigned to him. Björn Halvorsen,—such was the name of this fine specimen of a Norwegian, half-peasant, half-fisherman, who was as experienced in combating the dangers of the deep, as in tracking the bear on the mountain-slopes and felling the rein-deer on the snowy peaks,—was a tall broad-shouldered fellow, with a prominent nose, bushy eyebrows, hair like a shaggy mane, and a pair of open clear blue eyes that seemed to let you look into the depths of his honest heart. Björn had travelled far and wide in his native land, was acquainted with the folk-lore of the coast-dwellers as well as of the mountaineers, and could not only tell a tale of the *nökke** of every creek, turn, or *elv*, and the *huldre*† of every mountain-valley, but knew the private history of the inmates of every cottage under whose roof he had passed a night. During the period we had spent together, visiting all the inlets of the beautiful *fjord*, he was welcomed as a friend wherever we landed; and hardly a boat passed us that he could not name every man of the crew, and give a sketch of his character and history. When I say, that to this universal knowledge was joined a voice unusually sonorous and flexible, great volubility of speech, and a lively temperament, with a goodly admixture of humour, no one will be surprised that Björn should be the favourite storyteller wherever he appeared, and that he was not loth to exhibit his talent. The locality in which we were taking our present siesta was as well known to him as every other point on the *fjord*; and pointing to a farm that lay some way up the valley, or rather ravine, on the bank of the *elv* that I have mentioned, he informed his listeners that it belonged to Helge Halvorsen; adding, "But for all that it looks so snug and so cheery amid the cornfields, there is gloom enough within, I trow; for a dead bride brings no sunshine into a man's house."

"A dead bride, Björn! what do you mean?" asked I, hoping that his answer might afford me some further insight into the life and character of the hardy Norwegian race, who, like their forefathers, whose history is recorded in the ancient Scandinavian Sagas, conceal deep and fiery passions under an appearance of calm and self-possession almost amounting to phlegma.

My inquiry evidently pleased Björn, for it gave him an opportunity of indulging his love for narrative. Having filled his pipe, and lighted it with a brand from the fire, which was still burning, he took a long whiff, and then began as follows, with an unction which plainly indicated that he meant to spare us no details:

"This is how it came about. Do you see, some mile or so further up the *elv* lives Sigrid Olaf's daughter, from Guldbrandsdal. Sigrid belongs to one of those peasant-families who say that they descend from our ancient kings, and who are ever too proud to cross their blood with any less noble. How, therefore, she came to marry Björn Embretsen is more than I can tell; for I never heard that Björn had other than common peasant-blood in his veins. Mayhap, however, when Sigrid was young she thought more of a comely face and a loving heart than of a long pedigree, and didn't ask her parents what they thought; but certain it is, that after she was left a widow in sole possession of a good farm, and a handsome penny besides, she held up her head as high as if she had been only one generation removed from King Harald

Haarfager (the Fairhaired), her ancestor, and was ever telling people of what kin she came. This was probably the reason why she was so long in deciding among the many suitors who used to dangle about her pretty daughter Ragnhild, on the Saturday eve, when the young people come together for pastime,—in winter at the different farmhouses, in summer outside the *saters** in the mountain-pastures. But though Sigrid would not decide for any of the young men, there was one against whom she had all along made up her mind, and this was the very one Ragnhild had let into her young heart. Eysten Arnesen and she had been playfellows in childhood; and when they grew up they did not learn to like each other's company less. When it was Ragnhild's turn to be at the *sater* in summer to milk the cows and attend to the churning of butter and making of cheese, Eysten was always the first of the young men on the spot on the Saturday evening; and he would help her to scour the wooden milk-bowls and arrange them neatly on the shelves, to drive in the cattle‡ from the evening bite, to light the smouldering smoky fires to scare away the gnats that would otherwise leave the poor brutes no peace, and to wreath the window of the *sater* with flowers from the mountain-glens, and to strew the floor with fragrant sprigs of pine against the coming Sunday. And when all the young men and maidens assembled on the grassy dikes outside the *saters* after sunset, to amuse themselves with singing and playing on the Jews'-harp, it was always observed that Ragnhild and Eysten's voices blended more sweetly than any others. Then, at new year, Ragnhild always took care that Eysten should be her *rokman*,§ and he never would buy himself off with a spinning-wheel, though the skeins¶ of yarn Ragnhild presented him with at Christmas were always thicker and more artfully plaited than those she gave the other boys; but then the wooden bowls and spoons he gave in return for these were so beautifully carved round the borders and on the handles, and all by his own hand, that it excited the envy of the other maidens of the *bygd*||.

"Though, in addition to his powers of pleasing, Eysten was a good son to his aged mother, and a more industrious worker than any other young man in the *bygd*, yet Sigrid set her face against him because his father had left his farm in debt, and until this debt was paid, hard work and small cheer must be the lot of Eysten and his belongings; and when she found that, in spite of her remonstrances, the two young people sought each other's company as much as ever, she at last forbid Ragnhild to speak to Eysten, and led the poor girl a sad life. On one occasion, even when some of Björn's kin, touched by Ragnhild's pale cheeks and Eysten's dejected looks, and the hopeless way he went about his work, put in a good word for them, saying, that where there was youth and strength, and industry and love, and honest hearts and a right good-will, greater difficulties might be overcome than those that beset Eysten, old Sigrid was so incensed, that she swore in anger that rather would she know her daughter at the bottom of the *elv* than she would see her married to that beggarly fellow, and to the son of a man who knew not how to take care of his own.

"Thus stood matters when Helge Halvorsen came forward as a suitor. Helge is a good-looking fellow enough; and having no sisters or brothers to share with him, he fol-

* *Châlets*.

† It is the women exclusively who tend the cattle in the mountain-pastures, and attend to the dairy-work; and the women of a household generally take it by turns to be there. The cows are brought into the enclosure round the *sater* three times a-day to be milked, and remain there at night. The three periods of the day with reference to the cattle are distinguished as the morning, the midday, and the evening bite.

‡ The first young man who sees a maiden at her spinning-wheel on New Year's Day is called her *rokman*, and is believed to be destined to marry her, if he do not buy himself off with the present of a spinning-wheel.

§ It is customary for the maidens to give the young men, as a Christmas-gift, skeins of woollen and linen thread, with which "the boys" mend their own clothes.

|| The rural population in Norway is not gathered in villages; but people living within a certain distance of each other are said to belong to the same *bygd*, or populated tract, form a kind of community, and cultivate much kindly intercourse.

* Water-sprite.

† Mountain-spirit, bearing the appearance of a woman with a cow's tail.

lowed his father in the farm without having to pay out a farthing,* and few young men in the *bygd* could be considered his equal in wealth. But what, above all things, found him favour in Sigrid's eyes was, that Helge was descended from one of the families of the ancient *jarls* (earls), that were as good as kings in the olden times Sigrid loved so much to dwell upon; and it was as if she thought that, in compelling Ragnhild to marry him, she would make good again what she had done amiss when she married Björn Embretsen; and so, though Ragnhild wept and wrung her hands, and Eysten spoke words of sorrow that would have melted a stone, the wedding was fixed for last Whitsuntide.

"When the day came round, the sun shone brightly, and the earth looked as joyous in its fresh green spring-dress as if it were itself a happy bride; but not so looked poor Ragnhild. In Sigrid's house every thing had been made clean and bright for the festive occasion. Round the fireplace were wreathed branches of fresh-blown birch; bunches of wild flowers stood in jars on a large chest of drawers richly decorated with brass,—one of those heirlooms which we Norwegian peasants prize so highly, and hand down from generation to generation with so much pride. Outside the door stood the two slender silver-stemmed birches, indispensable at weddings; and within the floor was strewn with pine-twigs, and a white sheet was spread as a baldachin above the seat to be occupied by the bride at the festive meal, which is always partaken of before starting for church. And there sat Ragnhild already decked out in the bridal-gear. Her stomacher was spangled with silver and gold; her waist encircled by a silver belt; her glossy brown hair, usually braided smoothly over her forehead and tucked up behind under the close-fitting hood, was frizzled in front, and bedizened with tinsel-flowers, and tied up behind with silver and red ribbons that streamed down her back, as the women will have it on these occasions; and on the top of all was the virgin-coronet, which virtuous brides only may wear. But all this finery could not restore to Ragnhild the fresh roses on her cheeks, the merry flash in her eye, and the bright smile round her little mouth, that had made her the pride of the *bygd*; these had withered and fled with her hopes, and now she sat there drooping and pale, like the flowers in the mountain-glens when a sudden frost has nipped them; and though the house was full of guests, who had come early to bring their wedding-offerings of thick cream, new cheese, and sweet cake and bread, to help towards the feast, and the tables were spread with good cheer, we all walked about as quietly and stealthily as if we had come to a funeral instead of to a wedding, hardly venturing to speak above our breath. Each time the sound of a horse's hoofs were heard outside Ragnhild started as if from a dream. She did not weep, but she did not speak, and would take no part in the packing of the large wooden chest which generally accompanies a bride to her new home; and when she was asked any question about it, she would say: 'O never mind; do as you like.' Once, however, when one of the bridesmaids showed her a piece of finery, and asked where it was to go, she caught her friend round the arm, and bursting into tears, said: 'O, don't ask me, don't; I shall never, never wear it.' No one knew what to make of her; for latterly she had seemed so resigned, that every one thought she had made up her mind to put a good face upon what could not be helped; yet now that the moment had come, it seemed as if all life had been crushed out of her. Mother Sigrid, who was bustling in and out of the kitchen, as if her only care was about the meat and drink, said that Ragnhild had caught cold and had a pain in her head; but one of the women whispered to me that Eysten had been there the night before, and she dare say that was the reason Ragnhild hung her head so.

"Every thing was ready, and we were only waiting for

* The Norwegian peasant-farmers are all proprietors; and, as the right of primogeniture does not prevail in the country, to prevent the subdivision of land, it is usual for the eldest son to follow his father in possession of this, on condition of paying his brothers and sisters their share in cash.

the bridegroom. It was in the flood-time; and as the current in the *elv* runs very high at this period, and it was hard work to row up against it, it was decided that Helge should ride up along the horse-track that makes a considerable circuit; but that the young couple should go home down the river in Sigrid's boat. At length the young men who were on the look-out gave notice that the bridegroom was coming; and Helge and his bridesman soon made their appearance in proper style, the forelocks of their horses tied up with red and green ribbons. When Helge entered, the guests had already taken their seats on the narrow wooden benches around the tables, and his eye fell at once on Ragnhild, who sat pale, like a corpse, in the high seat. He had known full well all the time that she was not willing to marry him; but he had thought, as so many a man has thought before him, that when once she was his wife she would make up her mind to like him, and all would go on well. But now, when he saw her sitting there more like one ready to be borne to the grave than like one going to the altar, and remarked that when he gave her his hand and greeted her with a few kind words, her lips seemed to cleave together, and she could bring out no word in return, a sharp pain seemed to shoot through him, and no doubt he began to repent that he had not taken more account of the girl's feelings; for after standing a little while as if in deep thought, he asked Sigrid to go into the next room with him, and probably spoke to her on the subject,—for their voices grew louder and louder, and Sigrid was heard to say, that it was too late now, and that they could not be making themselves the talk and the laughing-stock of the *bygd*. Most likely Helge felt that he had not the courage to do so, even though poor Ragnhild's happiness was at stake; for when he came back with Sigrid, both took their seats at the table, and no more was said about the matter. But a gloom had settled upon us all, and hardly a word was spoken at the beginning of the festive repast. Presently, however, the draughts of beer and brandy with which the rich cream-porridge was washed down began to loosen the tongues of the guests, and something like the usual mirthful chat of a wedding-feast buzzed round the table; though Ragnhild still sat stiff and cold like a stone statue, raising her spoon mechanically to her mouth, in obedience to her mother's winks and nudges, but without ever letting the food pass her lips. At length the foreman (chairman), an important personage at our wedding-feasts, rapped his spoon against his wooden platter,—the usual signal for silence. Then followed the customary speech, inviting the guests to contribute a gift towards the future housekeeping of the young couple, and each guest proclaimed aloud what he or she intended to give. Some gave money, one a goat, another a pig, and so on. When this was over, grace was said; and after the so-called dinner-hymn and farewell-hymn were sung, the whole assembly put itself in motion to proceed to the church, which stands on a hill at some distance from Sigrid's house.

"While we were waiting outside for the parson, who had not yet arrived, I saw Ragnhild make her way into the churchyard and up to her father's grave, where she stood some time with her hands folded over her prayer-book. The kerchief that covered her head concealed her face from prying eyes; and what may have been her thoughts while she stood there, no one knows. Maybe she sent up a prayer to Him who is the master of life and death, to grant to her also soon a quiet resting-place under that simple stone, and maybe a feeling told her that her prayer was heard; for when, roused by the rumbling of the pastor's old chaise that was drawing nigh, she joined us again, we all remarked that her step was firmer, and that a slight colour tinged her cheek.

"You have seen some of the new churches in our country, sir, which I think ugly enough,—all gray slate, roof and walls; but the church of yonder *bygd* is one of the old-fashioned ones that seem to be part and parcel of the land,—for they are built entirely of the pine-trees that cover our

high mountain-slopes; the pillars that uphold the galleries within are some of the tallest and straightest stems that have ever been cut in our forests. The ornaments round the tops of the pillars are of the cones of these same pine-trees; and the angels' heads and other carved ornaments are the handywork of the lads of each tract: for the Norwegians were ever clever carvers in wood. The little windows, high up under the eaves, let in the daylight so sparingly, that a mysterious twilight always reigns within; and somehow or other, to me, the psalms never sound half so hearty and solemn in the large stone-churches, with their grand organs, as they do in these little log-churches in the mountains, where each man and woman sings to the best of the voice God has given them, and never mind how much it may grate on the ear here below so that it reaches on high the One for whom it is intended. But to come back to Ragnhild's wedding.

"The church seemed dismal-like with the candles burning on the altar, and the air struck cold against us as we entered from the bright sunlight and the scorching heat outside. But the ceremony proceeded as usual; and nothing remarkable happened until the parson pronounced the words, 'And thus I proclaim you, before God and man, united in the bonds of holy wedlock'—when a deep groan sounded through the church. To me it seemed to come from a part of the gallery which lay in deep shade, but others said afterwards that they were sure it came from the vaults below. On Ragnhild it made a fearful impression; she had to be carried out of church half-fainting, and when she was put into the saddle again, she was hardly able to keep her seat.

"The usual dancing and merrymaking after the wedding was given up on this occasion, for Ragnhild had begged so hard not to be forced to dance when her heart was so heavy; but the 'singing the black hood on,' as it is called, was to be gone through. The marriage-rite would hardly have been deemed complete without it. In general this ceremony does not take place until towards the end of the evening's dance; when the report of a rifle gives the signal for the guests, headed by bridesmaids and bridesmen, to enter in procession the room where the bride, having taken off her bridal gear, stands ready to have the dark hood, worn by married women alone, put on her head by the bridegroom, while the bystanders, forming a circle around them, sing an appropriate song. But at Ragnhild's wedding we had neither procession nor song, every thing seemed to be done in a tremble and a fluster; and to Mother Sigrid, with her pride of ancestry and her constant talk about the royal state that used to reign in her family, it must have been a dire disappointment to see even our usual time-honoured customs partly set aside at her daughter's wedding. Perhaps it may have made her reflect how she was sacrificing the reality to a dream; for she seemed anxious at last to get the young couple off as soon as might be; and while Helge was lingering at the refreshment-tables with his friends, she hurried Ragnhild down to the river-side, where the boat lay ready loaded with the maiden's large chest, and the numberless wooden bowls and platters and pails and churns that belong to a Norwegian *gjente's* dowry. The tears were running down Sigrid's cheeks by this time; but Ragnhild seemed in a kind of stupor. She took her seat in the boat without even noticing the people assembled on the high banks, who were waving a farewell with hats and kerchiefs. Among the rest was a knot of young men who had not been among the invited guests; and amid whom, to the astonishment of all, Eysten had been observed for some time giving way to explosions of wild and boisterous mirth. Mother Sigrid had left the landing-place, and was standing on the bank with the rest, and Helge was just seen coming from the house to join Ragnhild, when Eysten darted from the group that surrounded him. In one bound he was down on a level with the boat; an energetic push with his foot set it afloat, and vaulting into it and seizing the oars, he was in the middle of the current before the bystanders had time to recover from their surprise. 'No need to hurry; it is my turn now;

I'll take the bride home,' cried he, with a wild laugh, to the amazed Helge; and in a few minutes the boat shot round a bend in the river and was lost sight of.

"The young folks seemed inclined to laugh at the bewildered Helge; the old ones shook their heads, and said it was a silly joke; for no one thought it was any thing but that, except perhaps Mother Sigrid, on whose face gathered a dark cloud as of a dreadful foreboding. As for Helge, there was nothing for him to do but to get to horse and ride home as he had come; and many of us followed him to see the end, never doubting but that we should find Ragnhild at the farmhouse by the time we got there. And there indeed we found her; but, God help us, it was only her corpse. Some hundred yards above Helge's place, a tongue of land, on which stands one of those Bauta stones, with runic inscriptions that keep alive the memories of olden times, juts out into the river, and round it runs a fearful current. Here the boat lay, keel upwards; and further down, in the rushes, close to Helge's landing-place, were the bodies of the lovers locked in each other's arms. Whether it was accident, or whether it was made up between them, is only known to Him to whom there are no secrets in heaven or on earth."

THE THEATRES

It is not in these columns that the pretensions of Mr. Westland Marston's new play at the Lyceum can be discussed. The production of the work and its results have been amply dealt with by the general press, and to its testimony we refer our readers.

Still the obvious motives which enforce silence as to the author must not prejudice the claims of the actors to our full and fair recognition. The proof furnished of Mr. Dillon's capacity to carry to a successful issue a character perfectly distinct from any that he has yet attempted, shows an extent of range in the performer of the highest interest to all who are concerned in the maintenance of a national drama. The part confided to him is that of one whose pride and passion in the earlier scenes have to be subsequently expiated by intense suffering and self-immolation; and so to render the character as at once plainly to set forth its error, and yet to enlist the full sympathy of the audience for its struggles, is a task which demands, not only the fire and pathos so often commended in Mr. Dillon, but a fine discrimination, which is amongst the last graces of the accomplished artist. The wild energy with which the scorn of a proud and impetuous spirit was developed by Mr. Dillon; the sudden transition from rage at his supposed enemy to scorn of the tempter who counsels his betrayal; the terrible earnestness with which the victim's escape is urged; the cry of heartbroken agony with which the erring man falls when his friend and sister are arrested; his torpor changing to the might of despair when he seizes the arch-machinator; his touching parting with those whom he rescues, and the grand exultation with which he surrenders himself to their former doom, must be ranked amongst the most brilliant of this actor's achievements. Mrs. Dillon, who on the first night had to struggle with severe indisposition, converted her very difficulties into a foil that brought out more vividly her genuine feeling and passion. She took the house by surprise, and proved that for the performance of the emotional drama the Lyceum could boast of an actress worthy to share with her husband those honours which have been awarded to him by the unanimous voice of criticism.

Mr. Stuart, by the judgment and vigour with which he interpreted a repulsive character; Mr. Barrett, by his genial heartiness and unrestrained humour—worthy of a far more important part; and Mr. McLein, as the young lover, contributed materially to the common result. The way in which the piece was put upon the stage merits the highest praise. We would particularly instance, among the scenic effects, the hall of Revesdale Castle, with its gallery, its massive staircase, and those ancestral figures, amidst which the

daughter of the house takes her stand at the close of the fourth act, spiritualised, as it were, by the moonlight into another family-picture amongst those of her line. The concluding scene, representing the landing of William III. and the fleet in the bay, was a masterpiece of scenic art. It need scarcely be observed, that some of the most striking proofs of histrionic power have at times been displayed in very faulty plays, and that the admitted merits of the performers in the present one leave those of the dramatist fully open to question.

We must not conclude our notice of this theatre without stating, that *Othello* has been successively repeated to crowded houses; a fact the more gratifying, because the scenery, though adequate, presents no special attraction, and leaves the poet's genius to the only aid on which it can rightfully depend—that of the actor.

At the Haymarket a most effective little *drame*, entitled *A Wicked Wife*, an adaptation from a posthumous work of Madame Girardin, has been produced with deserved success. The heroine, to protect her husband from suspicion during the Reign of Terror, assumes the character of a fierce republican, and feigns to trample on all the instincts that endear and consecrate woman in favour of those heartless abstractions which were in vogue during the first French Revolution. The interest is derived from the contrast between the feminine devotion of the wife in her real character, and her counterfeited adoption of those principles which scoff at all social bonds and domestic ties, and which, if generally embraced, would have eminently entitled her to the designation "a wicked wife." The little drama is of the best class, relying as it does upon the development of human emotion rather than upon forced incidents and mere stage-contrivances. The personation of the heroine by Miss Reynolds was distinguished by a true dramatic feeling of the contrasts which the character presents. Her acting was at once simple and striking. Mr. Howe and Mr. Rogers were more than usually individual in their respective parts, and Mr. Compton, by his droll terror at the possibility of accidentally committing treason against the ruling powers, capitally relieved the serious interest.

Before these remarks are printed, another version of Madame Girardin's work will probably have been produced at the Lyceum.

An original farce, entitled a *Splendid Investment*, has been produced at the Olympic. The author is Mr. Bayle Bernard, one of the few unindebted English writers for the stage who still remain to us. His latest work is full of event and interest, and gives capital opportunities of a new kind to Robson, who avails himself of them to exhibit in its utmost force that extraordinary blending of the humorous and tragic elements peculiar to himself. Still later, a new adaptation from the drama of Madame Girardin has been put upon the boards of this popular little theatre. The English version is from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor. The word *version*, indeed, must be accepted in its widest sense; for the work is so thoroughly Anglicised, and bears so plain a stamp of Mr. Taylor's power to blend the more intellectual qualities of his art with stage-effect, that we think we might attribute to him personally much that is excellent in dialogue and in the working-up of situation. The mainspring of the interest here is the successful endeavour of a wife in the period of the Monmouth Insurrection to save her husband by diplomatising with Kirke, whom her beauty has captivated. The part of the wife, very dramatic in itself, is rendered by Mrs. Stirling with admirable tact and power.

Mr. Phelps may refer with honest pride to the production, at Sadler's Wells, of his thirtieth Shaksperian play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This charming exposition of Shakspeare's mind in its youth is mounted with great beauty, and acted with all that equality of talent which insures the fit representation of even the smallest character.

At the Princess's there is no change to chronicle; the most satisfactory record of all, we should apprehend, to a management. No pages of Mr. Kean's "Pictorial Shak-

spere" have been found more attractive than those which illustrate the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Richard II.*, we hear, is to be the next of the gorgeous and tasteful pageants for which this house is celebrated.

Our present chronicle looks more eulogistic than critical; but as the facts it narrates happen to be true, we must be content simply to say so.



PHILANTHROPY AD CRUMENAM.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

DEAR MRS. HOME,—In reading the amusing record of a "Flitting," in No. XVI. of your noble NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I came upon a passage concerning the relations of rich and poor, which, from its plausible appearance, is sure to be so acceptable to the foibles of some readers, the ignorance of others, and the ill-balanced constitutions of that great majority of us, who are neither so good nor so bad as to escape the reproofs of conscience, and in whom therefore the continual business of the intellect is to find excuse for the misbehaviours of the heart, that I cannot refrain from a few words of commentary.

And as the "Home" is precisely that department of life, and of the Magazine, in which the great principles of social intercourse may most fitly be considered, to you, madam, these few words shall be addressed.

The passage I have alluded to is, the declaration of the heroine of the "Flitting" with regard to a certain suburban milkboy, who had, with great patience, good humour, and intelligence, been, several times in the course of one morning, of important service to two "ladies" who were hunting for lodgings in his neighbourhood. It runs thus: "Heartily thanking him,—and I beg to observe, ONLY thanking him, as we consider it a great error and a great insult to the poorer classes that they should be taught to do solely for lucre's sake little civilities which the richer do from simple kindness,—we left our milkboy."

Neither authoress nor heroine gives us the milkboy's *sotto voce* as the "ladies" turned their smiling faces homeward. I happened to be by at the time, and am sorry to testify that it was as follows:

"Vell, if them ain't the hartfull dodgers, I'm blowed!"

Now in justice, madam, to those of the more fortunate classes who are sincerely desirous to assist in the moral and mental amelioration of society, and in justice also to *amigo mi*, the milkboy, who is, I assure you, at heart quite as good-natured, kindly, and honest-blooded a fellow as the "ladies" supposed, let me offer my small contribution towards that right conduct of the intercourse between rich and poor which must result from just notions, not of their possible and ideal, but of their positive and real relations. An eminent modern writer has called those great mutual debtors "the two nations." That they should be "two" is indeed a grievous fact, and their fusion into a great whole is among the noblest of ambitions; but meanwhile our success in making them in future one depends on our perception that they are at present two. Having recognised this twoness (duality is not the word), we must place ourselves by turns in each nation, and contemplate the other from without, before we can understand the action and reaction between them. For when separate nationalities turn their eyes upon each other there is always a certain moral perspective at any difference of elevation by which the true features of each are foreshortened and unbalanced; and wherever interaction is regulated by mutual necessities, the

wants of either party will value in the other only those qualities which minister supply, and will magnify the presence or absence of such qualities to the rank of characteristic virtues and vices. Consequently it often happens in alliances of all kinds, that the evils in the contractors which are the greatest obstructions to union are by no means those which are most serious *per se*; and in any attempt to bring about a coaction, your success, my benevolent friend, will depend, not on your perception of the absolute truth respecting them, but upon your knowledge of the shape in which each appears to the other, and of the feelings, on either side resulting from that appearance.

"We English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light."

To us, standing outside, their lightness is the quality which circumstances have made most obvious. The French look across the Channel with as little chance of getting at the sum-total of England. The French may not be "light;" but a wise France wishing to ally with England would take care not to show the suspected foible; and what should we say of that statesman of "*perfidie Albion*" who began his negotiations for a French alliance with any thing that looked like a breach of faith? A really cordial union must always be preceded by mutual confidence, and mutual confidence can only follow mutual respect. And respect in the popular mind is accorded more to negative than to positive virtue: it is useless to display your good qualities, if you have not first removed suspicion of your bad. Probably no modern man has been so much respected as the late Duke of Wellington; but we respected him, not because no man possessed more talents, but because no man made so few mistakes.

Let France show that she is steadfast, and we will learn her other virtues; let England prove that she is sincere, and France is prepared to see the remainder of her goodness. What is true of the two nations on opposite shores of the Channel is true also of the two nations which from generation to generation have been divided by the sea of worldly circumstances,

"and all that roar."

The rich never speak of the poor, nor the poor of the rich, as the rich of the rich and the poor of the poor. Each class sees the other from without instead of from within; and relative vices and relative virtues have shaped the whole idiom of social language. "A good servant" is one who is obedient, honest, and respectful: we do not ask if he be pure, benevolent, or devout, and only inquire if he is religious, because religion is in some indefinite way supposed to be connected with honesty. The habitual phrases of the poor regarding the rich are similarly special and incomprehensive; and on both sides, as might be expected, these peculiarities of language are the outcomes of thoughts and feelings equally partial selfish and unjust which have become to the "two nations," in the lapse of hereditary ages, native and involuntary attitudes of mind. It is precisely because the opinions, fears, and suspicions of the two parties have become thus innate and involuntary that no calculation concerning them can be successful which does not begin with assuming these as fixed quantities. You must neutralise your crude chemicals before you can hold them in common and peaceful solution. You must "rectify the globe" to the given meridian, if you expect your theory to accord with nature's practice. Your instruments must be brought to concert-pitch before you commence your concerto. You must restore the balance of your unequal scales before you can expect your pound-weight to answer for a pound.

Now in that creed concerning the rich, with which experience has indoctrinated the poor, there is one clause, fundamental and oecumenical, from which nearly all others are the mere logical conclusions. It is this: that the money-holding is naturally and legitimately the money-

paying "nation"—a kind of Providential mechanism for the dispensation of gold and silver. The first result of this clause is, that the acceptance of benefits by one party from the other is accompanied by no sense of degradation in the recipient. Don't hold up your hands, Mrs. Home,—do you feel any humiliation in taking your daily sunshine? nay, in getting crops from the earth, or fruit from the trees? nay, in drawing your prize in the Art-Union, or digging your thimble out of a twelfth-cake? Once let there be unquestioning belief that any thing is in the inevitable order of nature, and we lose the sense of humiliation in submitting to it. How far such a belief in the present instance is admirable is not the question. It is an existing fact, and a fact which you can only remove, if you wish to remove it, by means which must begin by an accommodation to its existence and a recognition of its results.

The next consequence of that fundamental clause is the division of the rich by the eyes of the poor into two great classes of very unequal size; those who exact one-half of the social contract, Work, without a full performance of the other, Pay, and those who in such matters are just or generous; in other words (the poor man's words), into the "mean" and the "freehanded."

And because of those peculiarities of all judgments *ab extra*, which I alluded to at the beginning of these remarks, "meanness" has come with the poor to be typical of all vice, and liberality to be representative of all virtue.

Why, you yourself, *mon cher* (I'm not speaking to you, of course, dear Mrs. Home, but to young Broadlands here, who had got as far as "curse their—" before I could remind him you are an editress), you yourself act on the same principle every day. If you suspect your groom of dishonesty, are you relieved by learning that he is an expert fiddle-player? And when you find a lad of the right pluck and inches, orthodox in horseflesh and scrupulous in oats, does it trouble you to know he hasn't an ear for psalmody, and is somewhat behind in Lindley Murray? You tell me your James is a good fellow, and I know you mean primarily that he is honest; you spoke of Tom as a bad one, and I understood him to be a knave. Don't blame honest James, then, if when he calls you a good master he is chiefly thinking of your generosity; and that his notion of a bad one would be, "mean, sir, mean—that's what he is."

Therefore, in every attempt of the stranger rich—believed to be superabundant and suspected to be "mean"—to gain the confidence of the stranger poor—conscious of deficiency, and fearful of polite extortion—the first preliminary must be some unquestionable evidence of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. All the kindness and courtesy of the most radiant and "fraternising" face and manner are useless, my fair Signora Spilorcia, while there is the possibility of a selfish interest, or any thing which the quickness of inherited ingenuity may twist into an intention of substituting smiles for cash. And this not because the poor prefer cash to smiles, and loaves and fishes to fraternity. First "butter the parsnips," and then be sure that your "fine words" are infinitely more precious than your "butter."

Put your character beyond doubt,—as I'm sure you always do, dear Mrs. Home,—by those plain practical evidences which they understand, and nowhere may you feel more certainly of your friendship that it is "twice blessed" than with those whose daily toil it will dignify and sweeten, and who—you being you, and beyond suspicion—would not exchange one of your sympathising looks and words for a thousand times the sum that originally certified your sincerity. But till this sincerity is established, you may as well go to stroke a horse at grass with a whip in your hand as enter a cottage with your insignia of ladyhood, and expect the confidence of the "poor bodies" within; who may justly doubt your desire to extend to them the highest benefits when they find that out of your superfluity you grudge them sixpenn'orth of the lowest.

It is vain to say, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace;

to cry, "Brother, brother," where there is no genuine reciprocity. It is mere outrage for King Bomba to chuck Porio under the chin; and when Czar Nicholas kissed the patriot he was sending to Siberia, the philosopher standing by might see the theoretical virtue of the action, but to the miserable exile it seemed adding insult to injury. The lady who requests her men-servants and maid-servants to call her by her Christian name, who invites the peasantry of her neighbourhood to the equality of her evening-parties, who expects the cottager's wife to return her domiciliary visits and reciprocate her household and other advice, may afterwards, if she pleases, make gratuitous use of the time and knowledge of the poor, and allow a delicate and economical avoidance of any thing that might suggest inequality of fortune to save at once her conscience and—her pocket.

Till then the sufferers by one portion of social custom have a right to claim such benefits as result from an adherence to the other; and I shall never hear the fine-drawn sophistry of such canny philanthropists as the "flitting" "lady" without mentally repeating—in *variazioni* more or less civilised—the frank aside of my friend the milkboy—"Vell, if them ain't the hartfull dodgers, I'm blowed!"—I remain, &c. S. D.

GARDEN NOVELTIES.

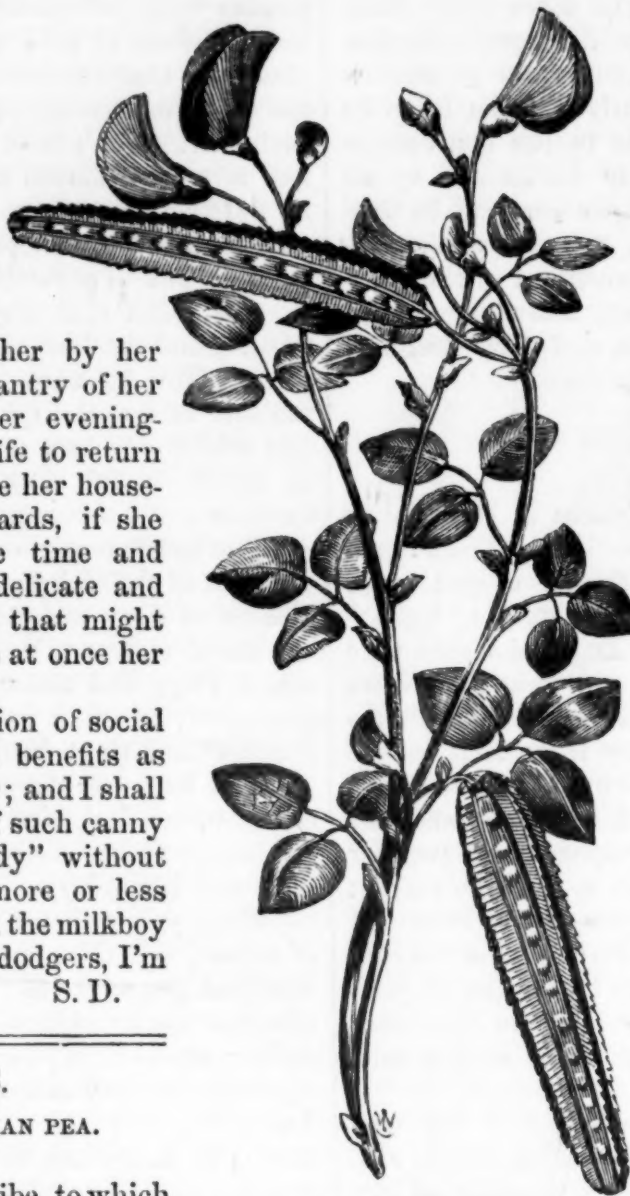
THE WINGED PEA AND THE EGYPTIAN PEA.

HERE are two curiosities of the pea-tribe, to which we call the attention of every lover of a garden. The first is a pretty ornament of very curious growth, the second a valuable addition to our list of esculents, the history of which is truly wonderful.

The Winged Pea is known to botanists as *Tetragonolobus purpurea*; it is an annual of low shrubby habit, does not require sticking or training, and is destitute of tendrils. It is very hardy, and may be sown at any time from November to May. In its early stages of growth, it is of a pleasant glaucous green; but as soon as its season of blooming arrives, it becomes literally covered with butterfly-blossoms of the richest tints of crimson and maroon, the wings having a soft velvety look, similar to the petals of a well-grown pansy. It continues to bloom profusely for about four months; and if the pods are removed as fast as they appear, it will continue gay till the frost of autumn cuts it off. But to remove the pods would be to sacrifice one of its most interesting features, for these, unlike other peas, are *winged*; that is, each pod has four membraneous fringes extending its whole length, and though the true pericarp is tubular in shape, the wings give the seed-vessel while it remains green the appearance of being four-sided. We grew a large patch of this last summer, and it was admired by all who saw it for its gay profusion of richly-coloured flowers, no less than for its very curiously-formed seed-vessel.

It thrives in any ordinary soil, but prefers a generous depth of well-manured loam; like other peas, a moist climate brings it to greatest perfection. It should be sown in a four-inch trench drawn with a hoe, the seeds at least four inches apart alternately, thus, As it gets above the trench, the earth should be drawn to its stems, and the trench filled up by degrees. It has some characteristics which seem favourable to its use as a bedding-plant; but as we have never used it in masses, we cannot speak positively on that head. As a border-ornament and curiosity it deserves to be better known.

The Egyptian Pea is an instance of vegetable resurrection, or at least resuscitation. It is a fragment of the old



THE WINGED PEA.

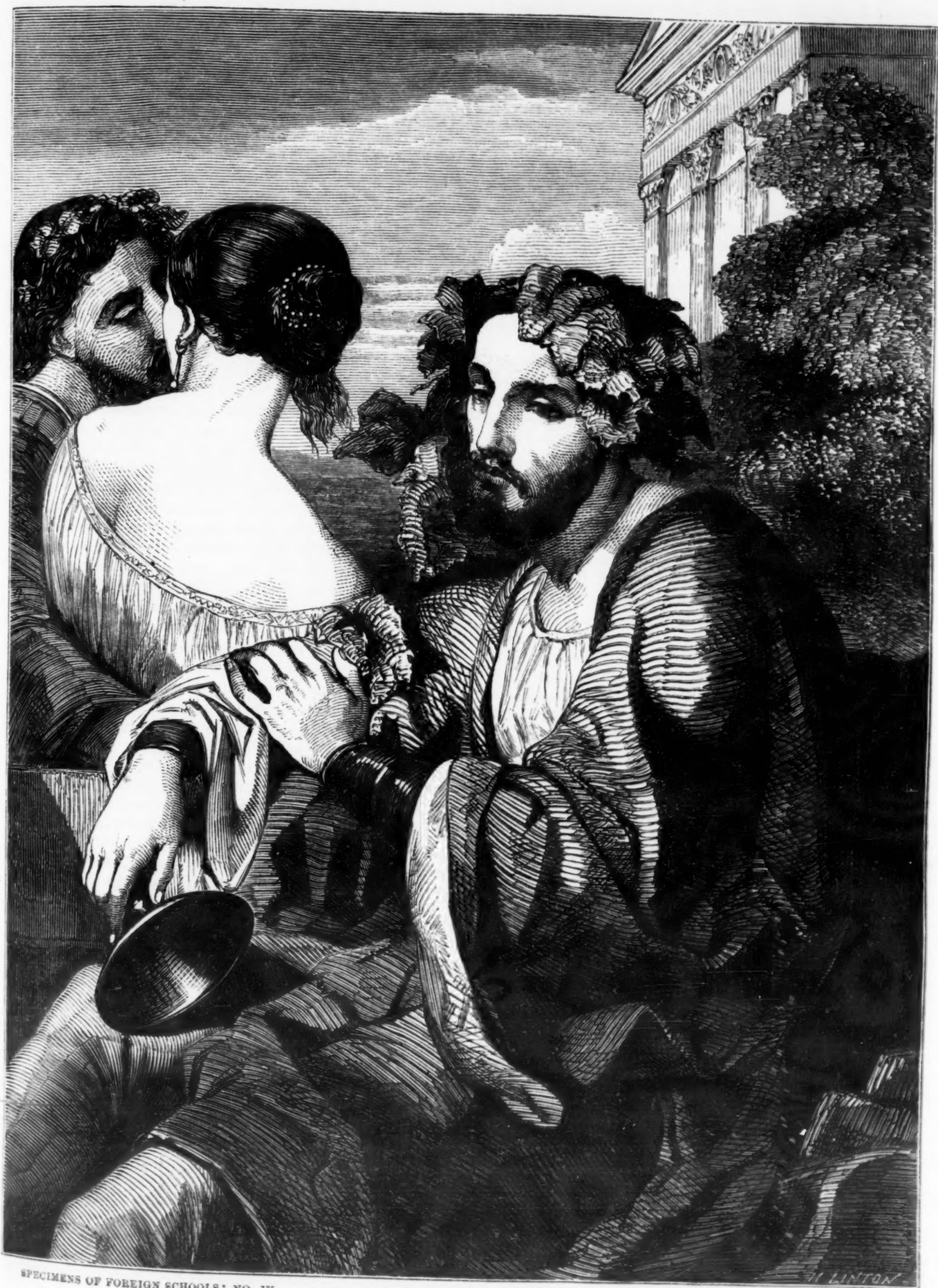
life of Egypt,—a true type of the luxurious fertility of the classic country of the Nile, and unquestionably the most truly historical of any esculent we possess. The circumstances that led to the discovery of this companion of mummies, and inhabitants of pyramids, are in themselves as interesting as the plant itself is distinct from every known member of its useful family. During the explorations of Egypt by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, a vase was found in a mummy-pit, the age of which was computed at about three thousand years. This vase, hermetically sealed, was presented to the British Museum; Mr. Pettigrew, the librarian to the late Duke of Sussex, proceeded to open the vase to ascertain its contents, and in so doing unfortunately broke it in pieces. The interior contained a mass of dust, and a few grains of wheat and vetches, and on examining further a few peas were found, entirely shrivelled, of a resin-yellow colour, and as hard as stone. It was known that mummy-wheat had been resuscitated after an interment of five thousand years; and it was determined that the first peas ever found in a mummy-vase should be subjected to the experiment of revival. Mr. Pettigrew accordingly distributed amongst his learned friends these desiccated peas, reserving three for himself as mere curiosities. Those who tried to grow the peas failed, and no

more was thought about them, till the remaining three were given to Mr. Grimstone, of Highgate. Mr. Grimstone tried his hand at them, subjected them to heat and moisture, and after thirty days, one miserable plant appeared above ground. By patient care and ingenious culture this plant was brought to produce nineteen pods, which were ripened, and planted the next year; and this was the foundation of the stock which is just beginning to be known as the Egyptian Pea.

Botanists were as much delighted as antiquarians at the success of the experiment; for it gave them a new variety of the greatest value and most distinct character. Its blossom is unlike every other pea; it more nearly resembles a bell than the wings of a butterfly, and is veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, and eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them, each pod containing from five to ten peas, which when cooked are deliciously flavoured, and melt in the mouth like marrow; in fact there is no pea to equal it; so that dusty Egypt has conferred upon us through those few shrivelled seeds a *palatial* benediction.

We should add, that the Egyptian Pea is amazingly prolific, quite hardy, and may be sown in succession from February to June, and should be treated in the same way as described for the culture of the Winged Pea. Genuine seed can be obtained only of Mr. Grimstone. As far as we are aware, seed of the Winged Pea is not obtainable from any ordinary source; it seems to be unknown to florists, and is not entered in any catalogue that we are acquainted with. As we have about half-a-peck saved from last season, we shall gladly distribute it amongst any readers of the "NATIONAL" who may like to forward to the office a stamped and directed envelope, and an additional stamp to cover the postage of the envelope to us. We will put twenty seeds into every envelope, as far as it will go, reserving twenty for ourselves.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. IV.

PAINTED BY COUTURE.

THE DECADENCE OF ITALY.

3 AP 57

THE DECADENCE OF ITALY.

BY COUTURE. (FRANCE.)

THE pictorial method of telling a story has frequently this great advantage over a written or spoken narration of it, that not only does it bring before us the thing itself, but also presents to our view many, if not all the circumstances by which the result has been brought about. The picture we engrave is an example of the superiority which painting thus possesses. The decadence of Italy resulted, as every one knows, from the corruption and licentious indolence of the descendants of those men who built up her greatness. Of all the countries of the earth, Italy presents the only example known to us wherein two periods of greatness have been vouchsafed to the same land—in the martial glories of the Romans, and in the more permanent intellectual achievements of the Italians of the middle ages. Both of these were lost from the same causes,—indolence and consequent corruption.

Couture's picture illustrates both, though dealing only with the latter period. A change of costume and physical character would, however, adapt this painting to the former subject as perfectly as it is fitted to the one which the artist has chosen to set before us.

The indolent Italian noble of the fifteenth century, who occupies the principal position in the engraving, seems to have been meant for a higher fate than that of languid debauchery, which has become the habit of his life. The heavy eyelids and relaxed mouth show how long this habit has been his master; yet still the long, refined face, and broad forehead, relate that such was not his original destiny. How utterly lost and sunk he is now, let the nerveless right hand tell, which is too feeble and purposeless to grasp even the empty wine-cup unless by dividing its weight upon his knee. The very effeminacy of his robes is part of him, falling as they do into flat and hollow folds. His dreaming, listless, hopeless eyes, without soul and without spirit; his wasted and sunken face, over which the locks of his hair are falling—nay, the very hair itself, relaxed and clammy as it is, as though heavy with wine-dews,—are all parts of the same tale. The feeble half-recumbent attitude in which he sits enhances the general expression.

This man has crowned himself with broad leaves of the vine; his fellow-debauchee behind wears ivy upon his hair; both being typical plants, indicative of their several pursuits. Look at the eyes of the latter, and see how vague they are; for that embrace is without passion, palling from use, and impure. The graceful back, and the whole tournure of the lady, are in excellent keeping with the elegant dressing of her hair.

The wing of the building at the side of the picture shows an example of the cinque-cento style of Italian villas. The landscape is a vineyard-crowned land, rich in oil and wine.

An idea of the general merits of the picture in carrying out its subject, may be gathered from the foregoing remarks. As a work of art, technically speaking, it may be considered as an excellent specimen of a certain class of the French school, where considerable dramatic force is arrived at by the use of such detail as we have pointed out. It exhibits much of that peculiar character of drawing for which the school is so famous, resulting from severe early training of the artist in this part of the practice of art, which, being afterwards allowed to set itself free from the rule of exact imitation, results at last in a skilful generalisation of conventional form; gaining less, we think, than it loses by the consequent neglect of individuality of character. In colour, this picture is as deficient as most others of its class, so much so, that it is perceptible the artist has not even attempted to produce any signal excellence in that direction.

The picture is at present in the gallery of the Crystal Palace.

L. L.

A FRENCH LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

EVERY body knows what charming things, in the main, are French letters and French memoirs. By this time, too, we are willing to admit, with a passably good grace, how much our lively neighbours have the advantage of us in this fascinating class of productions. All the grand epochs in French history have their gallery of illustration in contemporary memoirs of great men, witty men, or small men, who usually make names for themselves by writing about those who have names of their own. The seventeenth century has its full share of such contributions to the mosaic work of national history; and we will not be so wanting in politeness as to suppose that our readers do not already know all about the best of them. They are stories of court-intrigues and Paris mobs, with their attendant incidents. Madame de la Guette gives us a vivid picture of life in the provinces, in social quiet, or under military despotism. We find it a pleasure, real as it is rare, to meet with an autobiography so little disfigured by egotism. Madame de la Guette is, moreover, incapable of any digression. She will not even go out of her way to give you facts or fictions concerning great people, as is the manner of many perpetrators of memoirs, however little they may in reality have had to do with any such elevated personages. Her simple and vivacious descriptions deal with occurrences in which she took part, and persons with whom she veritably came in contact. Every thing is real and lifelike; no reflections, no laborious introspections, after our nineteenth-century-novel fashion—in fact, no prose.

Under her maiden-name of Catherine Meurdrac, our heroine led a pleasant country-life, not very far from Paris. Her mother early initiated her into the great mysteries of housekeeping,—mysteries which in those days far transcended any encountered in our times, even by the enterprising pupils of Mrs. Ellis. M. Meurdrac experiences much paternal solicitude respecting the settlement of this his second daughter, laying before her various proposals, all equally distasteful to the fair lady concerned; and the old gentleman is fain at length to promise silence on the unwelcome subject of marriage for some time to come. One fine and fateful morning, Catherine accompanies her mother on a visit to the Duchess d'Angoulême. In the room is a tall handsome man, whose eyes turn repeatedly towards the young lady; and she also is sufficiently interested in him to ask his name from her sister, who resides in the chateau. M. de la Guette is a gentleman of the Duke d'Angoulême's household, and held by him in much estimation. After this silent interview, he procures the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Meurdrac's brother-in-law and also of her father. The house of the latter he visits frequently; and the silent looks are followed by passionate words. The young lady expresses herself not altogether averse to the suit,—a concession received by her impulsive lover with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. This hero has now two deities, Love as well as Mars; the one calling him to the army in Lorraine, the other whispering to him the direst of possibilities, that M. Meurdrac might marry his daughter to some upstart suitor before his return. Mars gains the day; and the brave damsel commends the decision, rightly judging that a man must be little worth who cannot face any danger or disappointment in obedience to his sense of duty.

The cavalier on his return seeks an interview with M. de Meurdrac, and the following scene is the result:

"My father listened attentively, and at length thanked him in the politest manner; said he was very sorry to be unable to accept him, but he had pledged his word elsewhere; begged him not to give the matter another thought. He was under infinite obligation; it was more, indeed, than I deserved. The Sieur de la Guette, being one of the most passionate men in the world, received this refusal in an extraordinary manner. He began to storm and swear horribly, saying he would soon find a way to release my father from his word. My father, not in the

* *Mémoires de Madame de la Guette*. Nouvelle édition, revue, annotée et précédée d'une Notice par M. MORREAU. Paris, 1856.

mood to hear these paroxysms, declared that nothing should change his resolution. This uproar lasted for more than an hour in my father's cabinet, the one expressing his feelings, the other repeating his refusal. My mother and I were in the adjoining room, when the cavalier entered in the greatest fury, saying my father had refused him, but that he would have satisfaction; that he was resolved to kill, even to the seventh generation, and to begin with me. These flowers of speech might not have been altogether agreeable to a person of timid disposition; they only made me think the more of him, because I thought he loved me to such an extraordinary degree, that it was the excess of his affection which made him speak thus." (p. 19.)

The discomfited suitor rode off in great indignation, and for a time contented himself with talking over his troubles to a patient widow, and writing volumes of letters. One day, however, in spite of all the precautions taken for his exclusion, he forced his way into the cabinet of M. Meurdrac, presented a pistol, and threw himself at his feet, demanding the daughter's hand or the father's life.

This relentless parent nevertheless remains invincible, for what reason we do not at all see, except that sort of destiny which seems to compel so many other amiable parents to fulfil the dictum of Shakspeare about "true love,"—so hackneyed a verdict now-a-days that one ought almost to apologise for referring to it.

Our heroine now tries what can be done by a pretended submission, and appears to have forgotten her cavalier, who is again absent. Her mother saves her from a forced marriage with a very rich nobody. La Guette returns. A private marriage is resolved upon, and effected with her mother's permission. Her mother-in-law is present at the ceremony, which takes place two hours after midnight in the neighbouring church. All return separately to their homes; Catherine calm and collected, cheering the waiting-maid, who seems to have been far more terrified at the step than her mistress. The Duke d'Angoulême befriends La Guette, and himself tells the enraged father of the private marriage. The bride is successfully carried off to her husband's home at Sussy; but it is some time before a complete reconciliation is effected, through the interposition of the good Duchess d'Angoulême.

"I was very happy," writes Madame de la Guette, "in my husband's home. We amused ourselves most agreeably: we rode out every day, either to hunt or to visit among the neighbouring nobility, all of whom received us in the most obliging manner. But this happiness did not last long; for my husband was obliged to return to the army. It was the campaign of the siege of Spire, in Germany. Our separation was hard; for I can say truly that he loved me to an extraordinary degree, and that I idolised him. For this first time I had leisure to shed tears at my ease, and to play the woman in contradiction to my nobler inclinations, and the firmness of soul which was natural to me, and which made me feel something like aversion for those of my sex who had too much of such weakness. In fact, I have always had a tendency rather towards war than the keeping of chickens and the use of my distaff; though that is all which it is considered proper for a woman to know."

The next campaign, in 1635, is in the Low Countries, against the Spaniards. M. de la Guette forbids tears, and if one is shed, threatens never to come back. His wife, therefore, wisely makes up her mind once for all to take these partings cheerfully; and as some thirty of them had to be faced, it was decidedly the right plan. On his return, M. de la Guette is introduced to the first of his ten children, who subsequently distinguished himself in Holland, and died early.

Madame de la Guette first took part in the civil wars of the Fronde during the blockade of Paris. Condé posted a few of his guards at Alfort, near the bridge of Charenton, to intercept supplies. A convoy on its way to Lagny, where the Marquis de Persan was commanding for the king, had to pass through Sussy, where Madame de la Guette lived. The villagers, with the mayor at their head, attacked them, and took possession of the castle. Our heroine, not at all approving of this proceeding, went in person to remonstrate with one of the leaders, who then made some effort to restrain the people; but they only shouted,

"*Madame de la Guette est Mazarin; il ne faut pas la croire!*"

At last, however, they consented to let them pass on showing their order, and moreover hospitably regaled them with a few bottles of wine outside the gates. Meantime an energetic owner of some of the cattle had set off to the Duke d'Elbeuf, at Paris, for assistance; and the convivial party was broken in upon by the arrival of sixty or eighty *parlementaires*, as the king's enemies were called. The villagers hurried away behind their walls, leaving outside the seven unfortunate guards. They shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" and were answered by "*Vive le Parlement!*" so the peasants thought it prudent to shout with the majority; and Madame de la Guette's indignation reached its highest pitch at the sound of a general "*Vive le Parlement!*" The new-comers fired a few awkward shots, and the guards entreated to be taken within the walls. Four were admitted, and three, mixing adroitly in the crowd without, made their escape. The villagers then fell valiantly upon the four defenceless guards, attacking them with every variety of weapon, until two escaped into the house of Madame de la Guette's nurse, whither she herself hurried. The *parlementaires* entered Paris in triumph with abundance of veal and pork. This achievement, Madame de la Guette quietly remarks, was about the greatest in the history of the Fronde, since its tangible result to the Parisians appeared in the form of good dinners.

These troubles over, others come, disturbing, if not shaking, the brave soul of Madame de la Guette. She bears unmoved all injury, suffering, or loss; indeed, her indifference respecting property of any sort amounts almost to contempt; these things do not touch her heart. The death of those dear to her,—of her father and a beautiful boy of seven years old,—is her first great trial. But her whole temperament is of that enviable elasticity which soon recovers lost vigour, and bravely stands erect again to face new sorrows. Such unconquerable cheerfulness is Heaven's own gift: it is neither stoicism nor fortitude; for they meet the shocks of this mortal life as the immovable phalanx of a disciplined army will withstand the onslaught of an enemy; but this cheerful faith stands in God's sunlight, like a mountain-brow, unharmed, whilst below it drifts the storm, and the avalanche falls among the precipices.

Passing over several incidents, and among them a deliberate case of match-making on the part of Madame de la Guette (though, to do her justice, we ought to say, she was promoted to the office by the bridegroom-prospective), we come to the most strong-minded and masculine undertaking in her whole story. We do not profess clearly to understand which of the nine hundred and ninety-nine disputes between the King of France and the Duke of Lorraine brought the army of the latter into the neighbourhood, indeed into the very house, of our heroine. A battle is about to take place; and a certain Major Grosbois invites Madame de la Guette to accompany him to a spot from whence they can overlook the discomfiture of the royal forces, which he predicts as inevitable. Against about seven thousand royalists under Turenne are eighteen thousand under Lorraine. Madame de la Guette, seeing it to be a desperate case, instantly fabricates a few ingenious statements concerning the peculiar position of certain cannon, of ten thousand armed peasantry in the park, and a perfectly apocryphal band of infantry in a wood. The major flies with this information to the Duke of Lorraine, who sends word to Turenne and Condé that he shall not meet them on that day. To Madame de la Guette he sends most courteous messages of gratitude and obligation, begging also one more favour of her. The high esteem in which she is held will doubtless enable her to find a suitable cavalier willing to go into the camp of the royalists, and report the state of matters there, for the benefit of his highness of Lorraine. A stanch royalist is chosen and despatched. But in reply to the questions put on his return, he merely says: "I was not in the humour for being hung, so I thought the matter well over, and—did nothing."

The time gained by this stratagem proves of great service to the royalists; and after the danger is over, M. Philippe, *maitre d'hôtel* to the king, reports the affair to the queen. Madame de la Guette is then at Paris, and takes a three-days' journey to Val de Grâce for the honour of an interview with her Majesty. The result is a mysterious commission to Bordeaux; and it is not easy now-a-days to understand all the hardships implied in a long journey in those times. She returned with her husband, who then retires from the army; and this quaint and affectionate couple lead a very calm and happy life, until the dark day on which the brave wife receives the sentence of widowhood. Their eldest son is in the service of the Prince of Orange; and the widow joins him in Holland, where he loses his life not long afterwards. Left thus doubly desolate, the old lady cheers her lonely hours by giving to posterity this lively *naïve* story of her adventurous life. It is impossible to read it without admiring and coveting her courage, her devotion, her patriotism, her patience. There is an invigorating freshness about the book which seems to come upon the reader like a pleasant sea-breeze; so that for a time we confidently held the belief that we too were wonderfully energetic people, destined for some grand achievements in an extremely hazy future. This charming hallucination was rudely dissipated by the entrance of a domestic, of very aged and crusty fidelity, with "her warning." We were crushed, and then felt instinctively that life was one too many for us. From all we know of the manners and the morality of the seventeenth century, the strong mutual attachment and confidence which existed between Madame de la Guette and her husband must have been a much more extraordinary thing than we should now consider it. Doubtless such affection was then looked upon by many as a monotonous and commonplace state of affairs, if not positively vulgar, yet decidedly provincial. But they were the last people in the world to be troubled at the opinions others held about them. They were as well matched as Petruchio and Katherine; and in some points are not unlike them. He is just as violent, and the lady almost as spirited, and makes quite as good a wife as any Petruchio ever ought to have. What does a man deserve who one day sent a servant up to his wife among some friends, mildly requesting her to come down-stairs, as he wished to shoot her? The lady descends without a tremor, to find her husband mounted in the courtyard with a loaded pistol, surrounded by people vainly endeavouring to calm him. Madame walks quietly up to him, saying: "Mon cavalier, dismount; I have a word to say to you; and about the pistol we will talk another time." Petruchio obeys, receives the mysterious whisper, and springs again into the saddle with the best humour in the world. His motive for this peculiar, and not altogether agreeable, line of conduct we do not clearly perceive. There are one or two amiable eccentricities of the same sort which we might quote; but we have said enough to prove Madame de la Guette a heroine of domestic as well as military life; and we trust our readers will have imbibed some of the hearty liking with which we cannot but regard a character so original, so unselfish, and so true.

A DAY IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

DR. MACKAY told us some time ago that it was unwise to think that there was no poetry in railways. If there is not poetry in them, there is occasionally on them; and if there is a poetical railway any where, verily it is that of the Taff Vale in Wales. Why, it takes its name from the river Taff, and the beautiful valley through which that river flows; and for almost its entire length it runs side by side with the gentle Taff, as if it were a lover of hers, and would follow her closely wherever she went. It may be that he appears an unfit suitor, that he is too burly and hard, too much of a big bully, in fact, and she a timid, soft, and beau-

tiful being; but "in joining contrasts lieth love's delight," and Ingomar falls in love with Parthenia, and is happy with her, moreover. If the river and the rail are lovers in this instance, the former is a coquette; and though rail sticks pretty closely and jealously to her, she, in a wild merry way, evades him now and then, and loses herself among thick bushes and beautiful green trees that spread their rich arms over her, as though they understood the fun, and would humour her.

On your way from Cardiff to Pontypridd you pass towns and villages besides—Llandaff, Penttyrch, Taff's Well, Tre-forest. You run at the foot of high wild-looking hills, with cottages midway up them, standing there without falling in some unaccountable manner, and looking down upon dreary iron-works below, at which their occupants are employed. You pass by little whitewashed cottages with rose-trees at the door, and a little garden that has steps leading down to the edge of the river. You get buried among thick bushes and avenues of trees that shut out every thing else till you get clearly away from them; when a wide expanse of scenery, really natural,—though not uncultivated, be it understood,—breaks upon you. You catch a glimpse anon of some ruined tower that has a history of its own, and is now overhung with wild foliage; or on the brow of a lofty hill, that you might be pardoned for calling a mountain, you see an ancient pile of stones erected, whereby hangs a tale, which perchance some fellow-passenger can tell you. During the minute or two that you are detained at the various stations, you see little groups of very Welsh faces, especially as regards the women, with bodies attired in Welsh fashion, and with mouths that speak a language which is not English, and which makes you feel yourself abroad.

But while I am thus admiring the scenery and enjoying the ride, do not let me forget that my mission is not one of pleasure, and that I am likely soon to be made sad enough, if I have a spark of thought or feeling in me. But there is little chance of my forgetting whither or why I am journeying. My fellow-passengers have been talking upon what at present occupies all minds hereabouts. During the short time we have stopped at a station, I have heard the words "Cymmer," "terrible colliery explosion," and "killed," uttered by people on the platform. Last night, at the inn at Cardiff where I staid, the people in the bar, among whom I dropped for an hour or two, talked about little else than the accident, and it has formed the staple of conversation among the railway-passengers.

The train stopped at Pontypridd, and I got out. On proceeding into the town, the signs of mourning lay very thick. Cymmer is but three miles off; and it was the day of the funerals. Nearly all the shops in Pontypridd were closed, and the streets were deserted excepting at certain points, where you saw numbers of working-people, with sad earnest faces, proceeding towards Cymmer. From the windows of several of the public-houses I saw a black flag suspended, and waving heavily in the breeze; and this, when one saw the dreariness of the town, and remembered that within half an hour's walk lay one hundred and fourteen men who had in one moment been snatched into eternity, had an effect wonderfully appalling for so simple a thing. On inquiry I found that at these houses clubs, such as Foresters' or Odd Fellows', were held, and that the flags were hung out as a token of mourning and respect for some of the order who had perished in the colliery; and that it was an old and ordinary custom.

Cymmer is situated in the Rhondda Valley, about three miles from Pontypridd, as I have said before; and is almost entirely surrounded by lofty hills, abounding with winding and rugged paths, and exhibiting much of the general wildness of Welsh scenery. From Pontypridd to Cymmer, besides the ordinary road, which is rather circuitous, there is a tramway along which coal is conveyed from the Cymmer colliery to the railway-station at Pontypridd. This tramway, being the directest cut, is generally chosen by the people for walking upon, in preference to the highway; and

along it all day on that Thursday, coffins, at sadly quick intervals, were passing—still passing, being conveyed for burial at Pontypridd or the little villages in the way. When I reached the village, a short distance from the last-named town, and where the Great Western pit, as it is called, is situated, I met the first funeral procession slowly winding its way, among some of the loveliest scenery the eye ever beheld, to the little church that nestles at the foot of the hill there. There were two coffins, one containing the body of a father, the other that of his son; and they were accompanied by certainly not less than two hundred people, principally colliers and their wives, most of whom preceded the coffins, which were carried shoulder-height each by four men. Another little procession followed close upon this one, bearing one body; and all the way dark moving masses kept constantly revealing themselves to us as we turned some corner in the road, or ascended some steep that gave us a view of the way beyond us. At the scattered cottages or little clusters of cottages that hung by the wayside, it was evident here and there, from the sorrowful groups around the doors, that death was there, and that they were only waiting to form processions such as those we were meeting; whilst we kept overtaking hosts of passengers on foot, colliers and their wives mostly, who were going to Cymmer to attend the burial of an acquaintance or a friend.

Every body knows what a picture of dreariness and desolation the vicinity of the mouth of a coal-pit is; and the colliery at Cymmer must at any time be a sad and miserable place to look at. I was glad to get away from it. It was not deserted; neither were its frequenters curiosity-seekers alone. A couple of days before all its workers had been killed; but above ground there was yet a crowd of busy workmen, who covered that black and weary spot, and who were making coffins by dozens and by scores for the dead. Here, in those two days, coffins almost to the number of the killed had been made; and *such* coffins! but any thing to be buried in: four deal boards, four brass handles, a little ornamental work to look like silver-braid and go round the edges, and a tin-plate to scribble the name and age of the deceased upon, and it was quite sufficient.

During that day the funerals never ceased. The large numbers that attended each procession, which generally conveyed two or three bodies, were very striking, and gave one a pretty good idea of the vast numbers employed as colliers in and about the Rhondda Valley. I saw a very great number of funerals, and on the average each body could not be accompanied by less than forty persons. The character of the procession spoke plainly of sudden death and a quick burial, in no respect more so than in the absence of black apparel, particularly as regards the females, in the relatives of the deceased who followed. It was sad indeed to see some of the young women following the body of a father or a brother in attire that betrayed a simple and rude attempt at finery and fashion, and spoke of happier days not long gone by. Many of the funerals left Cymmer to travel some miles to another churchyard; and in these instances I observed that the mourners-proper generally rode on horseback, in the pillion-fashion, a man and a woman being on the same animal. I in no instance saw a vehicle of any kind. The old-fashioned custom of singing hymns as the funeral-procession travelled towards the churchyard seemed very prevalent; and from all sides some simple sacred melody kept falling upon the ear, chanted by some scores of voices that resounded along the hills. Every hour during the day each burial-ground in or about the village had its two or three separate groups clustered in it, each bespeaking so many funerals; and unceasingly the long black masses were moving slowly up the hills or along the roads in the valley.

Surely not the least sad of the sights was the appearance of the cottages at Cymmer. There were entire rows of them, not one of which, it appeared, but had been visited by death. Nearly all the doors stood open, and in some, as you passed, you could see the joiners fastening up the coffins; in others

the friends of the deceased were gathered ready for starting with their load; and in others again, a bed was visible, and you could see, notwithstanding the white sheet thrown over it, that more than one dead body rested upon it.

Here I will pause. Before I left Cymmer I imagined the poverty and desolation in the village that would follow, and the change that must speedily occur in the population. The place was then filled with widows and young fatherless children. I saw all these swept away, many of them into workhouses and unions; whilst an entirely new class of people came and inhabited their homes. And I also thought, if some men, with greater power to do good and to remedy evil than I, had seen what I saw that day, that when they read of 114 lives "lost in the pit," they would not regard them as so many dry numerals, but as so many men with living blood and souls, snatched with cruel suddenness from life to eternity, and act accordingly.

J. N. ALLEN.

TO MY FOURTH SON

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1857.

ONCE Autumn rose from out his golden vale,
And, on a cloud of heavenly vision, saw
(Beyond the glittering mount where Summer stood)
Young Spring advancing up the budding slope.
No even course was his, yet on he came;
No summer radiance to gild his path,
Or strength mature for sultry toil, had he;
Nor had he clust'ring vines or fruitful bowers,
In which, like Autumn, he could pause and rest;
Yet on he came, and gain'd new strength by toil.
To-day bright beams of hope would cheer his way,
Then clouds would disappoint; yet on he came,—
For God had made him fitted for his work.
And Autumn smiled with love, and hailed young Spring.
J. D.

NEW BOOKS.

HASSALL ON ADULTERATIONS.*

WHEN the *Lancet*, a few years since, established a so-called commission to inquire into the adulterations of food and drink, publishing the composition of articles, and the names of those who sold them, there was an end to the gustatory and digestive peace of many of us. The headaches, and heartburns, and vague fallings-away,—symptoms for which we had consulted our doctors, and lightened our purses by some guineas, besides inflicting on ourselves the annoyance of pills, draughts, and other pharmaceutical tortures,—were traced, mentally at least, to dietetic sources. Our green-pickles were imbued with copper; so were our green bottled fruits. Our bread was aluminised, if not worse; our beer a narcotic mixture of liquorice, quassia, and cocculus indicus; our gin was first weakened by addition of water, then brought up to the mark again by oil-of-vitriol and Cayenne-pepper. Even the snuff-taker, according to Dr. Hassall, could not solace himself with the probability of coming off scotfree; the titillating powder, besides minor contaminations, being mixed with lead oxide, from which, absorbed in this way, some dangerous cases of paralysis have arisen. The régime of most civilised countries furnishes methods of preventing fraud in articles of food and drink. The laws and regulations of this country only affords protection partially and collaterally. As regards the major number of

* *Adulterations Detected*. By ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. London: Longmans,

articles of food and drink, *caveat emptor* is the watchword; and when the law does interfere, this is not so often in behalf of hygiene as of the inland revenue.

To Dr. Hassall must be awarded the merit of applying the microscope to systematic detection of extraneous bodies of certain kinds, when present where they ought not to be. He was the first to develop a system of microscopic as contradistinguished to chemical analysis, and in this he has done good service. We fear, however, that there is a tendency prevalent to set up the microscope in antagonism to chemistry, rather than to consider them in the sense of mutual aids. Unquestionably the weak part of analytical chemistry is, that which concerns the discovery of animal and vegetable bodies; and here, provided tissues, or crystals, or other characteristic form be present, the microscope is strong. Dr. Hassall's book contains the most valuable record which exists, in our own or any other language, of microscopic characteristics in one particular department. As a guide to future microscopic analysts, Dr. Hassall's book will be invaluable; but his chemistry is not to be commended. In proof of this, we need only say, that Dr. Hassall, under the head of the discovery of antimony, recommends it to be sublimed from the sulphide in a test-tube. Now, though this *can* be done partially and with difficulty, as a sort of feat, every practical chemist is aware of the extreme difficulty of accomplishing it, and has recourse in preference to the decomposition of sulphide of antimony by heating it in a glass-tube, and transmitting hydrogen over it when thus heated.

It seems a matter of regret that Dr. Hassall limited his inquiries to the discovery of adulterations; having previously defined adulteration to signify the addition of a body purposely and in a fraudulent sense. Circumscribed by this limiting definition, to which perhaps, as a definition, no valid exception can be taken, the author excludes from his category such a case as the accidental presence of arsenic in unfermented bread. Surely, whether arsenic exist in bread accidentally or by design, the public is equally interested in being aware of its presence. The ground taken by Dr. Hassall is needlessly circumscribed, and his efficiency as a scientific expositor is lessened by importing as he does the idea of a motive into cases where the public want fact. Surely a scientific analyst would do well to speak to the existence or nonexistence of things sought for in the first instance. He might then subsequently, but rather as an enlightened member of society than in his scientific capacity, try to discover motives, and refer the irregular things he might have discovered to the category of contaminations or adulterations according to the evidence before him. When Parliament legislates on this matter, we trust a normal standard will be laid down for articles of food, drink, and still more of medicine; every deviation from such standard, whether by accident or design, to be considered a deterioration. This is absolutely necessary for the Act of Parliament to be efficacious. Nothing is more common than to meet with people who speak of "purity" and "impurity" as though these were terms of fixed meaning and self-evident application. Are we to understand by "purity" chemical purity? In that case how few articles of food, drink, and medicine, are not impure! There is no such thing as pure water, for example, in all nature. Are we to understand by "purity" "conventional purity"? If so, the Act of Parliament will be rendered nugatory at once; for nothing can be more arbitrary than popular appreciation in this matter. Frequently the term purity is considered synonymous with strength, as in the case of alcoholic liquors; but how would it fare with a patient who should swallow pure prussic acid, instead of the two-per-cent prussic acid legalised by our pharmacopœia? These examples will serve to explain our meaning as to the necessity which exists for the Legislature to define a standard of purity for each kind of food, drink, and medicine, to be enumerated in any Act of Parliament which may spring from Dr. Hassall's labours and Mr. Scholefield's committee.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

HAPPILY for mankind, the true spirit of chivalry is indestructible. Chivalry, as the principle of honour and compassion, redressing wrong and protecting helplessness, was never perhaps more benignly active than in the present time. It has passed from land to land, from age to age, surviving every possible change, disdaining no imaginable costume. It was not the ideal of knight-errantry which Cervantes slew; it was a fantastic counterfeit—a false Duessa. True knighthood, with its courage and its mercy, is still the same when the casque has been exchanged for a broad-brim, and the gorget for a perpendicular collar. The gas-light and champagne of drawing-rooms cannot transmute its essence. It doth not merely live, but triumph, in the lecture-room of a Mechanics' Institute, beside a water-bottle, and behind a table covered with green baize. So far back as the twelfth century, we hear old Peter of Blois complaining that the knights of his day were burdened, "not with weapons but with wine, with cheeses instead of javelins, bottles instead of bludgeons, spits instead of spears." Utilitarian, truly. But suppose the utilitarianism to be of the unselfish kind. Let the wine be for a sick labourer; let the cheese be set on a poor man's table; and let the spit turn something savoury for a distressed workman's dinner. Now something like this has come to pass in our nineteenth century. With a scheme for baths and washhouses, one knight of high degree rides forth to slay the pestilence-breathing dragon of dirt, scaly with accumulated filth. Another sallies out in quest of Giant Ignorance, whose dungeons are filled with all manner of dolour; while a third winds his horn, and would fain hunt down the "blatant beast" of Drink. It is a good thing when separated classes of society are brought nearer by community of danger. Such an approach has been effected abroad, upon the heights of Alma, in the trenches before Sebastopol. It is a still better thing when a higher order and a lower are approximated by community of thought. Such a link of common sympathy and aim is being fashioned at home, on platforms and in lecture-rooms. A worthier firmer bond this, surely, than that one famous in the good old times,—the touching for the King's Evil, which some enthusiasts for the middle age have sighed after, as a graceful superstition, linking the summit of society with its base. It is goodly to see the man of rank, of wealth, of leisure, vanquishing the seductive temptations of his estate, and toiling with the busiest to reform, instruct, or recreate the people. The man of the middle class, who has looked forward from boyhood to hard work as his necessary heritage, can but imperfectly compute how much his high-born brother must have resisted before such philanthropy could be thoroughly transformed within him from a wish into a work. A society in which such self-sacrifice and such fellowship is both possible and frequent must be sound at heart. With the stilt-walking peasants who inhabit the marshes of the Landes, it is considered a sign of full confidence when a man takes off his stilts and gets into his neighbour's boat. When aristocracy has, in like manner, laid aside its stilts, it has laid aside fear with them, disarmed jealousy, invited love. How impossible such association to a corrupt despotism like that of the later Roman empire, like that of modern Austria! There statecraft has but one rule—*panem et circenses*. Let the people be lulled in a pleasurable dream, while their energies are drained,—as the vampire-bat is said to fan its victim to slumber with its wings while sucking his heart's blood. How impossible also, to ancient feudalism, where the peasant reckoned the seasons by the exactions of the *seigneur*, somewhat as the natives of South America calcu-

late the hour by the particular species of musquito whose turn it is to occupy, with its work of torment, the earlier or the later portions of the night! So frequent of late has become the appearance of our statesmen and men of rank as lecturers, that it would seem as though a long pent-up utterance were welling forth, abundant in proportion to the duration of the silence. It makes us think of those northern people, of whom Mandeville is said to report, that their speech, frozen up at times by the severity of the cold, will occasionally, on a relaxation of the weather, come pouring forth from their loosened lips with an uncontrollable volubility.

But now another kind of aristocracy is pressing also into the field. Our foremost men of letters are every where addressing the masses by word of mouth. Mr. Dickens has read his *Christmas Carol* to large and delighted audiences. Sir James Stephen has not confined his wise thoughts and exquisite style to the lecture-halls of Cambridge. And, most lately, Mr. Thackeray has been repeating to an audience of not less than a thousand persons his lectures on the *Four Georges*. The success of these lectures speaks well for the taste of the day. The applause which followed many of the lecturer's remarks attests not less a certain elevation and liberality of principle yet more important. Never was our loyalty more ardent than at present, never more reasonable and more enlightened. It is by the lustre of that virtue and that goodness which adorn the throne of to-day that we discern so clearly some traits less favourable in the *memorabilia* of courts now passed away. We acquiesce no longer so readily as did our grandfathers in the severance between public and private virtue. We feel more than ever that we may fairly demand, in those of public station and exalted rank, that kind of excellency which makes the safeguard of home and the happiness of the fireside. We feel that the sentiment of loyalty should be elevated, by involving the respect which is due to character as well as the homage which is due to rank. What we feel we can without hesitation say, for the ideal has become a reality. It is a pleasant consciousness to know we live in a land where to pass candid moral judgment on the royalties of the past is accounted the fair exercise of freedom, not its licentious abuse. The Egyptians held solemn tribunal over the body of their dead kings, before they were laid beside their fathers, in the heart of the pyramid. The phantom ceremonial of an ancient despotism has reappeared in a new form, as a part of the popular speech and common life of modern liberty. We leave it, now-a-days, to the Tartar dynasty of China to make it high treason to paint the portrait of a monarch. Our governors are not afraid when the foibles of a government have filled the eyes of the governed with tears of laughter, and not its fury with tears of rage. When Adrian VI. was much annoyed by pasquinades, he proposed to throw into the Tiber the statue of Pasquin, to which the irritating documents were secretly affixed. "Let your holiness beware," said a sagacious cardinal; "for Pasquin would turn to frogs at the bottom of the river, and their croaking would be worse than all." "Let them hate, so they fear," was the maxim of a despot. May our British sovereigns ever say, "Let them laugh, so they love."



THE POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE DEGREES OF WRONGHEADEDNESS.

THE Spanish caricaturists, to give an idea of the obstinacy of the Biscayans, represent a man knocking a nail into a wall by butting at it with his forehead; but when they want to express the extent to which perverseness is carried by the Arragonese, they sketch a person in the same attitude, but with the head of the nail against the wall, and the point turned to the performer's forehead. E. S. D.

THE ROMAIC BALLADS.—No. II.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

WE have said the brigands in the Greek ballads were rather respectable characters, of a much higher grade certainly than he who sang

"In a box of the stone-jug I was born,
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn,"

or however the thievish ditties may run, with which a popular novelist some dozen years ago caused the general ear in this country to ring. But it must not be supposed that the profession of robbery could be carried on, even among Greek mountains and on the banks of the lonely Achelous, without causing considerable discomfort to some parties, and those often the most innocent and the most worthy of poetical sympathy. While, therefore, as we would naturally expect, the praise of the adventurous brigand in his capacity of Turk-hater and Turk-killer forms the main staple of the strictly "klepthic ballad," we shall not be surprised to find that a voice from the poor Greek shepherd, who sometimes suffered from the rapacity of a Turk-hating κλεφτης, was occasionally heard. Here are a few very characteristic utterances from that quarter.

THE KLEPTHS.*

From the hills the Klepths came down,
Seeking horses to their mind.
Horses none when they could find,
All my pretty lambs they stole.

Lambs and kids, they took the whole.

And away, away they go!

O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!

My lambs away,

And my kids, took they;

O woe's me, wo!

And the pail in which I pour
The creaming milk, away they bore;
And the pipe on which I sing
Rudely from my hands they wring.

And away, away they go!

O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!

My lambs away,

And my kids, took they;

O woe's me, wo!

And they took away outright,
With its horns of silver white,
My brave bell-wether, that outrolled
Its shaggy fleece of flowing gold.

And away, away they go!

O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!

My lambs and my wether

They stole together,

O woe's me, wo!

Would to God some vengeful hand
Might seize the lawless robber-band
In their dens, and sheer undo
Them, and all their thievish crew!
That I might see my brave bell-wether
And my lambs again together

In the fold. O waly woe!

My lambs away,

And my kids, took they;

O woe's me, wo!

If the Allholy in the skies†
The ruthless robbers will chastise,
I will roast a lamb till it
Fall in pieces from the spit.
'Mid flowers that tell of coming May,
On holy George's festal day,
I'll feast, and bless the Queen Allholy
That laid the ruthless robbers lowly.

O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!

My lambs away,

And my kids, took they!

O woe's me, wo!

But pieces of this description are rare; the present, taken from Kind's collection,‡ is perhaps a solitary instance; and

* This song is reprinted from an article in the *North British Review*, No. XXXIX., by the present writer.

† That is, the Virgin Mary, η παναγια, as she is always called by the Greeks.

‡ *Neugriechische Anthologie*. Von THEODOR KIND. Leipzig, 1847.



SATAN. BY STOTHARD.—FROM MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

"his way oblique,
Among innumerable stars."

no wonder; for the Klepth, in his capacity of a vulgar depredator, never could have become a hero of popular song; it was as the champion of the Virgin Mary and the terror of terrible pashas that he was celebrated. Nay, there were men, not a few, especially in the great epoch of the Liberation war, who, though associated habitually with men of very fierce character and lawless habits, were themselves as good specimens of an heroic humanity as the time and place was capable of producing—as virtuous as Achilles or Sir William Wallace every whit, there can be no doubt. Of Marco Botzares in particular General Gordon testifies, that he was distinguished by "a greatness of soul and a depth of feeling seldom found in the history of the world;" and unquestionably both he and Diacos will go down to posterity associated, not with Italian Mazzaronis or English Turpins, but with Leonidas and Themistocles. To draw the line between the Greek patriot and the freebooter is in many cases impossible; but that among those who lived in a state of habitual rebellion against Turkish despotism, there were mingled together men of the noblest self-devotion with others of the most savage and unsanctified selfishness, cannot be doubted. This the Greek people well knew; and it is to this profound feeling of who the real heroes were, in the midst of multitudes who talked heroism and practised robbery, that we owe the following simple popular testimony to the heroic adventurer whom we have just named. The "Death of Marco Botzares" is, like many of the ballads, a simple recital of an historical fact, put together by some popular ballad-maker who was altogether innocent of the wish or the ability to make the story tell better than it would do in the records of a common newspaper-column. In fact, such ballads supplied to the modern Greek people, as they no doubt did to the forerunners of Homer, the place of our newspaper-columns; and any attempt to lift them by high poetical ornamentation above the level of the actual fact as it lived in the popular mind would have been resented by the popular taste, which accepted these simple songs, not as an artistical treat, but as the common nourishment of the national memory and of the Greek heart.

THE DEATH OF MARCO BOTZARES.

Three little birds came lighting down upon the meadow green,
And warbled there a sweet lament from eve to morning sheen:
"Ye children mine, fell Scondras comes from the north with a
mighty power,
And brings with him Tzeladin Bey, and Niagiapha the Giaour,
And Nicotheos, the dog that loves the Christians to devour.
He comes, and writes a letter bold to the captains great and
small:
'Come yield ye, captains, to my will, and hearken to my call;
Bring Marco Botzares to me alive, and show no pity,
That I may send the craven hound to the sultan in the city.'"

This when he heard, his black moustache brave Marco twirled;
and then

This private word to Lampros spake, the bravest of his men:
"Come, Lampros, gather my brave men, my gallant Pallicaries;
To Carpenes this night we go, and woe betide who tarries!"
To Carpenes that night he went, and to the meadows far,
Then to his Pallicaries told the order of the war:
"My gallant boys, though we are few to meet in open fight
Fell Scondras' power, by swift surprise we'll put his men to
flight!"

Two hundred chosen men he took; and sword in hand they went
With furious speed to the Turkish camp, and to the pasha's tent:
A thousand and two hundred Turks to gloomy death were sent.
A Latin dog—would that his hand had rotted on the spot!—
Levelled his gun at Marco's head, and dealt a fatal shot.
He raised his voice, and cried aloud, as loud as he could cry:
"Where art thou, Costas, brother mine? let not the warfare die
With me! Ye Souliotes, weep not, nor wear black suits for me;
But to the wife that my heart loves write ye a line for me,
That where in Frankish land she lives, at Ancona by the sea,
She teach my son to read, and serve his country, when 'tis free."

The event celebrated in this ballad took place on the
21st of August 1823. The "Scondras" talked of is the
Pasha of Scondra, or Scutari, on the boundaries of Dal-
matia, who, after the first repulse of the Turks from Mes-
solonghi, was advancing to renew the investment along
with Omer Briones by different routes over Arta, and down
the vale of the Achelous. At this juncture Botzares, with
the intrepidity and celerity of a Napoleon, suddenly formed
the resolution of breaking into the camp of one division of
the enemy, and thus striking confusion into their ranks
before they could have time to concentrate their strength.
The attack was successful; but the death of the heroic
leader, along with the inability of his brother Constantine
to turn the victory to account, made the brilliant achieve-
ment utterly barren of results. Simple as this ballad is,
it gives us a beautiful glimpse in the dying words of the
dashing soldier of what since the days of Homer has always
been a ruling passion of the Greek people—the love of
learning. The Greeks in the days of St. Paul "sought
after wisdom;" the schools in Athens at the present mo-
ment are the best things in it; and the last words of a
modern Greek soldier are a request to his wife,

Νὰ μ' ἔχη ἵνα ἴδω τὸ παιδί, γράμματα νὰ τὸ μάθῃ.

to take care of his son, and "teach the boy his letters."
Not even Scotland, where every shepherd's son must go to
the University, and learn to conjugate τὴν-ω, could show
an educational instinct more truly national.

A more beautiful historical ballad, though relating to a
name not so widely known, is that entitled

TSAMADOS.

Were I a bird with wings, to Messolonghi I would go,
To see how there, with sword and shot, they lay the Giaours low,

And swoop the brave Roumeliotes like hawks upon the foe.
Thus thought Giorgáki to himself; but while he thinketh so
A little bird with golden wings thus whispered to him low:
"Have patience, brave Giorgáki; if for Arab blood thou thirst,
Enough thou'lt find to butcher here of Moslem race accurst.
Seest thou those lines of Turkish ships far floating on the sea?
Destruction's anchored where they ride, and ashes they shall be."
"Thou little bird, how dost thou know the things thou say'st to me?"

"No bird am I, although I seem a little bird to thee,
There is an island in the sea, by Navarino; there
I bravely fought, and breathed my last for kin and country there.
The name of Tsamados thou knowest; from heaven, where now
I dwell,

I came the things that soon shall be to sons of earth to tell.
Here on the earth to watch your deeds, in sooth it likes me well."
"Here on the earth what wouldst thou see? In heaven didst
thou not know

How all Morea groans beneath a cloud of murky woe?"

"Look cheerly up, Giorgáki mine, and dark despair eschew;
Though now Morea's weak and faint, the fight she'll soon renew,
And like a wild-beast tear the foe that looked so proud before;
And black-burnt bones shall scattered lie on Messolonghi's shore,
And Souli's lions shall be there with triumph in their eye."
Thus spake the bird, and flew away, and mingled with the sky.

The event here celebrated belongs to the month of April 1825, when Ibrahim Pasha was rapidly recovering from the Greeks of the Morea all the ground they had so bravely won at the commencement of the war. Tsamados was a Hydriote ship-captain, who, along with other patriots, had taken up a position in the island of Sphacteria, famous in the history of the Peloponnesian war, and in the old castle of Navarino on the Messenian coast; but the strength of their position proved vain against the superior numbers of the foe; and Tsamados, with other illustrious champions of Greek nationality, was slain. The appearance of the shade of the great naval commander in the form of a bird is a characteristic trait of the Romaic ballads; and learned men will no doubt be eager to trace the imagery back to Homer, in whose pages the gods often appear and disappear in certain winged incarnations. But in what age or country were birds and flowers not a favourite instrument of poetic presentation?

We conclude the present Number with the translation of a short but striking ballad, where the picture glares with a fine Rembrandtesque effect through the darkness, entitled

THE VOICE OF THE TOMB.

On Saturday we quaffed the wine, and drained the cup on Sunday,
And drank the liquor to the dregs till none remained on Monday.

Our jovial captain, when he saw that we had drained the whole,
Cried, "Haste thee to the khan, brave youth, bring fuel to our bowl."

The place was strange, the night was dark; I wandered from the way,
Through many a footpath lone and drear my wildered foot did stray,

Till to a ruined church I came, a church and churchyard lone,
Where there was many a holy cross, and many an old gray stone.
One grave there was from all the rest apart,—with hasty tread
Unwitting through the gloomy night I trampled on its head;
And from the inmost grave I heard a groan beneath the stone.

"What ails thee, grave; and through the night what means
that dismal moan?"

Say, doth the green sod press thee sore, or the old and heavy
stone?"

"Not the green sod doth press me sore, nor the old and heavy
stone;

Say, hast thou lack of room above, no road where thou may'st
tread,

That from thy heel I here must feel such trespass on my head?
Was I not young as thou art now, a lusty Pallicari,
That loved in bright and breezy night beneath the moon to carry
A glancing blade six spans in length, and six feet long a gun?
Was I not seen among the first where the battle's smoke was
dun?

Thrice ten doughty foes I slew in one night and a day,
And forty more with wounds from me slunk from the field away,
Till my good blade in sunder broke, and fell in pieces twain.
This saw a Turk, a faithless dog; and spurring o'er the plain,
Drew forth his shining yatagan, and waved it o'er my head.

With sudden clutch I seized the blade before it reached my
head;

Then from his belt the pistol flew, and aimed the dog so well,
He stretched me low and lifeless here, where 'neath the turf I
dwell.

Weep, stranger, weep for me!"

HOW MR. LAMBKIN WAS GAROTTED—AND LIKED IT.

By THE AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."

In these days—and nights—of insecurity to person and property, when respectable old gentlemen cannot walk from the City to St. John's Wood without having their neck-cloths disarranged and their pockets emptied by ill-looking ruffians with broken noses and fur-caps,—when equally respectable old ladies cannot do their little shopping in Oxford Street without being rumped and robbed under a gas-lamp in a most audacious manner,—when the daily papers are filled with letters signed by all sorts of deadly weapons, recommending us what to do when we feel a bunch of muscular fingers compressing our windpipes,—when decent and peaceably disposed passengers, meeting in the parks after dusk, give each other a wide berth, and glance suspiciously over their respective shoulders like a couple of lions in the Zoological Gardens at feeding-time,—when, in fact, a universal panic appears to prevail in society, and the nervous system of the British public is in a very shaky and unsatisfactory state, it behoves every good citizen to raise his voice as loud as his lungs will permit him, if, by so doing, he imagines he can in any way contribute towards the general good, or benefit the interests of suffering humanity.

Inspired by sentiments of the purest philanthropy, and knowing that publicity is now-a-days the great redresser of evils, I have thought it my duty as a man and a bachelor to come forward, and make known through the columns of this periodical the circumstances connected with one of the most determined cases of garotting it has ever been my lot to become acquainted with. When an innocent and amiable little gentleman cannot pursue his meditations on the hearth-rug of a private dwelling-house without—But I am anticipating matters; perhaps I had better begin my story at the beginning.

Mr. Nicholas Lambkin was a young gentleman from the country, who, after the manner of young gentlemen in general, whether rustic or otherwise, had fallen deeply in love. In his case, however, there appeared to be no earthly reason why the course of his love should not run as smooth as a macadamised road. He was descended in a direct line from Reginald de Lambkynne, who, it is very well known, came over with the Conqueror. He was the proprietor of Lambkin Hall and a snug estate in Yorkshire; he was good-looking, affectionate, and domestic. What could the most aspiring mamma or fastidious young lady require more? And yet, to all appearance, Mr. Lambkin was the victim of an unrequited attachment. His love was a blank, because he had not the courage to tell it. The silver-spoon with which he had been born seemed in some measure to have entered into his nature. His bashfulness, however, was not so much constitutional as the result of education. Being an only child, and having lost his father when very young, he had been brought up entirely by his mother; and his character, though exemplary to a degree, exhibited in some points the mollifying influence of the maternal apron-string.

Mrs. Lambkin was a proud and reserved woman, who, since her husband's death, had lived entirely in the country, caring for no society but that of her son, and only anxious, like Norval's father, that he should remain at home, and be contented with the life of a quiet country-gentleman. Up till very lately Nicholas had dutifully indulged his mother's wish; but it suddenly occurred to him, on reaching his twenty-sixth birthday, that he could not perform the character of an English squire to perfection without the assist

ance of a wife. This desirable commodity not being obtainable in the neighbourhood, and as Mrs. Lambkin looked upon London as a grand emporium where a choice assortment of wives were kept constantly on view, she had taken a house in Berkeley Square with a view of giving her son a better opportunity for a selection. On this important point, however, Nicholas and his mother, for the first time in their lives, had a difference of opinion. Mrs. Lambkin, who was constructed, both mentally and physically, on the most diminutive scale, was smitten with the majestic person and intellectual attainments of a Miss Virginia Crabtree; while Nicholas had tumbled helplessly, hopelessly, speechlessly in love with a wicked, bright-eyed, golden-haired little cousin, named Amy Carlton.

The first-mentioned young lady, who was six feet high and wore spectacles, had condescended to look with an eye of favour on Mr. Lambkin; and having satisfactorily ascertained the amount of his income, and holding peculiar opinions on the subject of the rights of women, she did not scruple to take the initiative in making known her admiration both by word and deed. Amy, on the contrary,—a provoking, satirical, bewitching little puss,—though perfectly aware of the effects her charms had wrought on the unsophisticated heart of her country-cousin, pretended, in the hypocritical way common to wicked young ladies, totally to misunderstand his bashful attempts to inform her of the havoc she was causing in the susceptible organ that palpitated beneath his waistcoat.

Since his arrival in town, Mr. Lambkin had managed to rub off much of his rustic shyness. At clubs and other profane places of resort in the metropolis he had picked up a considerable amount of confidence, and in the society of men he was sufficiently self-possessed. Even with a number of ladies he felt tolerably safe, and did not altogether lose his presence of mind; but if by any unfortunate chance he found himself alone, in a room, with the door shut, *tête-à-tête* with a marriageable member of the fair sex, and if, more particularly, that member happened to be his cousin Amy, then did poor Mr. Lambkin blush, stutter, perform extraordinary evolutions with his arms and legs, and get himself generally into such an inextricable state of confusion, as to render an ignominious flight his only means of recovery.

After a three-months' residence in London, affairs were in this unsatisfactory condition; when, one afternoon last November, Mr. Lambkin,—driven to desperation by the attentions of Miss Crabtree, whose demonstrations of affection were becoming every day more alarming,—determined to put an end to them, and his own suspense at the same time, by concentrating his very limited brazen capabilities for one grand effort, and making an offer of his hand and fortune to the aforesaid wicked little cousin who had already taken possession of his heart.

And now, having given the reader as much of Mr. Lambkin's antecedental biography as is necessary to the development of my tragical story, I will let that gentleman speak for himself; merely premising that, with the exception of the interesting weakness I have mentioned, you would not find a warmer-hearted, better-humoured, more thoroughly good and honourable little fellow, if you were to search all over Epsom Downs on a Derby-day, which is, I fancy, giving you the largest assemblage in England to pick from.

"Good-bye, mother," cried Mr. Lambkin, on the afternoon in question, as he put his head in at the drawing-room door, and nodded to a sedate-looking little lady in a widow's cap, who was sitting by the fire, reading a newspaper. "Wish me success; I'm going to Kensington, to see my cousin Amy."

"My dearest Nicholas," answered Mrs. Lambkin, whose life was embittered by the presence of imaginary burglars, and who lived in hourly expectation of being garrotted as she sat in her arm-chair, "let me implore you not to think of going out so late. The evenings are very dark, and the accounts of people being robbed and murdered in the streets are becoming every day more dreadful. Do, my love, put off your visit till to-morrow before luncheon."

"No, mother," said Mr. Lambkin, entering the room. "You want to get home again; so I've screwed my courage up to the sticking-point, and have determined to speak out like a man to-day; if I wait till to-morrow, all my resolution may have evaporated."

"Ah, Nicholas," returned Mrs. Lambkin, "I fear your cousin is too volatile to make a good wife. She is not worthy of you, my dear. I wish I could persuade you to think more of Miss Crabtree."

"I wish I could persuade Miss Crabtree to think less of me," cried Nicholas in disgust. "Why surely, mother," he added, assuming the favourite argumentative position of an Englishman, viz. with his back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, and a coat-tail under each arm,—“surely you would not have me marry a woman who shaves her forehead and writes letters to the *Times* about the income-tax?"

"I should wish your wife, my dear, to possess some firmness of character, which I fear is not the case with your cousin Amy."

"She's a little darling," exclaimed Nicholas parenthetically.

"Now Miss Crabtree," continued Mrs. Lambkin, "is a young lady with a powerful intellect—"

"O, if you want a strong-minded woman for a daughter-in-law, I grant you, mother, you can't have a more perfect specimen than Virginia Crabtree. But as for being young, why, she's double my age, and wears moustache."

"Miss Crabtree, my dear, was only thirty-two last birthday," said Mrs. Lambkin, not condescending to notice her son's insinuation concerning the military appendage that graced her favourite's upper lip.

"Thirty-two!" cried Nicholas; "she's forty, if she's a day. I wish she'd shave her chin as well as her forehead. I declare, she's quite a Crimean hero."

"Nicholas, I'm ashamed of you," said Mrs. Lambkin with severity. "Miss Crabtree is a very superior young lady, and has twenty thousand pounds entirely under her own control. I beg you'll speak of her with respect, if it's only as my friend."

"O, as your friend, I respect her immensely. Besides, it's due to her age,—I beg your pardon, mother, I mean her money. But as for any thing else, it's quite out of the question. Why, I'm not twenty-seven yet."

"Five years, my dear, is no such great difference."

"But you must admit, mother, that if there be any disparity of age, the gentleman ought to have the benefit of it, in right of his sex,—and Amy's only *twenty-two*."

"I was older than your father, Nicholas; and our happiness was never affected by the circumstance."

"Ah, but then I don't love Miss Crabtree," returned Mr. Lambkin.

"Esteem, my dear, would ripen into a warmer sentiment."

"I'm afraid it would take a long time to ripen, mother. Besides, I love Amy already."

"But has your cousin given you any reason to suppose that she returns your affection?" asked Mrs. Lambkin.

"No, mother, because she doesn't know of it. I've tried to tell her half-a-dozen times; but I've always got ridiculously nervous, and ended by making some silly remark about its being a fine day."

"I never observed your being nervous with Miss Crabtree," said Mrs. Lambkin.

"No; because I never tried to tell her I loved her. She's a good deal more likely to tell me that. She was very near it yesterday. I was never so frightened in my life. So I resolved to propose to Amy to-day; and, if she'll have me, we'll get married at once, and be back at Lambkin Hall in less than a month."

"And if she refuses you?" inquired Mrs. Lambkin.

"Why then," replied Nicholas with a sigh, "it's a matter of indifference to me whom I marry; and to please you, mother, I'll try and like Virginia Crabtree. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my dear; but if you must go to-day, let me

beg of you to take some weapon with you. I have just been reading a very sensible letter in the paper, written by an eccentric person who signs himself 'Knuckleduster,' recommending every one to walk about armed."

"Well, mother, if it will afford you the slightest gratification, I'll put a life-preserver in my pocket. But don't be alarmed. When I first came up from the country there might have been some danger; but now," said Mr. Lambkin, who thought himself quite a knowing man about town,— "now, I'm a great deal too wide-awake to let myself be garrotted. Good-bye."

While my small hero is speeding to Kensington,—figuratively, on the wings of love, but literally, on a pair of exceedingly well-made little legs,—I might improve the occasion by making several profound observations on the uncertainty of human affairs, as exemplified in Mr. Lambkin's closing speech; but as I do not wish to lose sight of that gentleman for a moment, I shall accompany him on his expedition, and leave the moral I have hinted at to point itself.

When the hall-door in Berkeley Square closed behind him, Mr. Lambkin felt as bold as a lion. Pressing his hat firmly on his head, and shouldering his umbrella with a conquering-hero kind of air, he started off at the rate of about five miles an hour. At the turning into Piccadilly, he nearly ran over a gigantic policeman who imprudently got in his way. He determined that when he saw his cousin he would speak out manfully as became a Lambkin, and composed a short, sharp, and decisive address to be delivered on the momentous occasion. His proposal should be none of your sentimental, down-on-one-knee kind of declarations, but a straightforward come-to-the-point yes-or-no sort of speech that would settle the question. The idea of feeling nervous at such a moment was really quite preposterous; and Mr. Lambkin laughed so heartily, that an irreproachably got-up individual, with a miraculous collar, supposing himself to be the object of the little gentleman's mirth, turned round and scowled frightfully after him for the space of two minutes. Mr. Lambkin, happily unconscious of his offence, and the indignant glances that were following him, went on his way rejoicing.

By the time, however, that he arrived at the entrance to Hyde Park, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream. As he remembered his cousin's mocking face and laughing eyes, he began to think that there were other batteries than those of cannon which required a considerable amount of courage to face. The distance that had lent enchantment to his view was rapidly diminishing, and the ordeal that he had to undergo appeared every moment more formidable. As he proceeded westward, an acute observer might have detected a gradual abatement in the length of his pace and the confidence of his manner. Not the ghost of a smile remained on his features; and his umbrella, instead of being carried truculently over his shoulder, reposed peaceably under his arm. As he strolled through Knightsbridge, he became conscious of an uncomfortable sensation that, like Acres, his valour was rapidly oozing out of the tips of his fingers. In proportion as his stride grew less, a corresponding elongation took place in his visage; and as he slowly approached Kensington, with his umbrella now used as a walking-stick to support his tottering steps, no one would have recognised him for the confident and exulting little gentleman who came into such violent collision with the unfortunate policeman a short time before. As he passed through the turnpike his pace had slackened into an absolute crawl; and his umbrella, which appeared entirely to sympathise with its nervous proprietor, trailed irresolutely behind him. His uncle's house stood in a large garden not far from that venerable toll-bar; and when at length he had dragged himself to the door, his first impulse was to run away again as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily at that moment the colossal image of Miss Crabtree rose up before him, and in a fit of desperation he seized the knocker.

"Is any one at home?" he asked in a faltering tone of a

giant in plush-breeches, who responded to the feeble concussion.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carlton are engaged, sir," said the giant, looking down from a tremendous height at the small visitor; "but Miss Carlton is in the drawing-room."

"Alone?" gasped Mr. Lambkin.

"Alone, sir," affably returned the gentleman in plush.

The door was shut, and retreat impossible. Mr. Lambkin experienced a choking sensation in his throat. He had never felt so nervous as on that particular occasion. All his old symptoms had returned in an aggravated form. Though the roads were perfectly clean, and there was not a speck of dust upon his highly-polished little Balmorals, he performed a lengthened *pas de seul* on the door-mat, and took as long to mount the staircase as if he had been climbing the Great Pyramid.

"Mister Laamkin!" shouted the giant, in a tone for which Nicholas would have liked to have knocked him down—if he could. Amy was sitting at a table with a box of water-colours before her; and in the opinion of her love-stricken cousin, looked more charming and saucy than ever. She rose to meet him.

"Why, Nick," she exclaimed, adopting the irreverent abbreviation of his name in use among the younger branches of the family, "you're quite a stranger. You haven't been to see us for nearly a week."

"I—I've not been very well," stammered Mr. Lambkin, blushing like a peony, and not knowing exactly what he said in his confusion.

"Ah, you may well blush at telling such a dreadful fib. You were well enough yesterday to walk about with Miss Crabtree. I saw you; but you were too much engrossed with your fair companion to take any notice of your cousin. I was just making a sketch of you going into a shop in Bond Street together. Look!"

"I assure you, Amy, I did not see you," said Mr. Lambkin, sitting down at the further end of the room, and not feeling at all reassured by the exhibition of a clever caricature of himself as a dwarf escorting a female grenadier that bore an absurd resemblance to Miss Crabtree.

"She would take me into Savory and Moore's to give me something for my cough."

"What a wonderful genius she is!" said Amy. "Nothing comes amiss to her. Her mind is like an elephant's trunk. She can lecture on the steam-engine or prescribe a cough-mixture with equal ease. I suspect, Nick, you have rather a *penchant* in that quarter. She was looking very affectionately at you through her spectacles."

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Lambkin energetically. "She's my mother's friend, not mine."

"Ah, you gentlemen always deny these things."

"I assure you, Amy," cried Nicholas, roused by the accusation, "I hate Miss Crabtree; and," he added, fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and reducing his hat to a shapeless mass in his agitation, "I—I—I—"

"Why, Nick," said Amy, wickedly enjoying his confusion, "what's the matter with you? You are utterly ruining a perfectly new hat. Do put it down."

"I want," gasped Nicholas convulsively, "to speak—to you—on a subject—of the greatest importance."

"Well, Nick, if our conversation is to be confidential, don't sit all the way out there."

Mr. Lambkin, who felt much more comfortable at a distance, moved two or three chairs nearer.

"No, no; come and sit here." And she pointed to an ottoman at her side.

Mr. Lambkin mechanically obeyed, and sat himself down on Amy's workbox, that was lying open upon it.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, in an agony of distress, and trying to repair the damage he had done; "I didn't see—"

"O, never mind, Nick; I hate a tidy workbox. Bring a chair here; and while you talk you can hold a skein of silk for me."

Poor Mr. Lambkin! If there is a position calculated more than another to discompose a nervous man on the point of making an offer of his hand and heart to the lady of his affections, it is the ridiculous one of holding a skein of silk for her to wind. In the first place, the attitude is the very reverse of graceful. If he be in a chair, he has to sit bolt upright on the extreme edge, with his arms sticking out at right angles to his body like the arms of a direction-post, and his fingers fixed and rigid as a glove-tree. When the silk gets into a "tangle," which it invariably does, the gentleman can do nothing to assist the fair winder, but must remain stiff and immovable as a trussed fowl, or the "difficulty" becomes more complicated; and when, as in the present case, the lady is perfectly self-possessed, and the gentleman proportionately shy, it is not easy to imagine less favourable circumstances for the performance of that favourite comedietta called "popping the question."

"And now, Nick," said Amy demurely, when Mr. Lambkin had assumed the position of a sedentary finger-post, and she had found the "end" and commenced winding, "what is this very important matter you have to communicate? Any thing about the weather?"

"No," answered Mr. Lambkin, trying to recollect his speech; "nothing about the weather."

"Or the crops?" asked Amy. "No bad news from the Hall, I hope, about the mangel-wurzel?"

"No," answered Nicholas, who felt his forehead getting unpleasantly hot; "it's nothing about mangel-wurzel."

"Swedes coming up as you could wish, I trust?" pursued Amy.

"I didn't come to talk about turnips," cried Mr. Lambkin in a piteous tone, making an insane attempt to get at his pocket-handkerchief.

"O, keep your hands up, please," cried Amy; "my silk will be ruined."

"I beg your pardon," said Nicholas, raising his hands as high as his nose, and proceeding: "I want to say—that is—to ask you, Amy, if—if—"

"Go on, Nick."

"To ask you—if—you could—I mean, if you would try, —to—Dear me, it's very warm to-day."

"I knew it was something about the weather," cried Amy triumphantly.

"No, no; I didn't mean that."

"A little higher, please."

"I beg pardon. I meant to say," said Mr. Lambkin in despair, "that for the last three months—ever since I came to London, in fact—I have been in—in—in—"

"In what?"

"In love,—there!" said Mr. Lambkin drawing a long breath; "that's what I came to say, Amy."

"O, Nick, how sly of you to have been in love for three months and to have said nothing about it!"

"I tried to tell you several times," said Nicholas, feeling more at his ease now the Rubicon was passed, as he thought; "but I hadn't the courage to speak out."

"And who is the lady?" asked Amy.

"Who?" said Mr. Lambkin in surprise. "Don't you know?"

"No, of course not; you didn't tell me."

"But can't you guess?" asked Nicholas, trying to look as insinuating as his absurd position would allow him.

"A little higher, please."

"O, bother the silk!" cried Mr. Lambkin impatiently.

"Can't you guess, Amy?"

"I think I can," she replied laughing.

"Well, Amy?"

"Well, Nicholas?"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Lambkin anxiously.

"O, I'm delighted to hear it. I think you ought to get married, and that you'll make a very good little husband."

"Do you?" exclaimed Nicholas joyfully. "Then nothing remains but to fix the day."

"The day! What day?"

"The wedding-day."

"O, that you must leave to her."

"Her?" said Mr. Lambkin, dropping his hands in consternation.

"O," cried Amy, picking up the silk, "what *have* you done! What a dreadful tangle!"

"But, Amy," said Nicholas, who felt *himself* getting into a dreadful tangle, "what *her* do you mean? My mother?"

"No; the lady you're in love with, of course."

"The lady I'm in love with," stammered Mr. Lambkin, getting very pale. "And who do you suppose that is?"

"Miss Crabtree, of course," said Amy.

The shock was too much for Mr. Lambkin; his head reeled, his eyes swam, every thing appeared to be whirling round; and after staring vacantly at his cousin for some time, he rushed from the room with an anti-macassar that had become entangled in the back buttons of his coat streaming wildly behind him.

"Nicholas—dear Nicholas!" cried Amy, following him to the door, "come back."

But he was gone; and as the wicked little cousin returned to her seat, her face wore a penitent look, and something very like a tear trickled down her cheek.

As Mr. Lambkin was flying down-stairs, taking a dozen steps at a time, Mrs. Carlton was just leaving the library.

"Why, Nicholas, you appear in a great hurry. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said the little gentleman, making a very poor attempt to look perfectly at his ease; "I generally come down-stairs that way."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. Carlton, who was rather a determined character, "you're quite in a fever. Come into the library, and tell me what has annoyed you."

The unhappy Mr. Lambkin followed his aunt into her sanctum with much the same feeling he would have taken his seat in a dentist's operating-chair. His nerves were a good deal shaken; and Mrs. Carlton, by a skilful cross-examination, arrived at the cause of his woe with as much dexterity as the aforesaid professor of odontology would have extracted a refractory grinder. Like the sufferer from toothache, Nicholas felt much better after the operation, especially as his aunt took a favourable view of his case, and undertook to complete his cure by informing the wilful young lady upstairs of his desperate condition.

"I know Amy likes you very much," said Mrs. Carlton, as she proceeded on her embassy; "and your uncle, I am sure, will be delighted to receive you as a son-in-law."

"Bless you, my dear aunt, for saying so!" fervently ejaculated Mr. Lambkin.

And now I come to the painful part of my story—the catastrophe.

It had grown quite dusk, and the trembling lover was anxiously awaiting the return of his envoy. He was gazing intently at the fire, with his right elbow reposing on the mantelpiece and his left foot resting on the fender,—one cannot be too circumstantial in these melancholy cases,—when a figure noiselessly entered the room, glided swiftly behind him, put its arms round his neck, and before he could defend himself, closed his mouth in such a way that for a few moments he was unable to breathe.

"Nicholas," said the audacious garotteer, releasing her hold when the unfortunate gentleman appeared totally incapable of resistance, "you're a dear good little fellow, and I love you very much. Forgive me for my cruel conduct this afternoon."

"Forgive you!" cried the enraptured Mr. Lambkin. "I'll—"

Here the garotte-process was repeated, Nicholas this time being the performer, and Amy the unresisting victim.

"I knew all the time what you wanted to say," said the latter, when the operation had been satisfactorily performed; "and it would have served me right if you had gone straight from here and proposed to Miss Crabtree."

"Miss Crabtree be—"

Fortunately the sentence was never finished. The mode of interruption has been already hinted at. Amy has since stated in explanation, that it became absolutely necessary to stop Nicholas's mouth in some way or other, to prevent the utterance of a word relative to Miss Crabtree in a state of suspension, or some other equally unpleasant predicament.

I have nothing more to record, except that the perpetrator of the above-mentioned outrage was, I am happy to say, speedily brought to justice. Being arraigned before a family-court, and having nothing to say in her defence, except that it was Leap Year, and that the plaintiff was her cousin, she was sentenced to go in chains—hymeneal ones—for the rest of her natural life.

The day that the sentence was carried into effect, Mr. Lambkin was, as a matter of course, transported. Miss Crabtree is still unmarried, and likely to remain so. The young couple have just returned from their wedding-tour; and, strange to say, Mr. Lambkin has lost all his shyness. He ascribes it entirely to his having been garotted. J. H. L.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

ALL IS NOT AT HAND THAT HELPS.—We cannot foresee whence help may come to us, nor always trace back to their sources the advantages we actually enjoy. *De longe vem agoa a o moinho* (Portug.),—Water comes to the mill from afar.

GOD SENDS FOOLS FORTUNE.—It is to this version of the Latin adage, *Fortuna favet fatuis*, "Fortune favours fools," that Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques:

"No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

The Spaniards express this popular belief by a striking figure: "The mother of God appears to fools,"—*A los bobos se les aparece la madre de Dios*. The Germans say, "Fortune and women are fond of fools,"—*Glück und Weiber haben die Narren lieb*; and the converse of this holds good likewise, since "Fortune makes a fool of him whom she too much favours,"—*Fortuna nimium quem favet stultum facit*—and so do women sometimes. When we consider how much what is called success in life depends on getting into one of "the main grooves of human affairs," we can account for the common remark, that blockheads thrive better in the world than clever people. "It is all the difference of going by railway and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses or set up one for yourself" (which is more likely to be done by people of superior abilities than by others). "You will see . . . most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well, with very little original motive-power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or other professions; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence." (*Companions of my Solitude*.) With this explanation, we are prepared to admit that there is some reason in the Spanish adage, "God send you luck, my son; so that a little wit will serve your turn,"—*Ventura te dé Dios, que poco saber te basta*.

WHEN TWO ORDER THE SAME HORSE, ONE MUST RIDE BEHIND.—Another proverb settles the question of precedence by ruling that, "He that hires the horse must ride before." The other must of course be content to journey as the foremost man pleases. "He who rides behind another, does not saddle when he will" (Span.),—*Quien tous otro cabulga, no ensilla quando quiere*.

ALL COVET, ALL LOSE. "Covetousness brings nothing home." "It bursts the bag," say the Italians,—*La codicia rompe il sacco*. "He who embraces too much, keeps a bad hold" (French),—*Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint*.—A statue

was erected to Buffon in his lifetime, with the inscription: *Naturum amplectitus omnem*,—"He embraces all nature." Some one remarked as he read it, *Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint*. Buffon heard of this, and had the inscription removed.

THEY MAY LAUGH THAT WIN.—"A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him perceiving it, said, 'Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you.' 'Hold thy peace, boy,' said the fiddler; 'we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.'" (*Selden's Table-Talk*.) "He laughs best who has the last laugh" (French),—*Rira bien qui rira le dernier*. "Better is the last smile than the first laughter."



THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

IV.

FROM the tile-manufactory we directed our steps towards Mr. Minton's show-rooms, where are exhibited various specimens of what we suppose must be called pottery, though many of the articles might well have proceeded from the studio of the statuary or the easel of the painter. That there were to be seen there cups, plates, dishes, and jugs, in numbers not to be told, and in endless variety, will be expected; but that from materials so rude as flint and clay statuettes are fabricated, clothed in drapery which rivals the finest muslin in delicacy, and with features so exquisitely moulded as to express the tenderest emotions of the mind, we could not help inferring that the potter's art has here attained the highest point of perfection. Owing to the comparatively low price of the raw material, and, we presume, the facility with which, when once the mould is formed, copies may be multiplied, the price even of the most exquisite specimens is wonderfully small; while the cost of articles of domestic furniture of symmetrical and tasteful shape and perfect workmanship is scarcely beyond that at which, a few years since, the most ungainly forms were sold. All honour to the capitalists who have placed within the reach of the humblest classes models to elevate their taste, and create or foster their love of the beautiful.

From the showrooms we descended to the workshops where these charming things are made. And here we think it only just to state, that we received from all the artist-labourers the same refined courtesy which characterised the tile-manufactory. It may be that manual dexterity, artistic skill, and familiarity with fine forms, may have a reflex influence on the mind, and generate there a politeness generally supposed to belong only to a higher rank than that of the artisan; but however this may be, we were certainly as well pleased with the modellers as with the models.

In the first room which we entered, a man stood at a side-table, employed in putting the last finishing-touch to a mass of clay about to be wrought into form. Had we entered a baker's-shop, we should have supposed that he was throwing aloft, thumping, and kneading a lump of peculiarly white dough; and that the subject of his labour was to be converted, not into plates and dishes, but into the more delicate bread. In a corner of the room, seated on the edge of a kind of trough, in the centre of which revolved a horizontal wheel of about the size of a dinner-plate, was a man pursuing his vocation of a "thrower,"—a veritable potter, having by the impulse of his will and hand "power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and

another unto dishonour." It is strange that with all the applications of modern science, and although aided by the refinements of high art, the potter still sits at his wheel,—a wheel the same in form and operation as in remote antiquity,—using his hand to model his workmanship, and a string to sever it from its base when completed.

This little table is made to revolve by a strap connected with a large vertical wheel, which is turned by a young woman a few yards off; to her he intimates by words or signs whether he requires a rapid movement or otherwise. Another woman stands near him, whose business is twofold: first to divide into equal pieces, by weight, the clay on which he is to operate, and to place them ready to his hand; and secondly, to arrange in a double row, on a board placed near her, the finished vessels as he "throws" them off. But let us watch him closely; for he is evidently a practised hand, and gets through his work with wondrous expedition. He is making preserve-pots: see, there stands a row of them which he has just made, all of exactly the same height, diameter, and thickness, as if all made (as indeed they are) in the same mould, namely, his fingers and thumbs. He places a lump of clay in the centre of his wheel, and the first jar is finished while we are realising to our own minds the fact that his hands are his sole implements. A pointer projects from the side of the trough opposite him to very near the middle of the wheel. This serves him to indicate the height of his jar, and by his side is a piece of string (wire it turns out to be, when we look more closely) with which he severs it from the wheel. The attendant leaves off weighing for an instant, and removes his workmanship out of his way. A second lump succeeds the first; he thrusts his hand into it; the plastic material seems endowed with a self-forming power; it sinks into the middle; its circumference rises under his magic touch, and in far less time than we can describe the operation, the pot is finished and added to the company of its fellows. A dozen are made in an incredibly short space of time. He signs to his assistants, and he proceeds,—though we are ignorant of the fact until he has finished,—to exhibit to us a specimen of his skill in fabricating other articles. A fresh lump is placed on the wheel; with a touch it assumes the form of a cup; it widens and becomes flatter; the wheel stops, the wire is applied, and behold! a well-shaped saucer. Again the magic wheel revolves, and a teacup is the result. Another and somewhat larger lump is laid on the wheel, which rises like its predecessors; it bulges out below, contracts above, a rim shoots out, and we have the body of a teapot; for which a smaller lump is instantaneously whirled into a lid, fitting as accurately as if measured by rule and compass, and not simply by the potter's eye. A slop-basin follows; and, last of all, another vessel is, by a trick of legerdemain, converted into a milk-jug. The impromptu set of tea-things are allowed to stand for a few seconds on the side-board; when the attendant seizes them, and before we have had time to recover from our astonishment, ruthlessly crushes them to a mass of ignoble clay. The fabrication of jam-pots is resumed, we express our acknowledgments, and withdraw. We next peeped into a low and very hot room, filled with frames, on which were placed some hundreds of vessels undergoing the operation of drying. The next workshop was filled with turning-lathes. At each of these stood a workman, who placed a basin on a revolving mould accurately fitting its concavity. With a tool of simple structure he first hollowed out the base so as to form the rim on which it stands; a few revolutions produced the contraction above the rim; and the tool, slowly moved along the outside, reduced the basin itself to a uniform thickness.

The articles we have hitherto seen were perfectly round and symmetrical. In another workshop are made vessels of irregular shape, such as ewers and vegetable dishes, for which a mould is requisite. A potter's mould consists of two solid pieces, which when fitted together form a concavity similar in shape to the outside of the vessel required. The workman takes a lump of clay, and having rolled it

out into a flat thin cake, places it as a cook would the cover of a pie on one of the halves of a mould; the other being similarly treated, the two are brought together, and the line of junction effected by laying between the two, on the inside, a strip of the same clay, which is patted and coaxed into shape with wondrous dexterity. Handles of teacups, spouts of teapots, feet of tureens, and whatever other members articles in pottery are furnished with, are made for the most part by children, each in a separate mould, and are afterwards stuck on to the main body with a composition called slag. A series of rooms on the upper story was occupied by a number of women and girls, employed in painting plates, &c. which had been already fired. We observed little here worthy of notice, except that the outline was in all cases printed on the article, and that the true division of labour was observed, one girl laying on with an ordinary camel's hair brush all the red, and another all the blue, &c. We must not, however, omit to mention that the decorum which reigned here was not instead of, but subjoined to, the same civility which had awaited us elsewhere. Patterns of landscape, flowers, and fruit, are printed on the porous clay by a very ingenious device. An impression from a copper-plate is first taken in the required colour on silver-paper; the sheet is then dipped in water, and spread lightly and evenly over the surface of the plate, rubbed on the back with a roll of wet flannel, and finally washed off with a sponge till the colouring-matter alone remains. This operation is performed after the articles have been once fired, in which condition they are technically called "biscuit." The process of glazing consists in covering the ware with a thin coat of mineral composition. Into this they are dipped one by one, and quickly withdrawn; and when sufficiently dry, are again consigned to the saggars, and replaced in the furnace, which is heated to the degree necessary to vitrify the glazing.

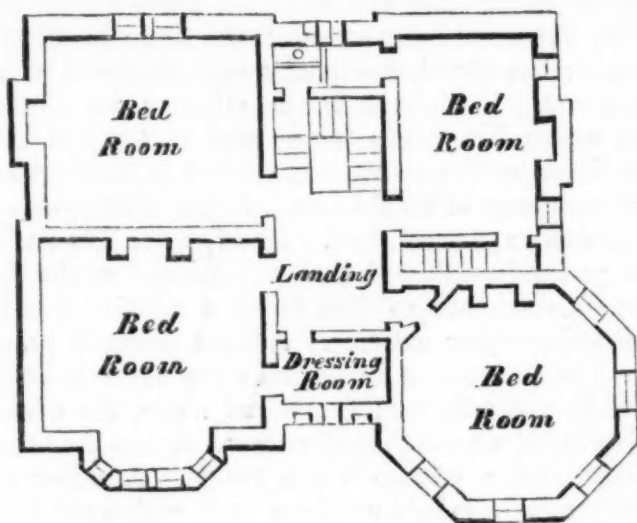
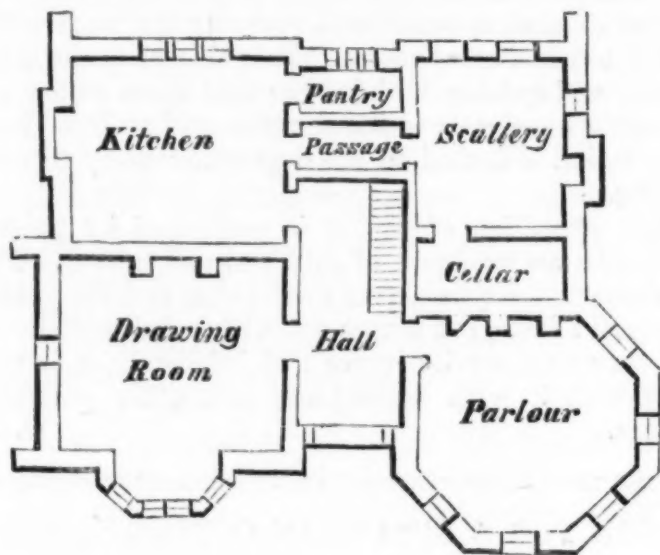
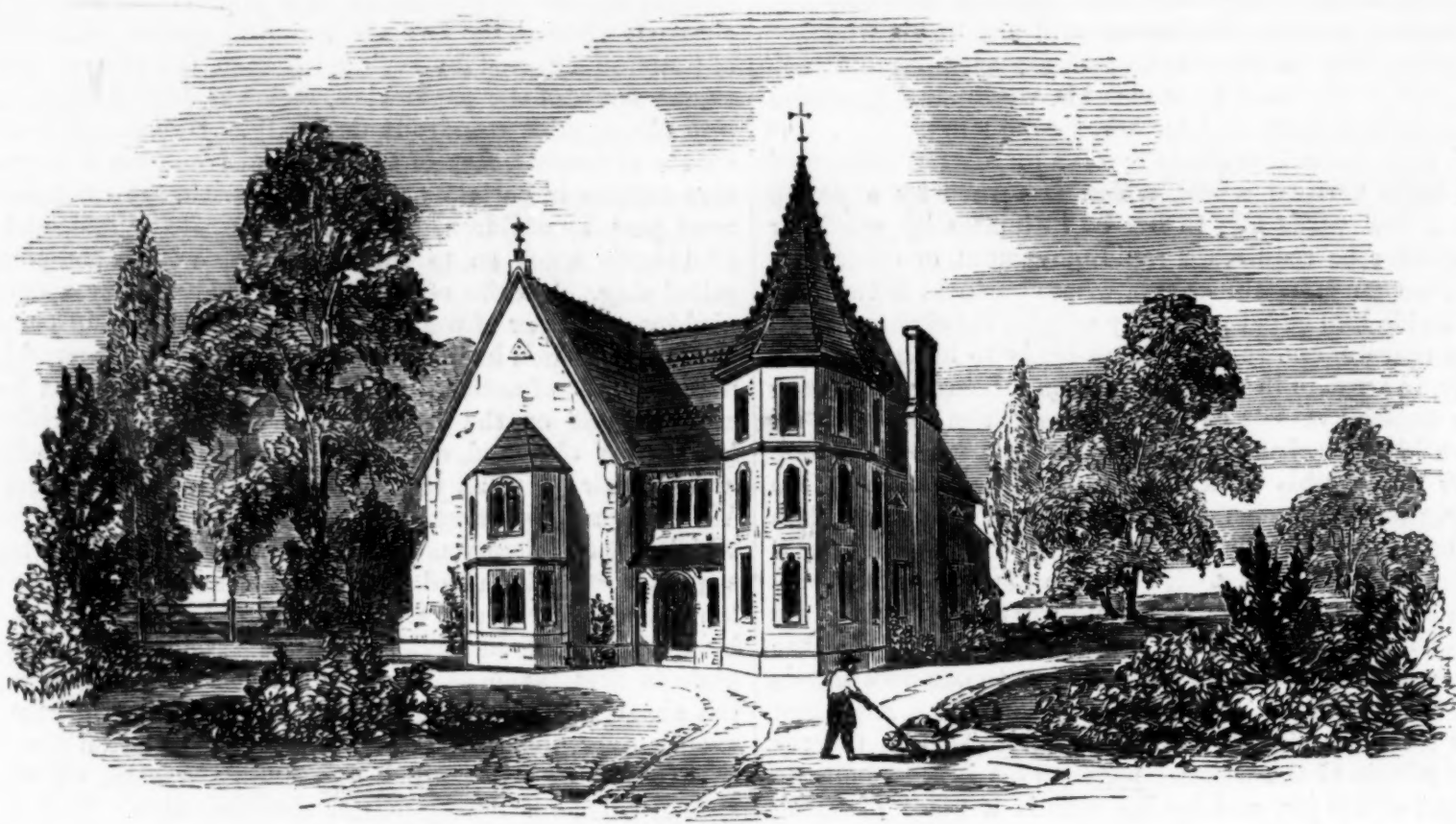
The operation of gilding is performed by painting the ware with an amalgam of gold and quicksilver. Placed in the furnace, the quicksilver evaporates, and the gold returns to its solid state, but comes out with a dull surface; so that, in order to restore its lustre and brilliancy, it is necessary to burnish it with bloodstones and other polishing substances.

C. A. J.

DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN COTTAGE-RESIDENCE.

By E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

THERE are ten rooms, besides offices, in the accompanying design, and the cost of erection will average about 800*l*. Stone or brick should be used; no cement externally. To the use of the latter material may probably be referred much of the tiresome sameness, prostration of natural thought, and disregard for truth, which characterise our street-architecture. It is so easy and so cheap to stick up details from the same model, that the temptation has been irresistible. We have heard people blame a certain millionaire who had some elaborate plaster ornaments designed for the interior of his house, and afterwards caused the models to be destroyed, that none else might have similar decorations. A little more of this selfishness in architecture is sadly wanted; for good was done in thus discouraging repetition, and impelling once more the exercise of individual thought. Otherwise the forms would have been repeated all over London, and the architect soon have lost the credit due for his peculiar skill and taste, in the plagiarisms which have become so common, but are so perfectly inexcusable. Our design is plain; and therefore there will be but little excuse for tawdry cement-work. Indeed, it will not do now to give much external ornamentation. One of the strange features of our civilisation is, how little appropriate decoration is cared for in domestic habitations; and how niggardly money is doled out on this object. And yet we are richer far than the men of olden time,—far richer than those old burghers of Bruges, of Ghent, and of Antwerp, who lavished nearly as much



money on the outsides as they did on the interiors of their houses. Look again at Venice. Commerce there did not crush the spirit which, not content with gazing on beautiful public buildings and pictures in galleries, still wished to have, surrounding the domestic hearth and outside, where the passengers might gaze, what would tell that the possessor did not content himself with paying taxes for the stately palace and the noble hall, but did something in his own way, and in his own house, to signify his feeling for art. Turn from these buildings to our stuccoed houses, and note how all comes from the same ugly models. We stick up the so-called *ornaments* without regard to beauty, meaning, and truth, instead of boldly carving them in the stone, and, on all occasions, *designing* that which is expressly and peculiarly suited to the site and the purpose, to the age and the people.

Decoration, indeed, there often is in superabundance; but whence come the ideas and forms? Plagiarisms nearly always in architecture from the ancient tangible thoughts. We do more *apparent* work than the old men, but not nearly so much *real* work. We hurry along at a railroad-pace; but it is too fast a pace for any thing but steam. Art requires time, labour, diligent and thoughtful care; and perfection is not to be attained in a hurry. Every thing now must be done quickly; every body is impatient; and every body is at last disappointed with the result. All in the olden time

was done slowly, calmly, and deliberately. Cathedrals progressed during ages; scarcely one abroad is now quite finished, but what is completed is done *well*,—so well, that it is a precious and undying legacy to future times. Then there was harmony between the works of man and those of nature,—for the latter naturally dictate the former; and a building seen in the vastitude of an extensive landscape is a sort of connecting-link between the two:

“And the clear region where ’twas born
Round in itself encloses.”

The penalty of our hot-headed rushing to and fro, of our foolish impatience, of our thoughtfulness of nothing but the money's worth, without regard to intrinsic value, will surely visit us some day. We said before, that the love of home is lost in the changefulness of our abode in the frail things called houses, so hastily run up. In a few years men have forgotten where they settled with the blushing bride, where the first-born calmly slept, where the friends who have departed so often came; the fireside where their parents sat, the spot which domestic affection and friendship should have hallowed. And we shall find out at last that, if this changefulness continues, as it bids fair to do,—that settledness of abode which so powerfully contributes to the prosperity and happiness of the members of a nation being destroyed,—we shall not have long to wait for more portentous changes.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. X.

PAINTED BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

BYRON'S EARLY LOVE.

3 AP 57

BYRON'S EARLY LOVE.
"A DREAM OF ANNESLEY HALL."

By E. M. WARD, R.A.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting"

If the painting here engraved had been no better than the verses which supply its motto, our task of comment and criticism might indeed be brief. A few words in explanation of the lines will be serviceable, however, in elucidating the subject of the picture; which are the more necessary, as most of the glare and all the smoke having cleared away from Byron's reputation, the present generation is comparatively ignorant of the stormy passions through which he passed, and contentedly rests its judgment of him upon his works as a poet.

After many a boyish love-freak, Lord Byron seems to have experienced the reality of the passion in its highest manifestations for the beautiful Mary Chaworth. She, however, by no means reciprocated his feeling, and in the dignity of her eighteen years treated the peer of sixteen as a boy, not appearing to have even disguised from him her regard for the gentleman she afterwards married,—a Mr. Musters. Byron's affection for the lady was undoubtedly deep-seated and sincere; for the effect of her indifference told greatly upon his after-life, and is expressed in the "fatal remembrance" to which he alludes in the verses.

The subject of the picture is Byron moodily contemplating Miss Chaworth while dancing at a ball in her father's house at Annesley. Of its execution we may say, that it exhibits the usual qualities of Mr. E. M. Ward's works, and may also remark the skill with which he has designed the action of the left hand of Byron himself, holding, as he does, the skirt of his cloak as a screen before his lame foot. If this be intended as a subtle hint at the tyrannising vanity of the poet's character, which led him to make this personal defect the chief misery of his life, it is a very excellent point skilfully introduced. The figure of Byron appears to be somewhat manly for that of a youth of sixteen. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and has been engraved in the illustrated edition of Moore's *Irish Melodies*. We are indebted to Messrs. Longman, the publishers of that work, for permission to re-engage the subject for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. L. L.

AN EVENING AT THE — INSTITUTE.

It was evening, in a certain manufacturing-town in the eastern part of Lancashire; a hard, dry, bitter cold was abroad; casual drops of water on the pavement froze into hard knobs of ice; and where the carts passed the ground was strewn with powder of earth and ice. In one of the principal streets, where gas-jets were flaring in all directions, people were busily hurrying to and fro, and the hard struggle for life was carried on with more than ordinary activity, at the entrance of a large hall were fixed two lamps of a special brilliance, from which were suspended huge placards, on which were printed, in letters of notable size, "Go and see Captain H—'s demonstrations." In the interior of this hall were assembled about 1500 people. The gallery was chiefly filled with artisans, weavers, mechanics, railway-porters, and an indefinite number of youths. There were likewise visible in the front seats (they had hard fighting for them, too) numerous mothers of families, supporting their infants with one hand and holding the house-key in the other. In the body of the building were the upper class of operatives; and in front was a sprinkling of wealthier people, and a satisfactory number of Quakers. Five performers were playing furiously some fashionable music. One of these men had such a round red and white face, great black eyes and whiskers, such well-defined eyebrows and imperial, in fact, possessed

such a peculiar and noticeable style of beauty, that he was deservedly regarded by the female sex there gathered together as one of the most attractive features of the place. Wit and repartee, disguised in the provincial dialect of the place, were audible enough. In fact, the gallery-people were on the best of terms with themselves and the musicians, and held colloquial discourse freely with the latter. On the appearance of the lecturer, the shouting, yelling, and applause, rose to a terrible height. He was a large, heavy, powerfully-built man, and with that swinging step which smacks of sailor-life, and that easy play of limb which indicates an almost indefinite amount of strength. He was a man of the O'Connell type. Phlegmatic-bilious temperament, a well-developed massive head, a powerful eye, and an expression of benevolence, humour, and self-reliance, were obviously his characteristics. What if he were rather roughly attired, if his letter "h" was occasionally missing, his verbs sometimes oddly conjugated, and their agreement with their nominative wholly disregarded? He was perhaps a rough specimen, but he held his own well. Mr. Jonas Stubbs was seated in the front row. He was a most respectable stout young gentleman; he appreciated to the utmost extent two things—his own person and his own wealth. Moreover, he was engaged, and on the point of marriage, with a young lady of the most genteel sort. He had come prepared to disabuse the public mind of several misconceptions, and to unmask and upset the system of the lecturer completely; in fact, to deal one heavy blow at mesmerism, so that it should never raise its head again in Mr. Stubbs' natal town. He considered very justly, and with unanswerable logic, first, that it was all humbug; and secondly, that if not, it was something much worse. In this frame of mind he listened to the opening address. What there was of it was certainly not very much to the point. It was something in this style: "The British people have always been celebrated for fair play. The Americans are not any thing like us in that respect. (Cries of 'That's true.') They call themselves a go-ahead people; but so are we; we not only go at it, but we go always at it, and we go all of us at it." (Immense applause.) Here a girl, with a very abstracted expression of countenance, and a gait as though she were slightly deformed, walked across the lecture-hall, and disappeared into a little room, where comfort and refreshment in the way of a fire and looking-glass were provided, as appeared from the glimpse which the opening of the door afforded. (Audible whispers of "That's her.") Mr. Jonas Stubbs, not to lose an opportunity, remarked loudly to those who were near him, "That, I suppose, is one of the paid victims." By this artful remark, you perceive, he had included both sides of the case. Pay denoted humbug; and the word victim contemplated the darker supposition. The lecturer continued: "When I was at Cronstadt there was a ship commanded by an American, many years ago. And the Emperor Nicholas went aboard of it; and all the flags of the different nations were hoisted in honour of his visit. Above them all waved the stars and stripes. (Murmurs of, "Shame," perhaps rather unreasonably.) And when the emperor ascended the ladder (here he enacted the part with much effect), what did he see but the Union-Jack spread as a carpet for his feet. (Perfect uproar of yells and catcalls.) What did he do? (Here Captain H—, in his character of emperor, made suitable demonstrations of horror.) He ordered it to be raised up and hoisted aloft, saying, 'I will never tread on the ensign of that noble nation.'" (Hurricane of applause; cries of "Well done, old Nick—Union-Jack for ever.") We will now proceed to our demonstrations. "Any lady or gentleman,"—here he was interrupted by a tumultuous rush of at least thirty men and boys on to the stage. He arranged them all on benches in a semicircle; three young ladies from the little room had already seated themselves. A paralysed woman, two cripples, and a blind boy completed the lot. Every one was silent as Captain H— passed among them, laying his hand on the forehead of each in succession. Some half-dozen closed their eyes at once; these he placed apart. The rest

he made stand up one by one, and made passes behind them. Some staggered back towards him; others reeled after him; these again were grouped together. A few showed no sign of any sort; these he patted affectionately on the back, and dismissed them to resume their seats among the audience. Finally he arranged some ten in a semicircle; they regarded the spectators with a peculiarly imbecile and stolid air. The musicians struck up "Bobbing around." All those that were standing commenced such indescribable writhing and contortion, that they appeared to imitate lively maggots in cheese. He then touched their heads; and while the girls continued writhing the lads fought imaginary enemies with fury. One was in his own imagination a sheep, and bleated piteously; another was a monkey, and favoured the audience with all the absurd chatter and gestures of that unclean animal. After a meal of green leaves, he ascended a pole, and perched himself in such a position as his sober senses would hardly have suggested. Another swam vigorously on the floor, to the intense delight of his comrades in the gallery. Captain H— brought forward the sheep.

"I never saw this young man before; does any one know him?"

"He works for Astow's Mill; he lives hard by."

Another was presented; and he was proclaimed to be "Adam Hope, a stone-mason;" and so forth; they were all challenged by their respective friends and acquaintances. At length Captain H— pointed to the interesting animal aloft:

"Does any one know this lad?" he demanded.

"He be my son," screamed a woman; "and he has eat twice as much sin' he wor mesmerised."

They were then awakened. The monkey descended with every appearance of uncomfortable terror; the sheep ceased to bleat; the people in the gallery took on themselves the continuation of that performance; and the subjects seated themselves, looking puzzled and hot, on the benches facing the audience. The lecturer placed them again in a row, and connected them one with another by means of a small brass-chain, the extremity of which was placed in a pitcher of water, in which he had previously been, to all appearance, washing his hands. The result seemed extraordinary; the lads presented the same symptoms as it is well known those do who receive a strong shock from an ordinary electric machine. And presently the platform was a mass of prostrate lads, struggling furiously to free themselves from each other, and yet apparently obliged to retain their hold. "Talk of table-turning," exclaimed Captain H—, "look here;" and springing upon a chair, he began to wave his hands in a circle round him, at first slowly, but gradually increasing in velocity. The lads rose, and ran round and round the chair. When he changed the current, they turned and commenced running the other way. Those who did not change quickly enough were pushed over, and trampled on; they seemed invulnerable, or possessed, for they got up and followed the others. Then there was a lull. Jonas Stubbs gave an audible groan, and Captain H— regarded his subjects with a benevolent air. Now Mr. Stubbs had been for some time boiling with indignation; and at this moment his good genius prompted him to active measures, and to a personal exhibition. So when the lecturer demanded again, "Any lady or gentleman," he rose from his seat with that deliberation which at once indicated his respectability, and ascended the steps on the right of the platform. It so happened that a black man present was at that instant seized also with an inclination to appear in public, so that he rose on one side of the stage precisely as Mr. Jonas Stubbs appeared on the other; and the sable man and the white gentleman faced each other suddenly. This circumstance was in itself enough to create amusement in an audience prepared for joking. For an instant Mr. Jonas regretted his determination; he could have wished to have been in less remarkable companionship—but there was no help for it. Captain H— asked the customary question: "Does any one know this young man?"

"I am Mr. Jonas Stubbs," returned the latter, with a stern air, which might have disconcerted any impostor; "and this," pointing to the black, "I don't know him; I never saw him before." (Black man grins.)

Solemn voice from the gallery: "I know he; he be Cooky Sam." (Cries of friendly recognition.)

"You'll find," said Jonas, "you have no power over me; I'm not a wretched dupe or a paid emissary."

"Ah, no, very likely," said Captain H— smiling; "permit me to try. No; you are a very difficult person, I see." He passed his hands caressingly over their heads and down their spines. "No; you are very difficult," he continued; "determined not to be taken in. Eh, Mr. Stubbs?"

Mr. Stubbs did not answer; but his eyes looked very lack-lustre and sleepy, and the ebony man ceased to grin.

"Now," said Captain H— sharply, "you can't tell me your name, Mr. Stubbs."

Stubbs opened his jaws, and made great demonstrations of eloquence, but not a sound or whisper came forth; he glared in impotent fury at H—.

"Try," said the latter encouragingly; "you'll only stammer."

"Jo—Jo—Jo—Jonas!" gasped the unhappy Stubbs, and then stopped short.

"Now you will perceive," continued Captain H—, handling Stubbs as if he were a child, "he is a negative, this black gentleman is a positive." He placed them back to back, and so they remained; Stubbs advanced, black man ditto; he stepped the other way, black man still firmly pinned on to his back; Stubbs shook himself, black man grinned from one ear to the other, leering frightfully over Stubbs' shoulder; Stubbs walked in circle, still the same; whenever he turned his head he only saw the whites of the black man's eyes. Captain H— touched some part of his head, and Mr. Jonas exhibited the most extreme terror. No wonder; his dark friend hissed, chattered, and grinned, like some hideous ape, twisting his head into the unhappy man's face. Stubbs shrieked, implored, and at length burst into a paroxysm of noisy grief, which produced the remark from aloft, "Now he do cut up dirty." Sinbad's old man of the mountain was nothing to it: the more he ran about the greater was the agility displayed by his tormentor in holding on to him. To behold any man in such a plight was fun, but to see a gentleman of such prickly respectability and defiant demeanour so victimised was charming; and the exhibition was keenly appreciated. At length they were permitted to separate. Jonas Stubbs gave one look of profound disgust at the spectators, one glance of inextinguishable hate at Captain H—, and, amidst roars of laughter, he rushed down the steps and out of the hall. People do affirm, that the match of Mr. Stubbs with that most genteel young lady was completely broken off by the unfortunate "demonstration" of that evening.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It is pleasant to find a severe politician and stern realist like Mr. Roebuck inaugurating a new School of Art at Sheffield, and instructive to mark the feelings and views with which he does so. He seeks to confirm the opinion of those who hold the need of art to be universal, and who rank the effort to train and gratify it amongst the most promising movements of the time. Little as Mr. Roebuck himself may imagine it, little as many of our readers may be disposed to admit the statement, in opening this new school for the town he represents, he put his hand to a far greater national work than in supporting the Financial Reform Association at Liverpool. And why?

Because these meetings represent respectively the two great classes of agency into which most of the social and political activity of the day is divided—the mechanical and vital; the one seeking to mend the national machinery, the other to purify and enrich the national life. Of these, the influence of the former is obviously limited and temporary, in comparison to the permanent and growing power of the latter, which acts directly on the very springs of political strength by invigorating the life-blood of the people. The one is at best but a question touching the better keeping of accounts in the national household; the other relates to the training and highest welfare of the children. An association like the Financial Reform, for instance, relates at most to a little food or raiment more or less; but agencies like the schools of art affect the national life, which is more than food, and the body-politic, which is more than raiment. Not, of course, that the bread-and-cheese question is an unimportant one; on the contrary, it is in a sense the most important, as lying at the foundation of every thing else. But just because it is thus a first necessity, it secures the first attention, and is in no danger of being neglected; while the higher wants of the people,—their need of knowledge, intelligence, rational enjoyment, and self-control,—because less obtrusive, are more likely to be lost sight of, and remain without any adequate provision. In a country like our own, however, the gratification of these necessities becomes an indispensable condition of growing national prosperity; material success being, in fact, a curse instead of a blessing, apart from the manly sense, freedom, and intelligence which turn it to noble uses.

It is cheering, therefore, to observe that these higher national wants, though by no means yet sufficiently considered, are daily rising into fuller recognition. The abstract question of national education, for instance, may be considered quite settled. Thirty years ago, peer and prelate, squire and parson, would have raised their hands in unaffected horror at the thought of teaching the rustics around,—the common people, the lower orders, as they are called,—to read and write. Now all that has passed away never to return. Men of all sects and parties equally admit the right of the people to be educated; and all agree that such education is indispensable to the national welfare. But while it is thus universally admitted that all, even the humblest, have faculties of knowledge that ought to be trained, the equally important fact, that they have imaginations to be exercised, and capacities of enjoyment to be gratified, is still too much neglected. To this neglect, which runs through our whole system of education and social life, may be traced many, if not most of the social evils that press so heavily upon us. Its working may be clearly seen in the brutal violence of the lowest, and the shameful swindling and corruption so prevalent amongst a better class, cropping out, on the one hand, in a Marley and a Sykes, and in a Robson and Redpath, on the other. No doubt it may be true of a few conspicuous criminals that, like poets, they are born, not made; but the great majority are produced by the defects of the system in which they have been reared. Of many a one now wasting in the convict-prisons of the country powers that, with a wise and liberal training, might have turned to good account, what Michael Zetra says of Lord Dunley holds true:

"He was restrained, they say,
Austerely when a boy. I've known such cases,
Where, the curb suddenly withdrawn, the youth,
Defrauded hitherto of due delights,
And losing self-respect from daring once
To taste some lighter joy,—unwisely classed,
In teaching him, with things forbidden justly,—
And knowing no gradation, has at once,
With a ferocity of liquorish relish
Unknown to those of looser bringing-up,
Plunged into pleasure."

There is too much of this austere bringing-up in our whole national system; the children of the poor, as Charles Lamb truly said, being in many cases not brought up at all, but "dragged up." The systematic suppression or neglect

of some of the noblest powers and strongest sympathies of our nature is by no means, however, confined to the treatment of the poor. It is too much forgotten, in dealing with children and young people generally, that they must have their seasons of relaxation, their leisure-moments, their chosen recreations and delights; and that, if no provision is made for these, one of the most important parts of education is neglected. The education of the playground, it has been suggested, is as important as that of the school-room; but it would not be too much to say, that it is often far more influential in determining future character. For the education of leisure-hours is chiefly of the kind to which we have referred—of the imagination and the affections; while school-work for the most part addresses only our intellect; and if you make no attempt to train and occupy the former, it matters comparatively little what is done with the latter; effective influence will soon be lost altogether. What Fletcher of Saltoun said of the most popular kind of amusement—"Let me write the people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws"—is universally true, applies equally to the nation and the individual. The character of a people is far more determined by their chosen pleasures, their voluntary habits and recreations, than by the laws under which they live. And with regard to ourselves, it is not so much what we know,—not even what we do in our ordinary occupations,—as what we voluntarily choose and love, that makes us what we really are. So, where children are trained to delight in the works of nature and the creations of art, their imagination is opened and their affections directed to what is pure and healthful, and their leisure-moments filled with occupations, not only innocent, but refined and elevating. By thus implanting a taste for higher and purer pleasures, a most effective barrier is erected against low excitement and vulgar dissipation; for refinement of mind, if not absolutely virtue, is certainly a strong protection against some of the most common and seductive forms of vice.

This view of the matter, though not yet fully adopted in theory, is, we rejoice to assure our readers, partially recognised in practice. The schools of art connected with the Central Department of Science and Art at Marlborough House, which are rapidly springing up in most large towns through the country, aim at meeting, at least in part, this great national want. They are, in the widest and truest sense, popular, designed and adapted for the people, bringing sound art-education to their very doors, and placing it within the reach of all. These schools are, moreover, eminently successful; and the value of the work they are doing amongst the rising youth of our populous towns can scarcely be overrated. We shall have an opportunity of showing this more at length hereafter. Meanwhile we commend to the attention of our readers the following instructive facts. There are at present nearly seventy of these art-schools in various parts of the country, having an aggregate of twelve thousand pupils; and, through the lessons given by the masters in the national and other public schools, extending art-education to twenty thousand more. So that at the present moment upwards of thirty thousand pupils, chiefly of the humblest class, are in these schools receiving a thorough art-education.



PRUSSIAN POLICE.

By DR. SCOFFERN.

LEST any untravelled Briton should innocently surmise, that policeman 146 of the metropolitan division A is the type or eidolon of the police-force all over the world,—modified perhaps by dress and general get-up, even to the minutiae of a truncheon somewhat longer, shorter, heavier, or lighter, than the regulation-staff of one of Sir Richard Mayne's præ-

torian guards,—I beg to undeceive him. Reader, feign to yourself whatever living symbolisation of departed power and blighted energy you please—an adder without her poison-fangs, a lion without his claws, a soldier without his arms; a trunkless elephant, a toothless dog,—picture to yourself each and every one of these creatures in the two respective conditions of energy present, and energy departed, then you shall have, on the faith and honour of one who has seen both, the true leading or characteristic idea of a British and a foreign policeman.

Let us look deliberately at policeman 146 A as he sallies forth with his companions to take up his beat. Does A 146 give you the idea of being a warrior? is he decked out in clothes trimmed with gold or silver braid? has he a sword, a pistol, a carbine, Minié, or bayonet? Except he be engaged on peculiar service he has none of these; and even in neighbourhoods where the use of a sword has been conceded to him, the English policeman treats it as a thing which he would rather be without, an appendage which he is somewhat ashamed of. A 146 is essentially a civilian; he is taught to consider that his major duty shall consist in keeping the peace; that his sphere of life affords him no scope for the display of brilliant valour; and so little is the peppery excitability of the warrior instilled into policeman 146, that if by chance he ventures to use the only weapon of offence he is permitted to carry,—the staff,—he had better be prepared to explain the reason why, at the next police-court sitting, or it may go hard with him. Thrice happy may policeman 146 consider himself if his broken arm, or mutilated hand, justify to society the use of the redoubtable truncheon. Even to the gait and movement of his limbs, policeman 146 A is a civilian. Like a soldier, the policeman undergoes a drill; but it is rather a drill of mental than corporeal faculties. He is taught not goose-steps, and marches quick and slow; nor do his superiors care much whether his toes turn in or out. A straight-backed, up-nosed policeman is no phoenix in the eyes of inspector X. Whatever repute 146 is hereafter destined to achieve must be achieved on other more intellectual grounds than these. Accordingly, you will not marvel that A 146 is never addicted to the outward quips and cranks of military dandyism. He is, however, a fop in his way; but his foppiness takes a civilian turn, belonging to the class to which appertains the foppiness of those who affect a slouching gait and slovenly make-up, to show how devoid they are of—what? that which these very outward demonstrations prove them to have—*affectation*. If I may be permitted to set forth one striking affectation which 146 possesses, it is the affectation of stooping; just, I suppose, to show his thorough civilian bent, his freedom from all military compulsion in such minor matters.

Let no ill-natured person (good-natured ones need no admonition),—let no ill-natured person, I say, accuse me of laughing at our police-force, turning them to ridicule, or impugning the system which tends to make them civilians rather than soldiers. I desire no such thing, but only aim at sketching an extreme illustration of the English system of police, that we may the better perceive by comparison the distinctive features of a Continental and a British policeman. Continental—but I must not be vague. I have seen a little of the police-force of many foreign states: but I have lived in Prussia; his gracious majesty Frederick William having conceded to me the privilege of being a Prussian householder; so I know something about the ways of Prussian police. Just as 146 A is every inch of him a civilian, so is his Prussian representative—by name, and by name alone—every inch of him a soldier. To such extremes, indeed, is the military type affected, that but for the circumstance of his not being armed with the redoubtable "*Zündnadelgewehr*," or needle-gun, I should not perhaps even now, with all my experience, be aware that the man with spiked helmet and glittering peak, sword and belt, trousers striped down the leg, frogged tunic, and prim turn-out, was not an individual member of some particular regiment of Prus-

sian infantry. You are desirous of becoming intimate with the duties of the Prussian *Polizei*? Very well, then; follow me into the dominions of his gracious majesty Frederick William, and you shall soon be made acquainted. You first sit down at an hotel of course; and there, if you are only a bird of passage, a mere travelling Briton—here to-day, to-morrow away—you are likely to come very little in contact with the Prussian *Polizei*. They know more about you, however, than you think. Personally, the police *bureau* and yourself are strangers to each other; but the chief of local police knows a good deal more about you, your antecedents, and your movements, than you are disposed to imagine. Your passport, which *Meinherr* of the *Gasthof* has politely taken charge of, has gone to the police-office; your complexion has been duly noted; your linear dimensions translated from English feet and inches into German measure; your personal beauties and defects, along with your age, or the statement of it, which in the case of a lady passes for the same,—all mercilessly recorded in the *Polizei* register.

Supposing you to be only a casual traveller, all this will be done so quietly, so unostentatiously, that were it not for the existence on your passport of certain impressions in black ink and blue, and certain grains of sand still clinging to a miserable attempt at a likeness of the king of birds, you would never be made aware that your passport had been out of *Meinherr* the landlord's possession. If, however, you desire to become a housekeeper, then you and the *Polizei* will become much better acquainted. You must apply at the police-office personally to answer any questions which may be propounded, amongst which will certainly be the object of your desiring to live in Prussia. All this is very foreign to your inborn British notions of free agency, and so forth. The police-officers of his Prussian majesty give you the impression of being troublesome enough; but, I must say the truth; they execute their numerous and conflicting duties like gentlemen; and if you are an honest man, not given to talk politics, or smuggle *Punch* (our literary friend, Mr. Punch, be it understood), I don't think you will have much trouble. I write now of Rhenish Prussia, the paradise of the king's dominions; and this being premised, let me do Rheinlanders the justice to observe, that whoever smuggles any other punch into that region of good eating and drinking, will not only do a very unnecessary thing, but a very foolish one. The Rheinlanders have their own punch; and such punch! The best English concoction under that name is no more to be compared to it than gin to Maraschino.

Well, you at length obtain your license or permit. It may be awarded for any time that seems fit, all things considered, to the police-authorities. Perhaps for weeks, or a quarter, or half-a-year, seldom longer; but when expired, you will have no difficulty in renewing it. Indeed, I have known some easy-going harmless British individuals who treat their renewal of license very much as I treat the renewal of my British Museum reading-ticket—that is to say, I *never* renew it; but in that case one had better mind his Ps and Qs, take off his hat unflinchingly to the most unimportant member of the genus *Polizei*, and in other respects be pre-eminently civil; else he will discover to his cost that certain cumulative fines attach to each omission of non-renewal. So long as you remain in any one Prussian town your passport is hoarded at the police-office, and you cannot reclaim it without giving due notice. It will be ordinarily impossible, therefore, for you to leave a Prussian town without cognisance of the police; and, lest the police should give you your passport inadvertently before all your local debts are paid, a creditor has the power of attaching the passport. This desire on the part of the police authorities to get hold of your passport is not peculiar to Prussia, but prevails more or less in every country which grants passports. Nevertheless, I cannot say that the police authorities of either France or Prussia are very stringent in the matter. I once knew an Englishman who determined on taking up his residence in Prussia, and who did as every

sensible person who has a passport will try to do—keep it. Not having delivered up the passport to the police, though for some days he had taken possession of his domicile, a functionary of the *Polizei* called upon him for the document. All that the Englishman could say in German was "Ja" and "Nein," though he could understand a great deal more. The policeman touched his hat: "Your passport, sir."

My little friend pulled off his hat, shook his head violently, and ejaculated, "Nein."

"Do you understand?"

"Nein."

"Your passport?"

"Nein."

"I must have it."

"Nein."

"Where is it?"

"Nein."

"Ach der tolle Engländer!"

"Nein."

The policeman was at first inclined to be annoyed; but he finished by laughing outright, and walking away. My friend gained his point; he never lost sight of his passport.

Well, your residence-license is granted; you take possession, and will want servants. You need not wait long. Remark that each girl who comes to offer her services brings with her a book and a basket. I will explain the use of that basket by and by; meantime remember, please, it is called the excuse-basket—the *excuse Körbchen*. She opens her book. What is written there? You shall see. It is a register-book, endorsed by the police, of her birth, parentage, and character; the places she has occupied hitherto, the duration of residence in each place, when she left the last place, and why she left. A servant's character so well accredited as this is something like a character. You may trust to it implicitly. And now about the *excuse Körbchen*. Its origin is referable, like many other ingenuities, to the suggestiveness of woman's brain. To speak plainly, it is a machine for deluding his majesty of Prussia's police, and turning them to scorn. A German servant-girl must sometimes go out of the house of course; she must go to market, and go a-shopping; for the shopkeepers of Rhenish Prussia, of which I write, don't at all understand our London tradesmen's notions of sending things home. In either case she will require a basket; and so it comes to pass that a basket, the inevitable basket, is regarded as indicative of her being out on duty, just as the policeman's sword proclaims that fact for him. Well then, just as a policeman will expect to roam about without let or hindrance so long as the shining Elberfeld blade dangles from his belt,—every body making room for him, nobody daring to question whither he goes, or to what end,—so the servant-girls expect an equal amount of free locomotion when from the arm of each dangles the *excuse Körbchen*. Strangely enough the policemen don't see through the trick. Ah, that wicked *excuse Körbchen*!

As you intend to reside some considerable time in the Prussian dominions, you will perhaps set about papering your rooms. Take care in doing this you do not give the police cause to pounce down upon you. What on earth of vice can there be, you will perhaps say, in the papering of a room? Learn, then, for your instruction, that the Prussian police are, amongst other things, sanitary officers. Each nest or squad of them—excuse the German names—has its own *Polizei physicus*, or police sanitary physician; whose duty it is to see that nothing be done to the prejudice of the laws of public health. An Englishman whom I knew took it into his head to hang his sitting-room with paper of a certain green tint. To be in a chamber whilst the paper-hanging operation is going on is not agreeable. The Englishman absented himself until the time when he thought the hanging would be complete. He then came back; and was surprised to find the chamber, not merely hung, but unhung. The police had sent people there to strip the paper off. The green pigment, which the English-

man had so much admired, was a preparation of arsenic—*Scheele's Green*; and for this reason it was considered to imperil the public health. A rather far-fetched notion was this;* but I know the event to be true.

Are you in good health and of sound constitution? If not, don't think of falling in love with a German lady. Though she, dear creature, may have drawn up to her own mind a creditor and debtor account of the evil and the good, and decided on incurring the hazard; the *Polizei physicus* may not prove exactly of that train of mind. He may be inexorable; if both the lady and yourself are poor I have no doubt he would be. Nor are Pandora's legacies the only sufficient cause for putting Hymen in fetters, according to the sentiments of a Prussian *Polizei physicus*. He goes into the delicate question of appropriate age. Should your innamorata be older than seems to him fit, or the bridegroom elect too young, or both too young or too old, he again interposes his cruel authority. To do him justice, the *Polizei physicus* does not consider it a part of his duty to learn the state of your or the lady's banking accounts, your chance of legacies, revenues, post-obits, your funded or landed wealth, or any other form the good things of Plutus may for you or the lady assume; but other functionaries do this for you—bad luck to them: so all things considered, it is no joke to get married in Prussia. You fret and chafe and threaten self-destruction. Well, of that you are the best judge; but take my advice—if you would avoid being made a scarecrow of, a warning and example to all future suicidal consumptive lovers, be consumptive to the end. Don't hang yourself, or blow out your brains; as for poison, you can't get it:—tar yourself, and set fire to it; jump into the nearest glass-furnace; or, Mokanna-like, plunge into a carboy of oil-of-vitriol. Lastly, if all these resources are wanting, hire a boat, tie a stone to your feet, row out into the middle of a river, scuttle your boat, and go down. That abominable *Polizei physicus*, he has positive orders to dissect every suicide; to record the exact cause of death, and to send any malformed or abnormal organ to the nearest anatomical museum. This he would infallibly do; and soon in your case, travellers would see, preserved in *fusel schnaps* a shapeless mass, which a legible German label would set forth to be

"DAS GEBROCKENE HERZ EINES ENGLÄNDERS."

But why do I linger thus over disagreeable things? You are neither poor, nor consumptive, nor decrepit, nor a boy. You may renew your license of domicile at pleasure, give parties, drink Rheinwein and Maitrank and Bavarian beer. You are also free to fall in love; but, mind me, do not, as you hope to crown your aspirations with hymeneal bliss—don't commit the solecism in German propriety of asking the lady's consent first. I doubt whether the correctest antecedents, or the fullest banker's account, would ever set that matter right. You would be looked upon as an improper person at once, and for ever. You will think love-making on these terms insipid: so do I; but you are in Germany, not at Rome; and when in Germany—in short, you know the rest. Notwithstanding the strictness wherewith his Prussian majesty and his delegates, the police, take cognisance of preliminaries matrimonial, yet, to be just, they are not so troublesome as their Scandinavian neighbours, a little farther north. It has become the practice of late for Englishmen desirous of marrying deceased wife's sisters to flee to Denmark, and there tie the hymeneal bond. But the sanitary police-law of Denmark will have it that a certificate of vaccination shall be the inevitable prelude to the marriage ceremony; and if the expatriated lovers do not bring each a certificate of that kind they must be vaccinated on the spot!

* Whilst the above was still in type uncorrected, a fact has transpired proving that the Prussian sanitary officers were right, and that my surmise of the idea being far-fetched was wrong. A medical gentleman of Birmingham writes to the editor of a journal to state that he had suffered from sitting in a room papered with arsenical green hangings. The heat of a gas flame-evaporated the pigment, and filled the room with deleterious fumes.

From a bridegroom elect to a chimney-sweep the transition is abrupt. I nevertheless shall make it, in order to mention the next phase which presents itself to my mind of Prussian police-interference. What would an Englishman, brought up in the full conviction that his house was his castle,—what *would* he say, if a chimney-sweep some fine morning were to invade that castle, bag and brush and scraper in hand, without being sent for, and the furniture placed aside out of his sooty presence? What if the kitchen-chimney were *the one* in question, with preparations for dinner going on? There is a proverb which sets forth the issue of fighting and conquering a chimney-sweeper. Perhaps no domestic would summon courage to lay hold of "sootie," and thrust him out; but assuredly he would be made to go out by setting a dog at him, poking him with a spit, or by, in short, one kind or other of physical force; and what is more, sootie would know better than to complain. I should like to see the man who would dare, knowing the consequences, to use physical force for chasing away out of his house a Prussian chimney-sweep. It would not be a sweep—a mere sweep—the ejector had to deal with, but the offended Nemesis who waits on the Prussian police. Chimney-sweeping in Prussia at regular intervals is a matter which belongs to the duties of the police; not that the tight-pantalooned, small-waisted, helmeted, sword-begirted Polizei are in their own persons the gerents of the business which Oliver Twist doated upon. These gentry are far too neat and trim, too fond of perfumed handkerchiefs and yellow kid-gloves to cover themselves with soot. Nevertheless they are chimney-sweeps, in the same sense that sheriffs are hangmen. They don't do the thing themselves; but they are responsible for getting it done. A Prussian chimney-sweeper, then, is *somebody*; he might without much violation of truth consider himself to be a sort of state-messenger employed on peculiar service.

Apropos of the Prussian Polizei chimney-sweeper, I have now an anecdote to tell. A little English friend of mine having taken up his residence as a licensed householder in a Prussian town, did as most English householders are in the habit of doing when their means permit,—gave dinner-parties. It was on the occasion of a dinner-party to be given by him of more than ordinary style, that the intention of the whole was marred by the police chimney-sweeper. My little English friend was a puffy, stumpy, florid man, fonder of Rheinwein than of pump-water, and solicitous in the matter of good eating. He was what German servant-girls call an "Erbsen zähler," which freely translated into English, may stand for "Molly-caudle." He not only liked good-eating, but good-smelling meats; for which reason he occasionally committed the solecism of going into the kitchen, to inhale the savoury odours which arise from a German cooking-stove.

Thus engaged on the day of the feast was my little friend; and his guests, less ceremonious and restrained by convention than they would have been in England, went to the kitchen too. It was a cold day, and the dinner smelt nice. All were hungry. The ladies even—always less epicurean than men—did not hesitate to say they should enjoy it. But suddenly and mysteriously appeared an imp-like thing in black, which the native Germans present recognised to be the chimney-sweeper, but which the English men and women present might take for whom they pleased.

Amidst a peal of laughter from a saucy German girl, who knew what was coming, the black creature announced that he was the chimney-sweeper; that my friend's chimney was down on the register for sweeping, and swept it must be. So away went *Suppe* and *Braten* from the stove; and off went the pipes. His excellency Meinherr Polizei Kaminfeger set to work in earnest. From his back he took a curious machine, having an iron-ball at the end of it and circular brushes strung on a rope at intervals. Climbing to the chimney-top, he lowered the iron-ball into the chimney; and the ball falling pulled after it the brushes, and the brushes pulled down the soot. The process was

agreeable to look at, but somewhat trying to hope-deluded stomachs.

And these, O sword-belted Polizei, are some of your goings-on in strict-schooled Prussia. Do I hate you? No; you never did me wrong. I have ever found you polite. Don't, then, make me alter my good opinion of you by getting the better of woman's wit in the matter of the *excuse Korbchen*. But why should I be thus solicitous? As if a woman were not a match for detective Prussian policemen.

THE STORY OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL, THE ALCHEMIST.

By R. ALFRED VAUGHAN,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS."

ONE fine summer evening, in the year 1357, Nicholas Flamel was sitting in his stall, which occupied the corner of one of the dirtiest streets in dirty Paris. His little house stood in the shadow of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, whose towers overlooked a network of narrow alleys, inhabited by butchers, tanners, and money-lenders. Very unsavoury was this parish of St. Jacques; but nevertheless very rich. For the trades-corporations who ruled the quarter were thrifty and formidable folk. At a moment's notice, they could turn out a host of burly fellows to maintain their privileges; and when princes wanted money, to whom should they go but to the Lombards of St. Jacques? The stately church owed many a decoration without, and many a monument within, to the piety and the wealth of the dyers, the armourers, and the butchers, who had passed their lives under the sound of its bells, and coveted, when dead, a place within its precincts. Flamel, the scrivener, has but to raise his eyes from the Latin deed which he is transcribing, to look across the street, and they rest on the Marivaux gateway of the church. His gaze is directed thither at this moment. His hand, with its busy pen, lies idle on the bench, as he contemplates in a day-dream the mouldings of the arch, and thinks, "If ever I am rich, there shall be carvings of mine, too, on those walls. Yes, mine; poor Notary Flamel's. And why not, some day? Ah, if I could only make them out—"

At this point he was startled in the midst of a deep sigh by perceiving that his wife, Pernelle, had approached him unobserved, and was watching his face with a sorrowful sympathising expression. She did not avert her eyes as he looked up at her: it was he who looked down, and began to examine his pen, as if about to resume his task. Pernelle laid her hand gently on his, and sat down beside him.

"Put it away," said she. "Let me speak to you."

"Well?"

"Nicholas, what is it? To morrow we shall have been three years married; and you have never given me an unkind word or look. But for the last two months you have not been the same man. Your heart is no longer in your work. You don't sing. You go about sometimes as if you were in a dream. What do you do so often now shut up in the room upstairs? There is some trouble or some scheme that occupies you. What is it that a wife should not know? Why not tell me? Have I ever betrayed a secret of yours? I tell you plainly, I have been miserable since this change in you."

Nicholas was silent. He seemed to be considering what she said: so Pernelle, like a wise woman, added not another word, and waited patiently. After a silence, which seemed very long, Nicholas suddenly rose, like a man who has made up his mind. He took both her hands in his, looked her gravely and affectionately in the face, and said:

"Pernelle, you have been prudent; now be doubly so. You shall see that I can trust you. Come up-stairs."

Climbing up a steep dark staircase, they entered their little dormitory—a miserable hole we should call it,—in fact, a decent room for those days. Nicholas unlocked a safe in which he used to keep the law-papers sent him to copy, and



SPENDING A HA'PENNY. BY G. SMITH. (SEE PAGE 376.)

drew therefrom a huge book of great age, bound in brass, which he laid carefully on the little table.

"There," said he. "Now you can look at the cause of your trouble, little tender-heart. About two months since, I bought this book of an old pedlar for a couple of florins. Look at these mysterious characters engraved on the cover. And see here, the inside."

Pernelle uttered a little cry of astonishment. Never had she seen such strange and beautiful figures, or such brilliant colours; though Nicholas had frequently in the house the most costly illuminated manuscripts. On the page at which he had opened the volume was represented a young man, with wings at his ankles, holding in his hand a rod, about which were entwined two serpents; and an old man, with huge extended wings, was flying towards him with a scythe, as if to cut off his feet.

Nicholas turned over the leaf.

On the other side was painted a fair flower on the top of a mountain, bent and fluttering under the blast of the north wind. The stalk of the flower was blue, its petals white and red, and its leaves shining with fine gold. Round about, in the sides of the mountain, were caverns in which dragons lay; and gryphons and gryphons'-nests were seen among the black matted boughs of pine-trees.

"These," observed Nicholas, "are the two sides of the fourth leaf. Now look at the next."

On the right-hand page Pernelle saw a rose-tree growing against a hollow oak, from the foot of which ran headlong a silver-clear stream of water, which many people were trying in vain to catch in vessels. Then, on the other side, was a fierce king, with a falchion, causing his soldiers to slay a multitude of infants, while their mothers were entreating and weeping, and struggling with the murderers. In the next compartment soldiers were collecting the blood

of the infants in a great vessel, wherein *Sol* and *Luna* came to bathe themselves.

"And all this writing," asked Pernelle, after admiring these and other pictures dispersed throughout the book,— "what language is it?"

"Latin," answered Nicholas, turning back to the first page, on which were large capital letters exquisitely coloured. "Those words mean 'Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer, and Philosopher to the Nation of the Jews, dispersed by the wrath of God, wisheth health.' I suspect the book has been stolen from some Rabbi. Then the writer goes on to warn them against idolatry; exhorts them to wait patiently for the Messiah; and at last begins to teach them the art of transmuting metals, that they may be able to pay their great tributes to the Roman emperors, and yet be rich as ever."

"And is it here?" cried Pernelle joyfully. "The great secret? And you will make gold?"

"Ah no, not yet—perhaps never," said Nicholas; "though the book brings me almost into the heart of the mystery. Here you see are the processes detailed one after the other. Those little figures in the margin represent the shape of the proper vessels and the colours that will appear in the course of the work; but the *materia prima*, the elementary substance (and without that the rest is waste paper), is not revealed in words. It is indicated, the text says, in these pictures on the fourth and fifth leaves. They are secret symbols. Unless I can meet with some learned Jew, or find a scholar who knows the cabala well, I shall never find out their meaning. I think that young man with the winged feet means Mercury. Perhaps the old man with his scythe is some metal that is to fix it. But these 'perhappes' and 'I thinks' are good for nothing, you know. I must be sure. And as to the other symbols, I cannot so much as con-"

ture. But they are before my eyes day and night. I dream of them. I see the colours in the clouds. Every garden and every rose-tree sets me to work afresh, trying all sorts of meanings. I keep inserting bits of the pictures in my ornamented capitals. You know how often I have visited the Church of the Holy Innocents lately. The sun and moon seem to me now only alchemic signs, and the sky is just the fifth leaf of this blessed tormenting book."

"Sol and Luna bathing in the blood of the innocents," said Pernelle, very slowly, with a perplexed air.

"I have read," said Nicholas, "that, in the language of alchemy, blood signifies the mineral spirit which is in the metals, chiefly Sol, Luna, and Mercury; but how to get at this—or, if I could separate it,—how this process is connected with the others, so as to become the serpents on the seventh leaf; and how then, by drying or digesting these, to produce the fine ruddy powder which is the stone,—all this is utterly beyond me."

"Well, keep a good heart, dear Nicholas," said cheerful Pernelle. "Doubtless Providence hath sent us the book, and the key may follow some day. Rich or poor, we shall be happy while we love and trust each other fully."

"I too feel all the lighter now that I have let you into my secret. I can at least talk over my hopes and perplexities with you."

And talk they did very often together over their mysterious treasure. Nicholas kept to his account-books and his scribbling, lest he should drop the substance in pursuit of a shadow. But often, far into the night, he was busy with experiments in a secret laboratory, or poring, for the thousandth time, over the figures on the papyrus-leaves of his book, or the mystic characters engraved on its brazen cover. It was all in vain.

At last a bright thought struck Pernelle. If Nicholas were to paint, as exactly as possible, on the walls of their chamber the symbols of those fourth and fifth leaves, and invite some of the learned men of Paris to come and try to interpret them? This plan was speedily put in execution. There came doctors of divinity, jurists and physicians,—for what scholar in those days had not dabbled at least in the hermetic art? Most of them, finding they could make nothing of the signs, ridiculed the notary and his pictures. Others looked wise and talked learnedly, but had no information to give. Pharaoh's magicians were not more nonplussed than these sages by the shapes of Flamel's dream.

One Anselm came repeatedly—expressed much interest—was eager to see the book itself. This request Flamel always refused, but he told him all he could himself explain of its method. On these data Anselm proceeded to give sundry interpretations and counsels for procedure in the great work. It would occupy six years, he said, to go through the whole process. Flamel believed him; and while pursuing his daily vocation, wrought at intervals for three times six years to no purpose. He and his Pernelle were growing staid middle-aged folk; but within those brass-covers lay the romance of their life, and they would not let it go.

At length it occurred to Nicholas that some one of the Jews in Spain, whose reputation as adepts in the cabalistic mysteries stood so high, might be able to afford him the desired information. The thought once entertained, he knew no peace till it was acted on. He made a copy of the figures to take with him; vowed a pilgrimage to Santiago; took pilgrim staff and scrip; and with a "God speed" from Pernelle, is on his way to Spain. There he duly accomplished his vow; and was made acquainted, at Leon, with a certain physician, named Canches, a converted Jew. The Spaniard testified the utmost delight at the symbols which Flamel showed him; interpreted many of them, and instructed him in the secret meanings and the potent mysteries which (according to the cabalists) lay concealed in the Hebrew letters and the vowel-points. He accompanied Flamel on his way back to France, that he might see the wonderful book; of the existence whereof he said he was aware, but (with the learned men of his nation generally) had supposed it lost.

But the voyage brought on an illness of which the unfortunate Canches died at Orleans. Flamel, reduced in purse but rich in knowledge, buried his friend as well as he could, and reached Paris in safety alone. Two paintings on the door of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, just opposite his house, representing himself kneeling on one side and his wife on the other, long remained to attest the gratitude of the pious couple.

And now Flamel has his long-wished-for *materia prima*; but not, even now, the preliminary preparation therefor. To arrive at this demands yet three years more of study and experiment. Then he has but to follow the directions of his book, and the work is done. He has left it on record that in the year of our Lord 1382, January 17th, about noon, being Monday, in his own house, Pernelle only being present, he, for the first time, made projection. The transmutation was effected on mercury; a pound and a half whereof, or thereabouts, he turned into pure silver, better than that of the mine, as was proved on the assaying of the same, both by himself and others.

On the 25th of April in the same year, at five in the afternoon, he effected projection of the red stone, this time producing gold of surpassing quality. And the way in which the final process of "the magistry" was accomplished was as follows.

There were three furnaces, each with its crucible, wherein the "green lion," and the "virgin's milk," and the "sophical mercury" had been duly mingled, with their kindred compounds, for many successive days, under the *regimina* of Mercury, Saturn, Luna, Venus, and Sol. There was, moreover, a circular glass-vessel of great thickness, filled from time to time out of the alembic. And to see "the operations of nature" within these vessels was indeed a wondrous and lovely sight. How the drops stood upon the brow of Nicholas as he regulated his fires, and compared the forms and colours that showed themselves in the liquids with the marginal diagrams in his book! How Pernelle stood by, helping, and muttering prayers and vows, and drawing now and then a great sigh of relief, as each regimen was successfully passed through, and the dangers escaped which might have marred all in a moment!

"Now," cried Nicholas, reading from the book, "after the citrine vapours, thou shalt observe a tincture of a violet colour; and after reiterate solution and coagulation, a gold colour changing into green; and then,—through certain cloudy hues, coming and passing, right pleasant to behold,—into a red which for its transcendent redness shall show blackish like unto congealed blood."

"Glory be to Saint Jacques!" interrupted Pernelle, clasping her hands and looking up, "all these we have seen in right order."

Nicholas went on. "Then wilt thou behold in the glass the floating islands and the tree of silver."

"See, see," cried Pernelle, "there they are!"

And sure enough, as they watched the glass, they saw, circulating in the hyacinthine liquid, first one and then another bright flake, like a fragment of silver tissue; and these shot out tiny sprays and argent buds, and gathered about them bubbles of a green colour, like beads of emerald, which presently detached themselves, and floating to the surface, spread out there, changing into browns and reds, so that the liquid appeared covered with a fleet of autumn leaves.

At the end of two hours, the islands sank to the bottom; and out of the sparkling sediment there began to grow a shoot of silver, putting forth threadlike branches, which again divided themselves into finer filaments, till the lustrous arborescence filled the vessel with its network of glistening needle-points. Then, where the branching was thickest, there seemed to come a dimness, and these denser hazy spots began to flush faintly, and became like balls of crimson, and finally unfolded into fairy-roses. At the third hour the silver was dissolved; and the liquid, having absorbed it, changed from hyacinth to the yellow of sulphur.

Afterwards, out of each rose there came a spark of almost intolerable brightness, like an atom of the sun. The rose-leaves fell apart, and the vessel was filled with the floating leaves and the dazzling particles, rising and falling, passing and repassing each other, as the currents in the working fluid carried them.

"Now," read Nicholas, "take of the blood of the green lion (which is the red wine of Lully), and adding in proportion to the argent vive taken at thy first imbibition, and the hardened centre of the residuum will be thy red stone."

"You, Pernelle, must go to bed now," said Nicholas, taking down a vial containing the precious red liquor. "How you tremble!" and his own hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the bottle.

"And can you think I could close an eye at such a time?" answered she, almost reproachfully.

So they waited and watched with feverish eager eyes the final process. A strange conflict seemed to be going on within the vessel, as the ruddy liquor began to suffuse the primrose-coloured. A tiny glacier of crystals began to form itself on the sides of the glass. In the spiny recesses of this frost-work appeared minute forms, lizard-like,—salamanders, it seemed,—that crept about, and were most numerous where the red colour was deepest. Were they the vivified molecules of the mystic lion's blood? Soon they began to sport and leap among their crags of crystal, and to glide in and out among the bays and reefs and caverns of the rockwork. But what is going on at the surface? At the top of the vessel there is a bubbling and a knocking against the sealed lid. Then a growing thickness, like a honeycomb, overspreads it, from which there shoot downward, like roots, a multitude of waving arms, as of white cord; and at the end of each arm grow five white ends, or points,—as it were the hand of a skeleton,—exceeding small. Presently all the upper half of the vessel is alive with the undulating and waving to and fro of these lithe pendent arms. As the descending hands sweep the liquid lower and lower, there is alarm among the salamanders. Some dart at once into the crannies of the crystals, others swim wildly about, looking for a hiding-place; but most, shooting upwards, are seen trying to bite in sunder the diving arms. It is a deadly conflict. Whenever one of the skeleton-hands has grasped a salamander,—and they feel about and pursue them through every winding as though in every finger there were an eye,—that moment the salamander drops lifeless to the bottom. Whenever a salamander has bitten through the white filament on which the hand depends, the fingers are withered, or the severed extremity of the arm floats about powerless. Is this the final struggle between the alchemic potencies of pallid Luna and fiery Mars? Long does the fight remain undecided. At one time not a salamander seems left; but the next moment numbers dart from their hiding-places, and, eluding the deadly hands, have fastened their teeth in the cordage of the arms. The salamanders are gaining the day. Under large portions of the surface, as he peeps beneath the lid, Nicholas sees that the arms have all been bitten off by the nimble creatures, and the stumps stand stiff and short like stubble. But in a moment a plunge is heard; a thick cloud seems to fill the glass, as though the coagulated surface had fallen in, and diffused its particles throughout the liquor. They can discern nothing. There is a hissing seething noise; a muffled sound, too, as of pressing and crying; and then all is still.

After due time, hearing no more indication of movement, and finding the glass quite cool, Flamel ventured carefully to unfasten the lid; and there at the bottom lay what seemed a fragment of rock, in the midst of a rust-coloured powder.

It was the RED STONE!

And now it were vain to attempt to describe the embraces, the tears of joy, the ecstatic thanksgivings and vows of the worthy pair. With this red stone they could "tinge" huge masses of common metal, and transmute them into finest gold. It was, moreover, to its possessor a kind of

sacrament. To discover it was never granted to the profane man or the sordid slave of gold. The search after it was a religious work. To possess it was to have received a sign of the Divine favour. Nay more, the stone itself was, as it were, a new channel of grace, whereby the soul was nourished, and man's fallen nature transformed and purified. As baser metals were redeemed into the supreme estate of gold, or Sol, so must the finder of the great secret be himself a redeemed man, assimilated to the Sun of Spirits—Deity. Such being the faith of the highest-minded genuine seekers of the philosopher's stone in those days, imagine with what zeal our Nicholas and his Pernelle would employ their new and inexhaustible resources in secret works of mercy; in charities to the widow and the orphan; in the foundation of hospitals and churches; in the endowment and decoration of holy places. And what an amazing scope for their beneficence was opened, as they called to mind another wondrous property of their stone! By drinking from time to time of water in which it had been immersed, life was prolonged and youth renewed. It was endowed with a virtue that removed the shadow of the curse, and restored the life of its possessor to the length allotted man before he fell.

Well was it for Nicholas that his Pernelle was so cautious and so reserved. For they ran great risks. The mere suspicion that they possessed the secret had cost many men their lives. Their inability to make gold was interpreted as a refusal to communicate their knowledge; and death was the punishment of an imaginary contumacy. With all their care, the benefactions of the Flamels could not altogether escape notice, as disproportionate to the known means even of a notary in what would be called a flourishing way of business. Poor mad Charles VI. was prompted to send no less a person than Monsieur Cramoisy, his Master of Requests, to the scrivener of the Boucherie, to see whether he were really so rich as report said, and whether an extravagant court could not turn him somehow into gold. But the quick ears of Pernelle caught tidings of the danger, and precautions were duly taken. So when M. Cramoisy, in splendid trappings, suddenly darkened their door one morning, he saw Nicholas and his wife, surrounded by every evidence of the humblest means, sitting one on each side of a stool, on which stood a beechen platter full of boiled greens. They were safe; but still it might happen that another time they would not escape so easily. So Flamel resolved to take warning in time; and made preparations for quitting a city where so many powerful men in want of money were apt to become distressingly attentive. Great was the lamentation among the poor of the neighbourhood when they heard that the good Pernelle was sick nigh unto death; great the concourse which soon afterwards attended her obsequies, and inconsolable her bereaved husband. But the real Pernelle, disguised in the habit of a charitable order, was meanwhile on the road to Switzerland, whither she arrived in health and safety. Some months afterwards, it was reported that Nicholas Flamel lay ill of an infectious disorder. Inquiries were many, but visitors few. At dead of night, Nicholas, disguised as his own undertaker, assisted at his own interment. Soon he too reaches the place of rendezvous, and embraces his Pernelle once more. From Switzerland they travelled to the East, lived many years at Broussa, and journeyed thence to the Indies.

More than two hundred years after the reputed death of Flamel, a certain *savan*, named Paul Lucas, who travelled in the East by order of Louis XIV., became acquainted, at Broussa, with a learned dervise from Usbec Tartary. Lucas tells us, in his book of travels dedicated to the *Grand Monarque*, that the said dervise (who talked an incredible number of languages with the greatest fluency) was, in appearance, about thirty years of age, but, from his conversation, at least a hundred. He told the Frenchman that he was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met in a place previously agreed on. Four of them had already arrived at Broussa. The conver-

sation fell on the cabala, alchemy, and the philosopher's stone. This last, remarked Lucas, was regarded by all men of sense as a mere fiction.

"The sage," replied the dervise, "is not shocked when he hears the ignorant speak thus. He lives serene and patient in the higher world of true science. He possesses riches beyond that of the greatest kings; but he lives temperately above the power of events."

"With all these fine maxims," interrupted Lucas, "your sage dies like other folk."

"Alas, I perceive you have never had so much as a glimpse of the true wisdom. The sage must die at last—for he is human; but, by the use of the true medicine, he can ward off whatever might hinder or impair the animal functions for a thousand years."

"Do you mean to tell me that all who have discovered the stone have lived for a thousand years?"

"They might have done so, certainly, with proper care."

"You have heard, doubtless," said Lucas, "of an adept named Nicholas Flamel, who lived long ago in Paris, and founded several churches and charities. The arch he built in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, with the figure of himself reading, and a number of hieroglyphic figures, remains to this day; and so do other sculptures and erections of his. Is not he dead, then?"

"Dead!" said the dervise, with a grave smile. "He, and his wife too, are alive at this hour. It is not above three years since I left both the one and the other in the Indies. He is one of my best friends."

And the dervise then proceeded to relate to his astonished auditor the substance of the narrative given above.

Nicholas Flamel and his wife are historical personages. The sculptures on the churches, to which allusion has been made, were to be seen in 1742, according to the testimony of Langlet Dufresnoy. Certain books, too, have come down, bearing his name: a *Summary of Philosophy*, in French verse, after the manner of the *Romance of the Rose*; a comment on the hieroglyphics he erected; also an account of his wonderful book, and his success in projection three several times. Some of our readers may feel curious to know what is the probable substratum of fact underlying that investiture of the marvellous which has rendered him almost mythical.

For the satisfaction of such, we quote the following passage from a note in Michelet's *History of France* (vol. ii. p. 15, G. H. Smith's *Trans.*): "This church (Saint Jacques) lying between Nôtre Dame and St. Martin's, which both laid claim to it, was exceedingly independent, and constituted a redoubtable asylum, not to be violated with impunity. It was this induced the crafty Flamel, who exercised his profession of writer, or copyist, without belonging to, or authority from, the university, to sit down under the shadow of St. Jacques, where he could be protected by the curé of that day,—a man of consideration, clerk (*greffier*) to the parliament, and who enjoyed the cure, though not a priest. Flamel squatted there for thirty years, in a stall five feet long and three wide; and thrived so well by his labour, ready ingenuity, and underhand practices, that at his death it took a chest larger than his stall to hold the title-deeds of his property. Beginning with his pen and a fine handwriting as his sole capital, he married an old woman with some money. Under cover of one trade, he drove on many. Whilst copying out the beautiful manuscripts which we still admire, it is probable that in this quarter, inhabited by rich ignorant butchers, Lombards, and Jews, he contrived to get many other documents written. Work, too, would be brought him by a curé who was *greffier* to the parliament. The value of instruction beginning to be felt, the lords to whom he sold his beautiful manuscripts employed him to teach their children. He bought a few houses. At first, worth little, on account of the flight of the Jews and the general misery, these houses gradually rise in value. The tide setting in from the country to Paris, Flamel turned the times to account. He converted these houses into lodging-

houses (*hospitia*, hospices), letting them out at moderate rents. The gains which then came into him from so many sources gave rise to the saying, that he could make gold. He let them say so, and perhaps favoured the report, in order to increase the sale of his books. However, occult arts were not without their danger; and hence Flamel's unceasing anxiety to placard his piety on the doors of churches, where he was ever seen carved in basso-relievo, kneeling, together with his wife Pernelle, before the cross. And in this he found a double advantage; he sanctified his fortune, and increased it by giving publicity to his name. See the learned and ingenious Abbé Vilain's *Histoire de Saint-Jacques la Boucherie*, 1758; and his *Histoire de Nicolas Flamel*, 1761."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE past month, February, is one of especial interest to scientific men, in consequence of the award of prizes by the Paris Academy of Sciences. The astronomical prize, founded by Lalande, has this year been divided between three competitors,—MM. Chacornac, Goldschmid, and Pogson,—for the discovery of five new planets made by them during the past year. To our astronomical readers it may be no longer "news" to state, that the planets in question are, Leda, Lætitia, Harmonia, Daphne, and Iris,—names of small prettiness, corresponding well with the minor attributes of the five little worlds recognised as belonging to our own system. Of these, Leda and Lætitia were discovered by M. Chacornac, on January 12 and February 8 respectively; Harmonia and Daphne, first revealed to mortal eye at Paris, on the 31st of March and 22d of May, by M. Goldschmid; and Iris, discovered at Oxford, on May 23, by Mr. Pogson. Not a little extraordinary does it seem that the prize for mechanical discovery was not awarded. Utilitarian branches of investigation might have been supposed to lack no worthy competitors in this utilitarian age; but the lovers of science can hardly be displeased at the result. The great mathematical prize was not awarded; nevertheless the money-value of it has been given to M. Kummer, for his researches on the laws of complex numbers composed of roots of unity and whole quantities. In the department of statistics, M. Husson, *chef de division* of the prefecture of the Seine, has obtained the prize for the valuable information conveyed in his treatise entitled *Les Consommations de Paris*. The grand prize of the department of physical sciences appears to have gone begging longer than the popular nature of the subject would have led one to anticipate. Originally proposed in 1847 for 1849, it was again postponed for completion until 1853; then again for 1856. It has now been finally awarded to M. Lerboullet, professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at Strasburg. A second prize, belonging to the same department, originally proposed in 1850 for 1853, and postponed to 1856, has been finally adjudicated to M. G. Bronn, of Heidelberg. MM. Waller and Davaine have respectively obtained prizes for their researches in experimental philosophy. Under the head of discoveries tending to the amelioration of noxious avocations, the successful competitor has been Herr Schrötter, of Vienna, the discoverer of allotropic, amorphous, or red, phosphorus; which curious substance was first brought before the notice of British philosophers in the year 1849, when the discoverer read a paper upon it in the chemical section of the British Association, convened at Birmingham that year. No person acquainted with the nature of Professor Schrötter's discovery in all its bearings can doubt the justice of the award here recorded. Independently of its sanitary bearings, which we shall explain presently, amorphous phosphorus illustrates more remarkably, perhaps, than any discovery made before or since, the mysterious function of allotropism, or duality of existence. When compound bodies are concerned, the philosophic speculator is at no loss to invent a plausible explanation of matter, identical as to chemical composition,

assuming two or more distinct physical appearances. It is easy to imagine that the compound particles of which it is built up are capable of varying arrangements amongst themselves. When simple bodies, however, like phosphorus or sulphur are in question, the hypothesis fails, and the function of duality of existence remains a mystery. Nothing can be more marked than the distinction between phosphorus in its ordinary and its allotropic condition. Ordinary phosphorus is a soft, wax-like, semitranslucent substance, melting at 108°F. , and taking fire when the temperature is slightly augmented. It is, moreover, poisonous in an extreme degree; so that in the manufacture of lucifer-matches, containing phosphorus, all concerned in it are exposed to dire peril. Danger from the ready inflammability of phosphorus can easily be guarded against; not so the insidious danger resulting from the absorption of its fumes, giving rise to disease of the jaws and facial bones. Soon after lucifer-matches became articles of commerce, the fact was discovered, that no person could be engaged in it, with reasonable hope of impunity, if his teeth were not perfectly sound; and even then grave results occasionally supervened. Insidious extension of caries is the first evidence of this form of poisoning by phosphorus. Almost unnoticed at first, the disease extends until the jaw-bones are involved in its ravages, and the patient either dies or is horribly deformed for life. Such are the effects of ordinary phosphorus, or rather, phosphorus in its ordinary condition. Allotropic, or amorphous, phosphorus is devoid of all these qualities. It has no odour; it does not spontaneously inflame; it is not poisonous, even when swallowed; and not being volatile, of course no apprehension need be entertained of poisoning by phosphorous vapour. Its chemical properties are also different: allotropic phosphorus, as the term amorphous, also applied to it, indicates, is not susceptible of assuming crystalline form; neither is it soluble, like ordinary phosphorus, in bisulphide of carbon. These distinctions are profound; nevertheless, ordinary is converted into extraordinary phosphorus by simple heating, at a temperature between 446° and 482°F. , in an atmosphere of carbonic acid or nitrogen; and when allotropic phosphorus is heated, either by friction or otherwise, above 482° , it assumes the condition of ordinary phosphorus, with all the peculiarities of the latter.

Professor Schrötter, however, is not alone in the category of prizemen for ameliorating the condition of artisans following noxious avocations. M. Chaumont divides the honour with him for an invention to effect the separation of long and useless hair of rabbits' skins from the short silky hair employed in the hat-manufacture. This operation, hitherto performed by hand, has proved most insalubrious, on account of the particles of dust and fragments of hair taken into the lungs of the operators. A machine, the discovery of M. Chaumont, so far remedies this state of things, that a prize of 2000*f.* has been awarded to him, with the explanation that the award would have been greater, had the idea not seemed probable that he would speedily improve the construction of the machine already so well inaugurated. Our own countryman, Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, comes in for one of the 2000*f.*-prizes allocated to the department of medicine and surgery, for his discovery of the anæsthetic effects of chloroform. Such, then, is an outline of the prize-awards made by the Paris Academy of Sciences,—homage rendered to philosophy by philosophers. Nor have two great potentates amongst the rulers of the earth failed to profit by so good an example. The Emperor of Austria has forwarded to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of Hatton Garden, a gold medal in testimony of his appreciation of the beautiful series of stereoscopic views executed by these artists on objects in the Crystal Palace; and his majesty of Bavaria has caused another gold medal to be forwarded to M. Schönbein of Bâle, the philosopher of gun-cotton celebrity, and still better known amongst chemists for his researches on ozone, or oxygen in an allotropic form. M. Henri St. Claire Deville, the producer of aluminium in

its full metallic condition, has been devoting his attention of late, conjointly with Wöhler, to the production of boron and silicon, and to a full investigation of the properties of these remarkable bodies. The same investigators had on a former occasion announced the fact of their having obtained boron under two distinct forms, *graphite-like* and crystalline. They now announce that several varieties of boron-crystal exist, all having a sort of metallic splendour as well as great hardness, and some varieties being nearly translucent. Extreme hardness is the leading characteristic of crystallised boron; all its crystalline varieties abrade the diamond, and some may turn out to be practically applicable to diamond-polishing. M. Quillot, a Parisian lapidary, has submitted boron-dust to a practical test in the diamond-polishing operation, and finds that certain varieties of it, when microscopically examined after considerable use, still display the original crystalline form; a test, it would appear, of the goodness of diamond-dust as a lapidary material. Hereafter it may turn out that some peculiarities in the appearance of crystallised boron may be due to the combination with it of carbon or aluminium, or both. The specific gravity of the crystalline or adamantine form of boron is 2.68; little more, it will be seen, than the specific gravity of silicon; greater, too, than the specific gravity of boracic acid. The points are worthy of remembrance, that the specific gravity of the diamond is greater than that of liquid carbonic acid, though the density of aluminium is barely two-thirds that of alumina.

Still more interesting are the labours of these philosophers in respect of silicon, or, as they prefer to term it, silicium, the material which constitutes about one-half of every variety of flint, silex, or silicic acid,—one of the most widely-spread materials of the globe. Like carbon, silicon occurs under three distinct physical forms, which MM. St. Claire Deville and Wöhler propose to designate by the terms of amorphous, graphitoid, and octahedral. Each variety is prepared by a different modification of a process, which in general terms may be said to consist in decomposing chloride of silicon, or double fluoride of potassium and silicon, by sodium and aluminium. MM. St. Claire Deville and Wöhler call attention to the fact, which the reader of these notes may perhaps have deduced already, namely, that the strongest possible analogy exists between the chemical relations of boron, silicon, and carbon. The two former can be readily produced crystalline. Is it not likely that chemists are on the verge of manufacturing diamonds? Dealers in precious stones, and ladies proud of their diamonds, had better keep this possibility in mind.

A somewhat animated discussion has been going on at the Pharmaceutical Society relative to the possibility of manufacturing sweet spirits of nitre, unexceptionable as to quality, from methylated spirit. Mr. Macfarlane, at a recent meeting of that society, laid before the members a specimen of sweet spirits of nitre, which he considered to be equally good with that procured from ordinary unmethylated spirit of wine. On this point some difference of opinion was expressed, and Mr. Redwood was led to deprecate the use of methylated spirit for the purpose in question altogether; this gentleman's proposition being to the effect, that the manufacture, if imperfect, will be the means of sending into the market a noxious medicinal agent; if perfect, that it will furnish a means of defeating the objects had in view by the Legislature, and obliging the Government to repeal the Act of Parliament by which the manufacture and sale of methylated spirit was legalised for certain uses. To produce alcohol from sweet spirit of nitre is no difficult matter, Mr. Redwood argues; if, therefore, the former can be obtained pure, it will only open the field to an illicit production of alcohol. Amongst the extraordinary discoveries of chemistry recently made, we must not forget to chronicle that of the presence of four organic acids,—butyric, propionic, acetic, and formic,—in the mineral waters of Brückenau, in Bavaria, nor the action of ozone on certain mushrooms, by that great coryphæus of ozone and all relating to it, M. Schönbein. He attributes to the agency of ozone the blue-

ness which certain mushrooms assume when their tops are broken off, and the fractured portion is exposed to the air. Alcoholic tinctures of the *Boletus luridus* and the *Agaricus sanguineus* both contain a colourless matter which changes to blue under the influence of ozone; and conversely, the juice of the same fungi contains an organic matter capable of transforming oxygen into ozone.

M. Taupenot contributes to the records of physics his investigations relative to the construction of barometers and the boiling of mercury in vacuo. It is well known that no barometer can be correct, the mercury of which has not been subjected to ebullition; a process of extreme peril, involving the rupture of the tube so frequently, that a barometer holding boiled mercury is an expensive instrument. The operation of boiling is ordinarily performed on successive portions of mercury, the source of heat being gradually moved from the closed to the open part of the tube. M. Taupenot obviates these difficulties in great measure by effecting the ebullition in vacuo. M. Taupenot finds that the boiling-point of mercury in vacuo is about 192° F. lower than the boiling-point under ordinary atmospheric pressure. In conducting the operation, the following arrangements are made. The barometer-tube being taken about fifteen inches longer than usual, it is charged with the full quantity of mercury at once, and then contracted in two places above the level of the mercury by the blowpipe-flame. This is done with the object of preventing a tumultuous and unmanageable boiling of the mercury. The remaining steps of the process are obvious. The open end of the tube being placed in communication with the air-pump by means of an elastic tube, exhaustion is effected, and heat applied until air-bubbles cease to escape. The process of boiling is usually finished at the end of about twenty-five minutes.

In microscopic science, the Rev. J. P. Dennis has proved, to his own satisfaction, by an examination of fossil-bones, that birds existed on our planet at the period when the Stonesfield slates were in the condition of soft mud. He affirms, that the microscopic distinction between the bones of birds and those of mammalia is no less great than between the bones of the latter and those of saurians.

THE 'OMETER NUISANCE.

'OMETERS in general are displeasing to the popular mind. Gasometers blow up; barometers foretell bad weather and tempests, which come quite soon enough without being foretold. Electrometers, anemometers, saccharometers, and hygrometers, are standing puzzles to plain-spoken folk. A galactometer has recently had the effect of frightening a whole army of cowkeepers, in this wise.

The French authorities profess to be very severe in punishing adulterations of every kind, which "every" of course includes the adulteration of milk. Every now and then the police make an onslaught on the falsifiers, and the galactometer is the offensive weapon.

One morning lately, the housewives of Douai were not a little surprised to find that not a single milkwoman arrived with the daily supply for breakfast. The explanation of their absence was, that for two days previously the pitiless police had declared war, without quarter, against the milk-dealers, male and female. The grand question for the historian to ponder is, Was the war of the milk-pails a just war, or an unjust one? The following details may help to solve the difficulty.

A couple of milk-women were politely accosted, and requested to lift the lids of their cans. The galactometer was successively plunged in the vessels; and the indiscreet little instrument declared that the first can contained one-fourth of water, the second can one-third of the same. *Procès-verbaux*, or informations which involve costs and fines, were the consequence of this opening experiment.

Next day, the galactometer presented itself at the gate of the city which is called the Porte de Valenciennes. It

tested the first can that attempted to enter, and proved an advancement in yesterday's sophistications. This time the telltale betrayed the presence of water in the modest proportion of just one-half. Really the temperance movement had gone a little too far.

Meanwhile several persons who were going out of town, and who had watched the proceedings, were instigated by a sentiment of humanity to warn all the milkwomen whom they met coming in from the country. The ladies came to a standstill; their halt was significant; it was a simple confession that they, innocent lambs, were in no hurry to throw themselves into the jaws of the wolf.

But no crime, we are told, goes unpunished, not even the petty offence of adulterating milk. Other travellers, who were coming from the country into the town, remarked the sudden stoppage of the milk-folk, and informed the police of the circumstance. Finding that they awaited their victims in vain, the officials rushed out of the city-gates, to give battle to the delinquents. But their uniform was instantly recognised, and the alarm was given in the enemy's camp. A sudden panic seized the crowd, resulting in a general flight: the carts were twisted right-about face; horses, asses, and mules, received showers of unmerciful whippings and cudgellings; there was a universal rout, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, the result of which was a grand *tableau-vivant*, resembling a battle-piece in every thing but its sublimity.

A milkman, who had nothing but his legs to aid his escape, was arrested; of course his wares were more than doubtful. The contents of his cans were poured out on the ground, and by way of recompense he got a *procès-verbal*. And this is how it happened that *café-au-lait* was scarce at Douai that sorrowful morning. As a consolation, next day the citizens were regaled with what appeared to them as the richest of cream.

E. S. D.



DOMESTIC UTILITIES.

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

Will any of your intelligent correspondents kindly give me some practical information about the Vinegar Plant? I have heard, but can hardly believe it until further confirmed, that the vinegar produced from it is of first-rate quality, cheap, and very wholesome. If it really be so, and producible at a reasonable cost, it is well to make the fact extensively popular, particularly at a time when adulteration seems to be the rule, rather than the exception, among dealers in household stores. What is the plant like? And how is it reared?

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

[The Vinegar Plant is a gelatinous body, greatly resembling in appearance a lump of tough leather that has been steeped in water for a length of time. It is most unsightly to look upon; and, when handled, it feels very much like boiled tripe. It possesses, however, the wonderful property of changing syrup into good and wholesome vinegar, which, the longer it is kept, the better and stronger it becomes.]

The history of the plant is involved in some obscurity. Some say that it was originally brought over from South America; others, that the West Indies gave it birth. Both parties may be right as regards individual specimens; but the plant in general use among us is a native of Britain, and is described by Greville as *Penicillium glaucum*.

Every body must have observed, that when a little stale vinegar is left exposed to the air for a few days in summer,

certain sedimentary bodies are produced in it; and these, gradually attracting each other, soon become a gelatinous conglomerated mass. This is the Vinegar Plant. If a little sugar be added to the stale vinegar, the plant will be all the more perfectly formed, and of fuller proportions.

We will now proceed to unfold the mystery of making acetic acid, or vinegar, from this unlikely-looking fungus; merely premising that we have manufactured our own vinegar from it on a large scale for many years, and found it excellent, both for pickling and for general use. In many country-villages no other vinegar is used.

Having provided a plant, procure a large deep jug or covered jar (the top must be covered over to exclude dust). Place in it half-a-pound of treacle, and half-a-pound of coarse brown sugar. Add to these, two quarts of spring-water, nearly boiling; then stir the whole well together. When almost cold, introduce the Vinegar Plant (which will float on the top); cover up the jug or jar, and put it carefully away for six weeks.

The reproductive powers of these fungi are positively wonderful. Ere the new plant is one day old,—that is to say, disengaged from the parent stem,—it goes immediately to work; and in six weeks' time has given birth to another progeny, prolific as itself. The original parent, be it observed, never ceases its fertility, but continues to produce a new offspring at the end of every six weeks throughout the year.

At the end of six weeks, you may uncover the jar, and you will find its contents to have become strong excellent vinegar. Having removed this, withdraw the plant. Adhering to it, you will find an excrescence or under-layer. Insert your finger carefully between it and the upper layer, and it will divide; leaving you two Vinegar-Plants, one as vigorous as the other.

Again, make a mixture as before; only let the quantities be doubled. Throw in the two plants. These will, in a few months, so multiply as to enable you to supply, not only yourself, but all your friends. Strain the vinegar several times through chemical blotting-paper; then bottle it, and cork it down. The older it is, the more palatable and serviceable you will find it.

The best place to keep the jars, when the plants are at work, is in a warm cupboard in the kitchen. The fermentation then soon commences, and the plant proceeds to develop itself, dividing into two distinct layers. Some people cut the layers into separate pieces, to make them propagate more freely.

Let us, in conclusion, observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the Vinegar Plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of laminae, is quite in accordance with the merismatic division which many of the lower *algæ* propagate.

The more we examine into its nature, the more pleased we shall be with the powers it possesses of longevity and usefulness.

WILLIAM KIDD.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will make you both healthy, wealthy, and wise."

A FEW lines in advocacy of the first of the benefits to be derived from early rising may prove interesting to some at least of your junior readers.

It is a well-established fact, from statistics, that the early riser, *ceteris paribus*, lives longer than the person who remains in bed many hours after sunrise, or who turns night into day. But the reason may not generally be known, except to the professional or scientific.

In the first place, it must be understood, that the atmosphere we breathe is composed of certain fixed gases, viz., oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic-acid gas, and ammonia,—the two last in very small quantity,—and that these exist in certain proportions of admixture. That the gas oxygen is the great

stimulating principle, or supporter, of all animal life; whereas carbonic-acid gas is detrimental to it, being a narcotic, *i. e.* induces sleep.

That the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in an especial and peculiar manner, help to regulate and establish a certain relation between the quantities of these gases during night and day in the following manner. Vegetables, by means chiefly of the surface of their leaves, buds, and stems, give off carbonic-acid gas by night, but oxygen during the day; whereas animals in health, principally through the medium of the lungs and skin, part with carbonic-acid gas, and absorb oxygen by inspiration from the atmosphere.

That, during sleep, the principal functions of the animal body are suspended, it requiring neither fuel or food, but merely positive rest. And therefore a highly oxygenated state of the atmosphere is not only unnecessary, but would prove pernicious if long continued. Consequently night, the period when the air contains its greatest amount of carbonic-acid gas, is most adapted by nature for repose; and, on the other hand, day, being the period when the wear and tear of the body is greatest, is just that in which it can receive its greatest amount of that supporter of animal life, oxygen.

Thus the relative strength of the atmosphere is beautifully regulated by the interchange of the gaseous elements eliminated from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And hence it follows, that the active period of animal life should commence at sunrise and cease shortly after sunset, in order to receive the greatest amount of pure atmospheric air, which is as essential to health as wholesome food is. And to break these natural laws must sooner or later be followed by loss of health.

DRAMATIC CONVERSAZIONI.

MADAM,—As a proof,—though I admit a rather slender one,—that I take an interest in that department of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE designated "The Home," I will contribute the following outline of an amusement for winter evenings, which for a number of years has obtained in the social circle of which it has long been my lot and my benefit to be a member.

The social circle of which I write consists of a large number of ladies, married and single; gentlemen ditto. The single of both sexes preponderate. There is also a full complement of children, making a grand total of about as many as would constitute a complete dramatic company.

From amongst the gentlemen, on the first Tuesday of every month, from November till May, a president is nominated and elected by vote; each individual having the privilege of voting or not as he or she pleases. Should the gentleman nominated not receive votes equivalent in number to three-fourths of the parties present, he is rejected and another is nominated, who must pass through a similar ordeal before he is elected to the high dignity of president.

For a month the president continues in office, and his business is to rule over the meetings; decide on the play to be read on the next night of meeting; appoint the readers for the next night, and also their parts; inform the company when and where they shall next meet, which last information is of the utmost importance, as it is an invariable rule amongst the members that, unless particularly requested, more than one reading shall not take place in the same drawing-room during the dramatic session.

And now for a sketch of the amusement itself. At the place and hour, which is usually half-past seven o'clock, the company assemble; the orchestra, a piano and what other instruments we have, striking up the while a lively overture, which it continues for a quarter of an hour or so. During this part of the proceedings, the *dramatis persone* take their respective places; the readers round a table; the *corps de ballet*, which I may here remark is usually, though not always, composed of children, at one end of the room,

cleared for their convenience; and the audience wherever they can.

As soon as all have occupied their proper positions, the president rings a bell, which is a signal for the orchestra to cease, and the reading to commence. Each character then reads his or her part as it occurs; and if the reader is a singer, sings whatever songs or poetry may happen to be in the part assigned him; or if he really cannot sing, a substitute must be provided; but at all events there is no shying off allowed: and in this manner the reading is continued to the end of an act. At the conclusion of an act, a breathing time is allowed the readers, during which respite the members of the *corps de ballet* perform a dance to the music of the orchestra; which finished, the bell again rings; the next act of the play is proceeded with, and so on we go until the whole piece is concluded; when the orchestra and *corps de ballet* are again called forth on duty.

Afterwards comes the cream of the evening. As it is an established practice among the readers and the entire company (the children, of course, excepted) to study, not only their respective parts, but the whole play, and mark the passages which strike most forcibly by their brilliancy of expression or any other quality, the members come prepared for the conversation which follows the reading; and a most animated and entertaining conversation, I can assure you, madam, it is; and fully justifies me in giving to each of our dramatic meetings the high-sounding title of a Dramatic Conversazione.

The proceedings terminate at eleven o'clock. I must add in conclusion, that it is to a young lady we are indebted for introducing this pleasant recreation among us.

JAMES.

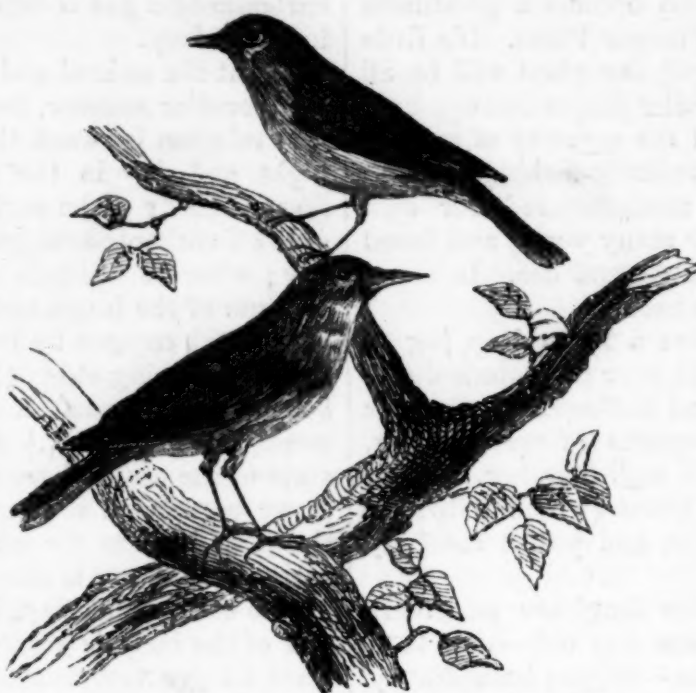
DOMESTIC PETS.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE form and *personnel* of Nightingales are by no means attractive. They are plain-looking birds; but they have a very intelligent eye. There are two species of this bird,—the Lesser and the Greater Nightingale. The former regularly visits this country; the latter is a rarity. Bewick acknowledges to have heard of one, but not to have met with one. I have been more fortunate.

The birds figured on this page will enable our readers to mark the contrast between the two species. Both specimens have been kindly lent me by their owner, Hugh Hanly, Esq. Their plumage and carriage are alike deserving of notice. The Greater Nightingale sings; but his note is far inferior to that of the Lesser. It has no poetry in it, and would excite comparatively little remark when listened to. These birds seldom visit our country. By making themselves scarce, they are the more highly thought of.

The time that this King of Birds is "due" in England is about April 8. I usually see him, and hear him, about that day; if not in my own garden, in some copse not far distant. He loves the county of Middlesex dearly; and there, every season, he and I hold loving converse. It is worthy of note, that the same birds, if living, return to their old haunts every year. They remember hospitality received, and never forget the spots where they reared their young families in security.

As the male birds invariably arrive some ten days before the females, it is desirable to make your purchases early in the month of April; but never buy any bird that is not "meated off;" that is, until he is used to his change of food,



THE GREATER AND LESSER NIGHTINGALES.

and are lovingly waited on, their voices are quickly silenced,—their hearts soon broken. I have had so many proofs of this, from long experience, that I can speak oracularly as to the fact. These are, of *all* birds, the most tender-hearted. They are constant in life, and die (generally) singing a love-song to their mistress. To slight them is as impolitic as it is cruel.

As Nightingales are generally shy birds, it is usual to place them in large cages made of mahogany; the front only being open, and the bars of wood instead of wire. The top, back, and sides, must be close. If your pets are familiar and happy, it will then be desirable to have the *sides* open as well as the front. Feed in vessels of *glass*, not tin; and supply them with plenty of fresh water. Also provide a bath, in summer, for them to show off in.

The food of a Nightingale in confinement should be *raw* rump-steak, perfectly sweet and free from fibre. This must be placed on a marble slab, and held down by a silver teaspoon, while scraped fine with a sharp knife. Do not let the hand touch it, or it will speedily become tainted. With this, mix some hard-boiled yolk of egg, dropping a little cold water on it to assist in making it into a paste. Do not let the substance be too thick, nor too soft,—simply moistened so that the bird can swallow it readily. In summer, this must be made fresh *twice* daily. The flies soon find it out, and poison it; then, farewell to the bird.

Nightingales dearly love ants'-eggs, flies, mealworms, scraped carrot, and elderberries. Also, now and then, a little (under-done) cooked mutton, minced. Hang them in one regular place when indoors, and do the same when out of doors. Any change disconcerts them. Carefully guard against cats, and never let your birds even see them, if you can prevent it; it is fatal to their song.

More than a thousand Nightingales are sold, every Spring, in London alone. Of these, owing to the ignorance prevailing as to their proper treatment, at least seven-eighths perish.

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1816.		£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
Dec. 25	25	24 0 10	740	81 0 0
do.	30	26 14 2	804	79 4 4
do.	35	29 18 4	896	78 16 4
do.	40	33 19 2	1055	81 15 2
do.	45	38 19 2	1284	86 14 8
do.	50	45 6 8	1721	99 18 1
do.	55	53 3 4	2224	110 1 7

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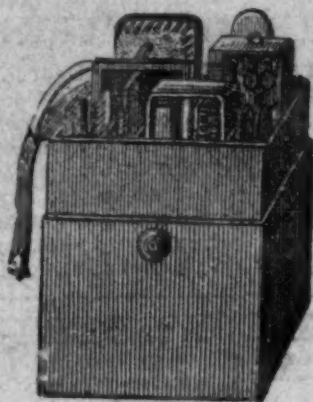
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